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COMPLAINTS
NIGHT-THOUGHTS
ON
LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY

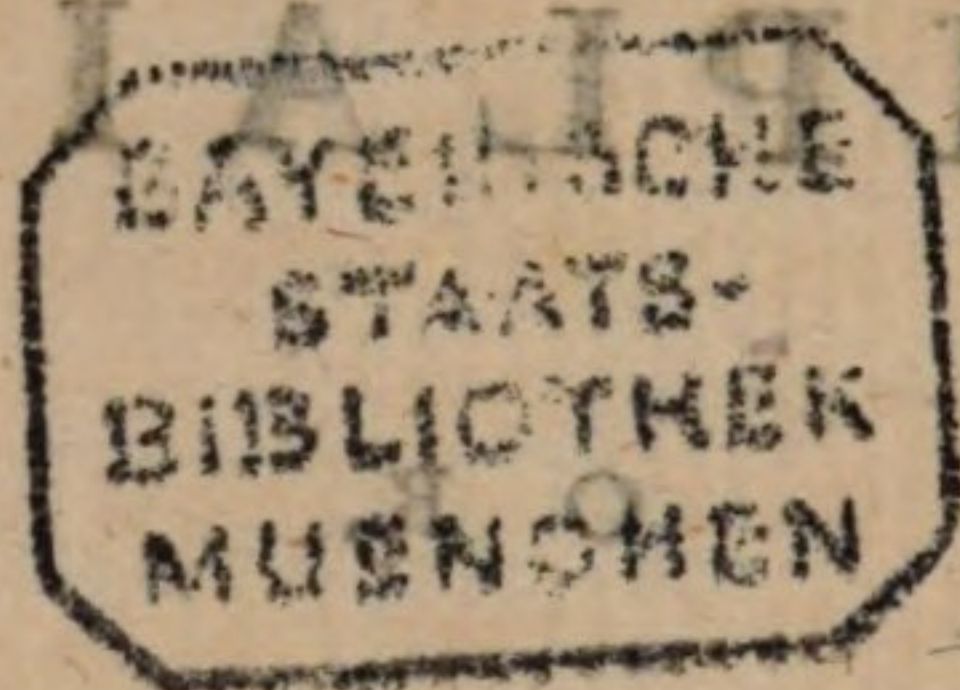
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THE
COMPLAINT;
OR,
NIGHT-THOUGHTS
ON
LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY

THE

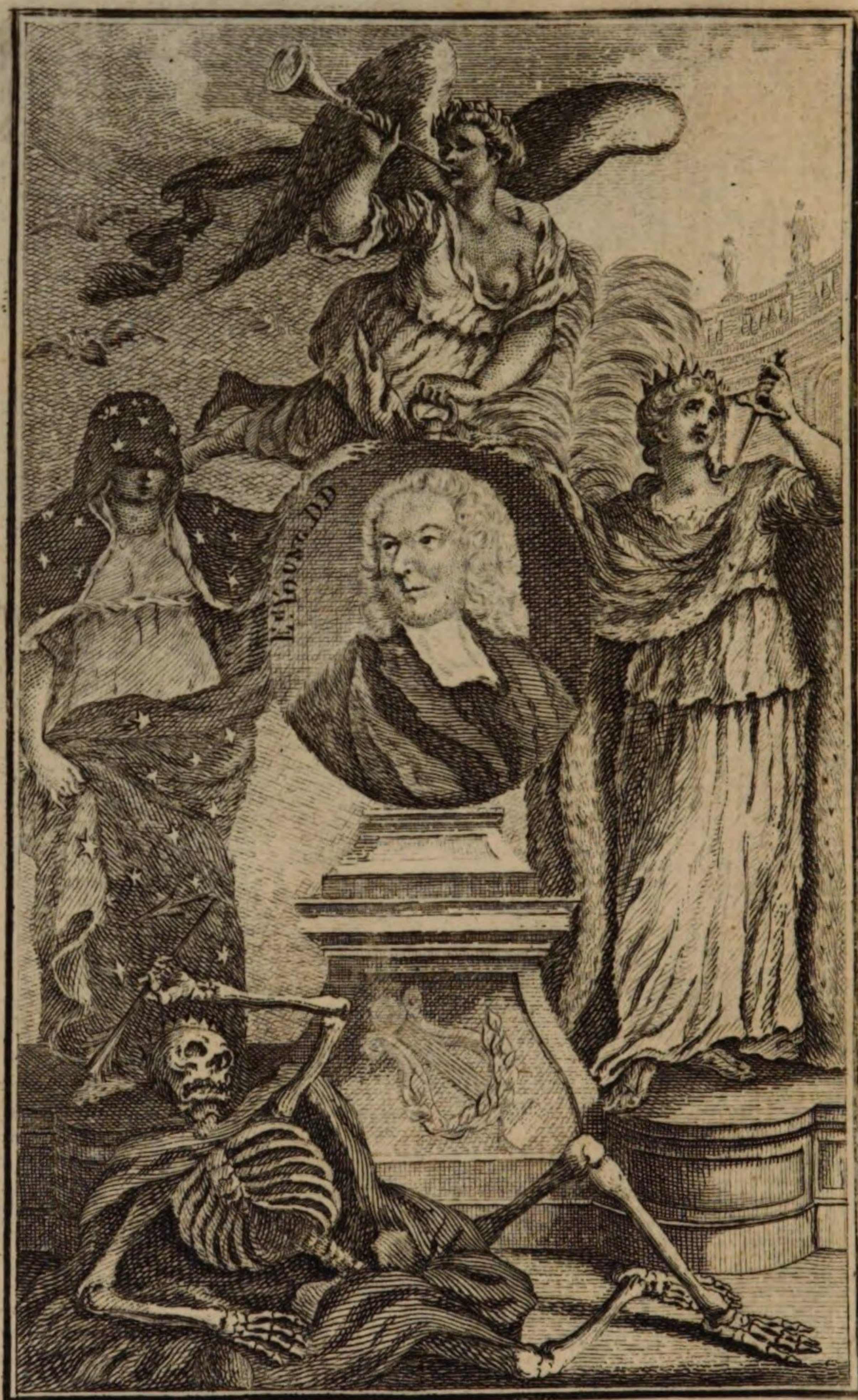
COMPLIMENT



NIGHT-THOUGHTS

OF

THE DEATH AND IMMORTALITY



THE
COMPLAINT;
OR,
NIGHT-THOUGHTS

ON
LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY,

To which are added,

Some Thoughts on the late Rebellion.

AND

A Paraphrase on Part of the Book of JOB.

author Edw. Young

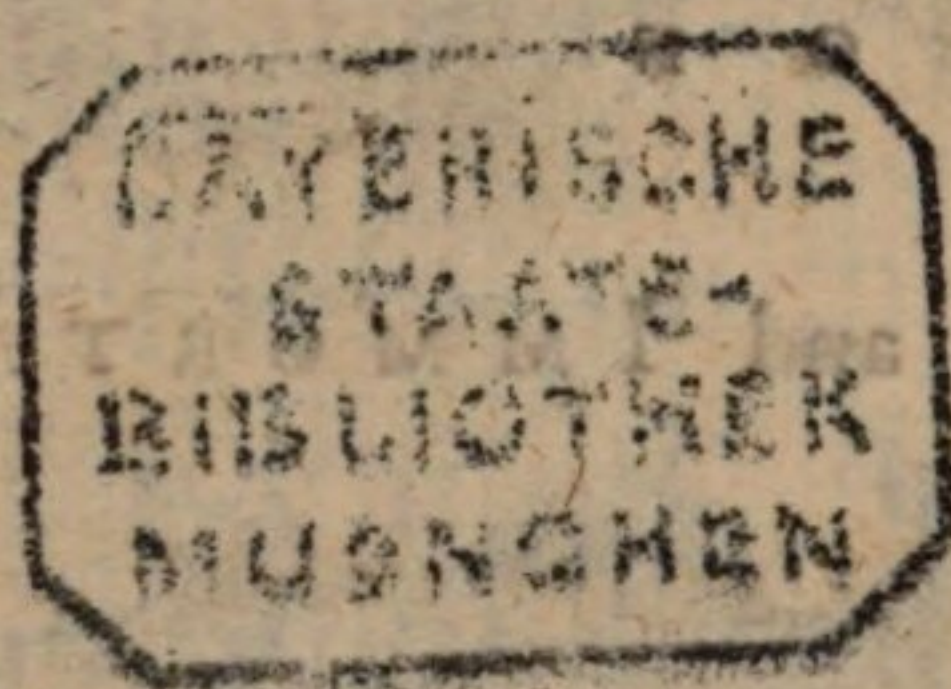
Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for W. JOHNSTON in Ludgate-street.
M, DCC, LXXIII.

THE
COMPRAINT
O. R.
NIGHT-THOUGHTS



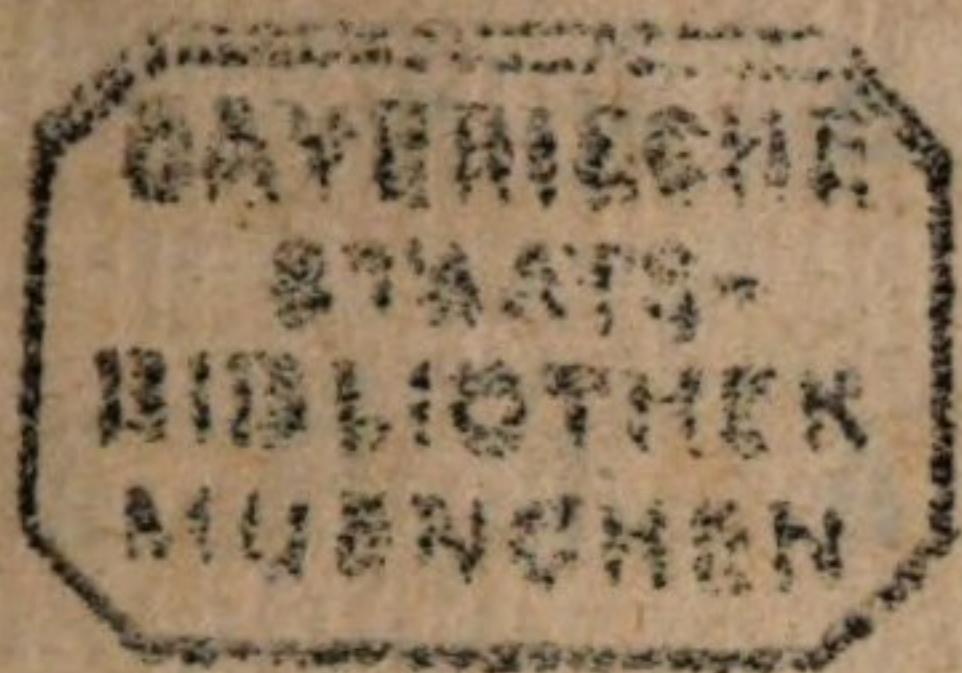
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Printed by W. Johnston in Ludgate Street,
Lanc.

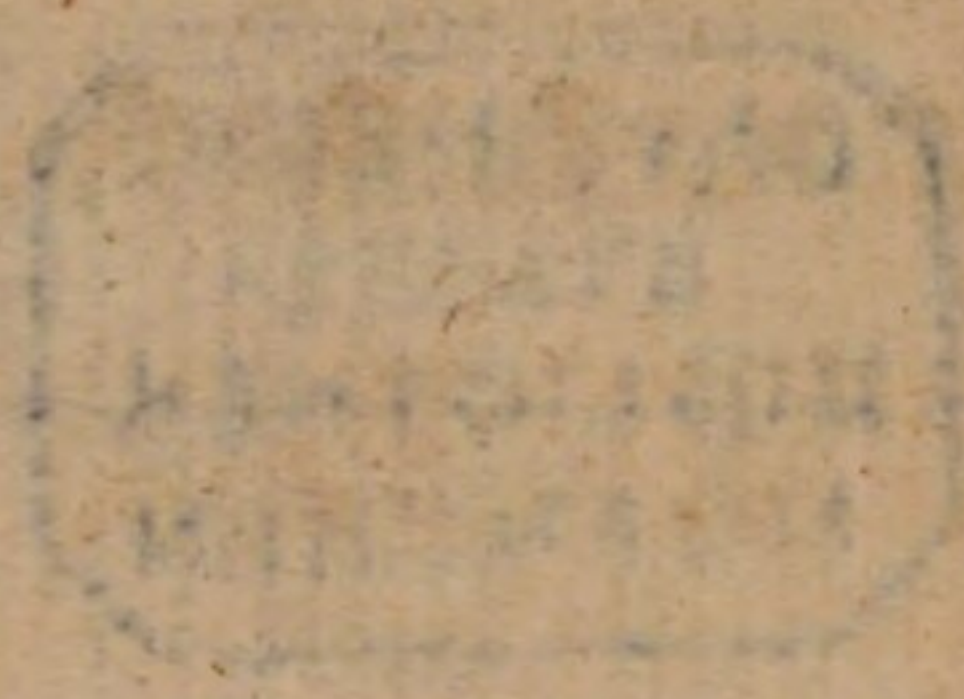
L O N D O N :

Printed for W. Johnston in Ludgate Street,
M D C C X L I I I



P R E F A C E.

AS the occasion of this poem was real, not fictitious ; so the method pursued in it, was rather imposed, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind, on that occasion, than meditated, or designed. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of poetry ; which is, from long narrations to draw short morals : here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the poem. The reason of it is ; that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.



P R E F A C E.

A
2 the essence of this poem was not lost.
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is, from long narratives to draw short morals: here,
on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the moral
long. From it arises the bulk of the poem. The
reason of it is, that the facts mentioned, and naturally
from the moral reflection on the thought of the writer.

T H E
C O M P L A I N T.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

On LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY.

Humbly inscribed

To the Right Honourable ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq;
Speaker of the House of Commons.

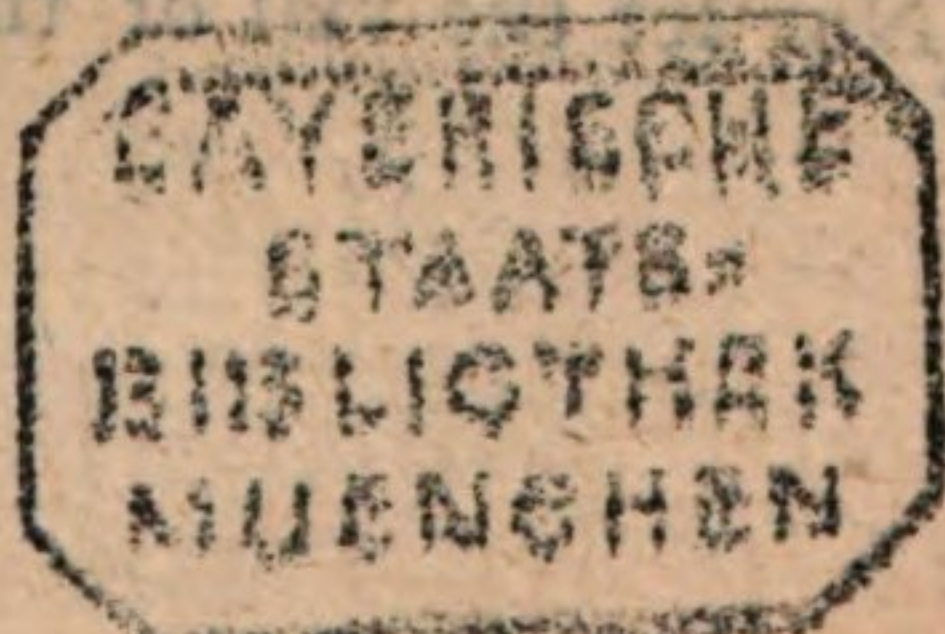
TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep*!

He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from wo,
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake; how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancy'd* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe:
The *Day* too short for my distress! and *Night*,
Even in the *Zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, fable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth

† A



Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds:
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
 An awful pause! prophetick of her end.
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
 Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence, and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
 From ancient *Night*, who nurse the tender thought
 To *Reason*, and on *Reason* build *Resolve*,
 (That column of true majesty in man),
 Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
 The grave, your kingdom: *there* this frame shall fall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
 But what are ye?—

THOU! who didst put to flight
 Primæval *Silence*, when the morning-stars,
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
 O THOU! whose word from solid *Darkness* struck
 That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
 My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.
 Through this opaque of *nature*, and of *soul*,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
 (A mind that fain would wander from its wo),
 Lead it through various scenes of *life* and *death*;
 And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my *conduct*, than my *song*:
 Teach my best reason, reason; my best will,
 Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.
 Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, pour'd

On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes *One*. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours :

Where are they ? with the years beyond the flood.
It is the *signal* that demands dispatch :

How much is to be done ? my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyfs ;
A dread eternity ! how surely *mine* !

And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man ?
How passing wonder HE, who made him such ?
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes ?
From different natures, marvellously mix'd,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguish'd *link* in being's endless chain !
Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity* !

A beam etherial, fully'd and absorpt !
Though fully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect *infinite* !

A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her *own* : how reason reels !
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread !

Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
 What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
 While o'er my limbs *Sleep's* soft dominion spread,
 What, tho' my soul phantastick measures trod
 O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the maunted pool;
 Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
 With antick shapes, wild natives of the brain?
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
 Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *immortal*:
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
 For human weal, heav'n husbands all events,
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
 In infidel distress? Are *angels* there?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
 They live! they greatly live a life on earth
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
 Of tenderness, let heav'nly pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
 How populous! how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades!
 All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond

Is *substance*; the reverse is Folly's *creed*:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And makes us, *embryos* of existence, free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, slumbering in his fire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient, azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *Seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten, or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,

To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls the censure? it o'erwhelms myself.
How was my heart incrust'd by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my groveling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In filken thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun,
Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befriend, (as sung above):
Our *waking* dreams are fatal: how I dream'd
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys?
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting, I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *spider's* most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss, it breaks at every breeze.

O ye blest'd scenes of *permanent* delight!
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end;
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodged above these rolling spheres;

The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the *best*,
More mortal than the *common* births of fate.

Each *moment* has its fickle, emulous
Of *Time*'s enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet *domestick* comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary blifs.

Blifs! sublunary blifs!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!

A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines,
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so *mean*?
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreck'd on *me*?
Insatiate archer! could not *one* suffice?
Thy shaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O *Cynthia*! why so pale? dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my *borrow'd* blifs! From *Fortune*'s smile,
Precarious courtesy! not *Virtue*'s sure,
Self-given, *solar*, ray of sound delight.

In every vary'd postu place, and hour,

How widow'd every thought of every joy !
Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
Through the dark postern of Time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)
Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing *past* :
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
And finds all desert *now* ; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train !
I rue the riches of my former fate ;
Sweet Comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why *complain* ? or why complain for one ?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The *single* man ? are angels all beside ?
I mourn for millions : 'tis the common lot ;
In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of *pain*.
War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind :
God's image, disinherited of day,
Here plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made ;
There beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair :
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom :
Want, and incurable *Disease*, (fell pair !)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize

At once, and make a refuge of the grave :
 How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead !
 What numbers groan for sad admission there !
 What numbers, once in *Fortune's* lap high-fed,
 Solicit the cold hand of Charity !
 To shock us more, solicit it in vain !
 Ye filken sons of pleasure ! since in pains
 You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
 And breathe from your debauch : *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you : but so great
 Your impudence, you blush at what is right !

Happy ! did sorrow seize on *such* alone :
 Not *Prudence* can defend, or *Virtue* save ;
 Disease invades the chastest temperance ;
 And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm
 Thro' thickest shades pursues the fond of peace ;
 Man's caution often into danger turns,
 And his guard falling, crushes him to death.
 Not *Happiness* itself makes good her name ;
 Our very wishes give us not our wish ;
 How distant oft the thing we dote on most,
 From that for which we dote, *felicity* ?
 The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains,
 And *truest* friends, through error, wound our rest ;
 Without misfortune, what calamities ?
 And what hostilities, without a foe ?
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth :
 But endless is the list of human ills ;
 And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
 Is tenanted by man ? the rest a *waste*,
 Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands ;
 Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
 Such is earth's melancholy map ! But far

More sad ! this earth is a true map of *man* :
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *Wo*'s wide empire ; where deep *troubles* tofs ;
Loud *sorrows* houl ; envenomed *passions* bite ;
Ravenous *calamities* our vitals feize,
And threat'ning *Fate* wide-opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for *myself* ?
In age, in infancy, from others aid
Is all our hope ; to teach us to be *kind*.
That, nature's *first*, *last* lesson to mankind :
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels ;
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor Virtue, more than *Prudence*, bids me give
Swoln thought a *second* channel ; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief :
Take then, O world ! thy much-indebted tear.
How sad a sight is human happiness
To those whose thoughts can pierce beyond an hour ?
O thou ! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults !
Would'st thou I should congratulate thy fate ?
I know thou would'st ; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch* ! by blindness art thou blest'd ;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, *smiler* ! at thy peril art thou pleas'd :
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay ;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

LORENZO, Fortune makes her court to thee ;
Thy fond heart dances while the *Siren* sings.

Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
 I would not damp, but to secure thy joys:
 Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm:
 Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
 Is heav'n tremendous in its frown? most sure;
 And in its favours formidable too:
 Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
 A call to duty, not discharge from care;
 And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
 Awake us to their *cause* and *consequence*,
 O'er our scann'd conduct give a jealous eye,
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
 Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
 Lest while we clasp, we kill them; nay invert,
 To worse than *simple* misery, their charms:
 Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
 Like bosom-friendships to resentment sour'd,
 With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
 Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
 All joys, but joys that never can expire:
 Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy last sigh
 Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchant'd earth
 Lost all her lustre. Where, her glittering towers?
 Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
 To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears:
 The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
 Of outcast earth, in darkness! what a change
 From yesterday! thy darling hope so near,
 (Long labour'd prize!) O how Ambition flush'd
 Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
 Of virtuous praise: Death's subtle seed within,
 (Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,

Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
LORENZO! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *present* moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the *next*;
We penetrate, we prophecy in vain.

Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

By Nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no prerogative in human hours.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.

For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain-hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters cou'd out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not even PHILANDER had bespoke his shroud;
Nor had he cause: a warning was deny'd.
How many fall as sudden, not as safe?
As sudden, though for years admonish'd, home?
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, LORENZO! a *slow-sudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise?
Be wise to day, tis madness to defer;

Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life :
Procrastination is the thief of time,
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, *this* is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, " That all men are about to live,"
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They, one day, shall not drivel ; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
 At least, their own ; their future selves applauds ;
 How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead ?
 Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *Folly's* vales ;
 That lodg'd in *Fate's*, to *wisdom* they consign ;
 The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone* ;
 'Tis not in *Folly*, not to scorn a fool ;
 And scarce in human *wisdom* to do more.
 All *promise* is poor dilatory man,
 And that thro' every stage: when young, indeed,
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for *ourselves* ; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise :
 At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool ;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan ;
 At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve* ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves ; and re-resolves : then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal :
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate

Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found:
 As from the *wing* no scar the sky retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
 Even with the tender tear which Nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
 Can I forget PHILANDEK? That were strange;
 O my full heart!—but should I give it vent,
 The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
 And the *lark* listen to my *midnight*-song.

The sprightly *lark*'s shrill matin wakes the morn;
 Grief's sharpest thorn hard-pressing on my breast,
 I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
 The sullen gloom, sweet *Philomel*! like thee,
 And call the stars to listen: every star
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
 Yet be not vain; there are who thine excel,
 And charm through distant ages: wrapt in shade,
 Prisoner of darkness! to the silent hours,
 How often I repeat their rage divine,
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from wo?
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their flame.
 Dark, though not blind, like thee, *Mæonides*!
 Or *Milton*! thee; ah could I reach your strain!
 Or *his*, who made *Mæonides* our own.
 Man too he sung: *immortal* man I sing;
 Oft bursts my song: beyond the bounds of life;
 What, now, but immortality can please?
 O had he press'd his theme, pursu'd the track,
 Which opens out of darkness into day!
 O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
 Soar'd, where I sink, and sung *immortal* man!
 How had it bless'd mankind, and rescu'd me?

NIGHT THE SECOND.

O N

TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP.

Humbly Inscribed

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of WILMINGTON.

“ **W**Hen the *cock* crew, he wept,”—smote by
that eye

Which looks on me, on all: that pow’r, who bids
This midnight-centinel with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of *heav’n*.
Shall I too weep? where then is fortitude?
And fortitude abandon’d, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light:
He that is born, is list’d: life is war;
Eternal war with wo: who bears it best,
Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I’ll dwell.
LORENZO! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where most thy need; themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear PHILANDER’S dust. He, *thus*, tho’ dead,
May still befriend.—What themes? *Time’s wondrous*
Death, Friendship, and PHILANDER’S *final scene*: [*Price*,
Themes meet for man! and meet at ev’ry hour,
But most at this, at midnight, ever clad
In *Death’s* own fables; silent as his realms;
And prone to weep; profuse of dewy tears
O’er Nature, in her temporary tomb.

So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
 Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
 The good deed would delight me; half impress
 On my dark cloud an *Iris*; and from grief,
 Call glory.—Dost thou mourn PHILANDER's fate?
 I know thou say'st it: says thy life the same?
 He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
 Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,
 (O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,
 As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
 O *Time*! than gold more sacred; more a load
 Than lead to fools; and fools reputed wise.
 What *moment* granted man without account?
 What *years* are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid?
 Our wealth in days all due to *that* discharge.
 Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
 Insidious *Death*! should his strong hand arrest,
 No composition sets the prisoner free;
Eternity's inexorable chain
 Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
 How late I shudder'd on the brink? how late
 Life call'd for her last refuge in despair?
 That *time* is mine, O MEAD! to thee I owe;
 Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*:
 But ill my genius answers my desire,
 My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
 Accept the will; it dies not with my strain.
 For what calls *thy* disease, LORENZO? not
 For *Æsculapian*, but for *moral* aid.
 Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in *time*; it may be, poor:
 Part with *it* as with money, sparing; pay
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth:
 And what its worth, ask deathbeds, they can tell.

Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come :
Time higher-aim'd, still nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels ; virtue more divine.

Is this our *duty, wisdom, glory, gain* ?
(*These* heaven benign in vital union binds,)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire ! *Amusement* reigns
Man's great demand : to trifle is to live :
And is it then a trifle, too, to die ?
Thou say'st I *preach* ; LORENZO ! 'tis confess'd.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake* ?
Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle ?
Is it not treason, to the soul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?
Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
(As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there,)
Will toys amuse ?—No : thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.
Redeem we time ?—its *loss* we dearly buy.
What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd sports ?
He pleads Time's numerous *blanks* ; he loudly pleads
The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
From whom those *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee* ?
No *blank*, or *trifle*, Nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, still be thine :
This cancels thy complaint at once ; *this* leaves
In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in *time* :
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all :

This, the blest'd art of turning all to gold ;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours :
Immense revenue ! every moment *pays*.
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power,
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed :
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act, indeed, admits restraint ;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer : [heaven.
Guard well thy thoughts ; our thoughts are heard in
On all-important *Time*, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd ; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
“ I've lost a day,”—the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown ;
Of *Rome* ? say, rather, lord of human race ;
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak : so *Reason* speaks in all.
From the soft whispers of that god in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the *blessing* we possess ?
Time, the supreme !—Time is eternity ;
Pregnant with all eternity can give ;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels finite :
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.
Ah ! how unjust to Nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man ?
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short ;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too,
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,

And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *Art* ! our furious charioteer
 (For *Nature*'s voice unstifled would recal)
 Drives headlong towards the precipice of death ;
 Death, most our dread ; death *thus* more dreadful made.
 O what a riddle of absurdity !
Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot-wheels ;
 How heavily we drag the load of life !
 Bless'd *leisure* is our curse ; like that of *Cain*,
 It makes us wander ; wander earth around
 To fly that tyrant, Thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;
 The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
 Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,
 From hateful *Time*, if prisons set us free.
 Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
 We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
 Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
 To man's false opticks (from his folly false).
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepit with his age :
 Behold him, when pass'd by ; what then is seen
 But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rueful, aghast ! cry out at his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills ;
 To nature just, their *cause* and *cure* explore.
 Not short heaven's bounty, boundless our expense ;
 No niggard, nature ; men are prodigals.
 As bold *Alphonfus* threaten'd in his pride,
 We throw away our furs, as made for sport,
 And not to light us, on our way to scenes
 Whose lustre turns *their* lustre into shade.

We *waste*, not *use* our time : we breathe, not live.
Time *wasted* is existence, *us'd* is life :
And *bare existence* man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why ? since *Time* was given for use, not waste,
Injoin'd to fly ; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man ;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure ; waste, a pain ;
That man might *feel* his error, if unseen ;
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure :
Not, blundering, split on idleness, for ease.
Life's cares are comforts ; such by heaven design'd ;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments ; and without employ
The soul is on a rack ; the rack of rest ;
To souls most adverse ; action all their joy.

Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds ;
Then Time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle with *great Nature's plan* ;
We thwart the Deity ; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourselves ;
Our thoughts at enmity ; our bosom-broil ;
We push time from us, and *we* wish him back,
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life ;
Life we think long, and short ; *death* seek, and shun ;
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United, jar, and yet are loath to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity ! while here,
How tasteless ? and how terrible, when gone ?
Gone ? they ne'er go ; when past, they haunt us still ;
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,
And smiles an angel ; or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delights us. If time *past*,

And time *possess'd*, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen: see next
Time's *nature, origin, importance, speed*;
And thy great *gain* from urging his career.—
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on *Time*, as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's.—Time's a god.
Thou hast ne'er heard of *Time's* omnipotence;
For, or *against*, what wonders can he do?
And *will*: to stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
Not on *those terms* was *Time* (heaven's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.

LORENZO! no: on the long destin'd hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the dread fire, on emanation bent,
And big with Nature, rising in his might
Call'd forth creation, (for then *Time* was born),
By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds,
Not on *those terms*, from the great days of heaven,
From old Eternity's mysterious orb,
Was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres;
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies:
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,

To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join a new *Eternity* his fire;
In his *immutability* to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd,
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To *timeless* night, and chaos, whence they rose.

Why spur the speedy? why with levities
New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?
Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done?
Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man: too soon
In sad divorce, this double flight must end;
And then, where are we? where, LORENZO! then,
Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* shroud,
Thy *Parian* tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *Death* his fopperies? then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye well array'd! ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male*! who neither toil, nor spin,
(As sister lilies *might*), if not so wise
As *Solomon*, more sumptuous to the sight!
Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
Yourselfes most insupportable! for whom
The winter-rose must blow, the sun put on
A brighter beam in *Leo*; silky-soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye LORENZOS of our age! who deem
One moment unamused, a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bauble, drivell'd o'er by sense;
For rattles, and conceits of every cast,
For change of follies, and relays of joy.

To drag you patient, through the tedious length
Of a short winter's *day*;—say, fages! say,
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where such expedients fail? where wit's a fool,
Mirth mourns; dreams vanish; laughter drops a tear?
O treach'rous *Conscience*! while she seems to sleep
On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with firen song;
While she seems nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to *Licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills:
Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *Fancy*'s airy band,
A watchful foe! The formidable spy,
Lift'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp;
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomday-book, from all-consuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us, spendthrifts of inestimable *Time*;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
Writes our whole history; which *Death* shall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And *Judgment* publish: publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
LORENZO, such that *sleeper* in thy breast?
Such is her slumber; and her vengeance *such*,
For slighted counsel; *such* thy future peace!
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon*?

But why on *Time* so lavish is my song
 On this great theme kind *Nature* keeps a school,
 To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
 Each morn are born anew ; each day, a life !
 And shall we kill each day ? If *trifling* kills ;
 Sure *vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain,
 Cry out for vengeance on us ? *Time* destroy'd
 Is *suicide*, where more than blood is spilt.
 Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
 Hell threatens ; all exerts ; in effort, all ;
 More than creation labours !—Labours *more* ?
 And is there in creation, what, amidst
 This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns ?—
Man sleeps ; and *man* alone ; and *man*, whose fate,
 Fate irreversibile, entire, extreme,
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf
 A moment trembles ; drops ! and *man*, for whom
 All else is in alarm ; *man*, the sole cause
 Of this furrounding storm ! and yet he sleeps,
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *years* away !
 Throw *empires*, and be blameless. Moments seize :
 Heaven's on their wing : a moment we may wish,
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *day* stand still,
 Bid him drive back his car, recall, retake
 Fate's hasty prey ; implore him, reimport
 The period past, regive the given hour.
 LORENZO, *more* than miracles we want
 LORENZO—O for yesterdays to come !

Such is the language of the man *awake* :
 His ardour such, for what *oppresses* thee.
 And is his ardour vain ? LORENZO ! no :
 That more than miracle the gods indulge :
To-day is *yesterday* return'd ; return'd

Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.

Let it not share its predecessor's fate ;

Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.

Shall it evaporate in fume ? fly off

Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still ?

Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd ?

More wretched for the clemencies of heav'n ?

Where shall I find *him* ? angels ! tell me where :

You know him ; he is near you : point him out.

Shall I see glories beaming from his brow ?

Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs ?

Your golden wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, shed

Protection ; now are waving in applause

To that bless'd son of foresight ! lord of fate !

That awful independent on *to-morrow* !

Whose *work is done* ; who triumphs in the *past* :

Whose *yesterdays* look backwards with a smile ;

Nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly ;

That common, but opprobrious lot ! Past hours,

If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,

If folly bounds our prospect by the grave ;

All feeling of futurity benumb'd ;

All godlike passion for eternal quench'd ;

All relish of realities expir'd ;

Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies ;

Our freedom chain'd ; quite wingless our desire ;

In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar,

Prone to the centre, crawling in the dust ;

Dismounted every great and glorious aim ;

Embruted every faculty divine ;

Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world :

The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,

Souls elevate, angelick, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd,
Though we from *earth*; *ethereal*, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night?
A night, that glooms us in the noontide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at distance? No: he has been on thee;
And given sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours, which lately smil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues;
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee*;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

Time passes like a post: we nothing send
But poor *Bellerophon's* express; our doom.
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men *Experience* call;
If *Wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them; kind *Experience* cries,
“ There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;

“ The more our joy, the more we know it vain ;
“ And by success are tutor’d to despair.”

Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.

Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor’d thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes ?
Since, by *Life’s* passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light, as the summer’s dust, we take in air
A moment’s giddy flight, and fall again ;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep till earth herself shall be no more ;
Since *then* (as emmets their small world o’erthrown)
We, fore amaz’d, from out earth’s ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme, of foul or fair,
As man’s own choice, (controller of the skies !)
As man’s despotick will, perhaps *one* hour
(O how omnipotent is Time !) decrees ;
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm ?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o’er the sacred dead ?
Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which struck,
O’er midnight-bowls, the proud *Assyrian* pale,
Ere-while high-flush’d with insolence and wine ?
Like *that*, the dial speaks ; and points to thee,
LORENZO ! loath to break the banquet up :
“ O Man, thy kingdom is departing from thee ;
“ And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade.”
Its silent language such : nor need’st thou call
Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the *Median*, fate is in thy walls :

Dost ask, *how? whence? Belshazzar-like*, amaz'd?
Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal; and then his nurse devours.

But here, LORENZO, the delusion lies:
That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,
It life resembles too: life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still:
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; *gnomons*, time:
As *these* are useless when the sun is set;
So *those*, but when more glorious *Reason* shines.
Reason should judge in all; in Reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard:
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware;
A *Wilmington* goes slower than the sun;
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Even age itself: fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's descent,
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain:
We take fair days in winter, for the spring;
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*;
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.
On *this*, or similar, PHILANDER! thou
Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And strong, to wield all science, worth the name;

And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;
If born blest'd heirs of half their mother's tongue?
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.
In *contemplation* is his proud resource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *converse* unsustain'd;
Rude thought runs wild in *contemplation's* field;
Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due restraint; and *emulation's* spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis *converse* qualifies for solitude;
As exercise, for salutary rest.
By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves
A lunar prince, or famish'd beggar dies;
And *Nature's* fool by *Wisdom's* is outdone.
Wisdom, though richer than *Peruvian* mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of *happiness*?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells:
Friendship the means, and friendship richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps an *undivided* joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for *two*:
Rich fruit! heav'n-planted! never pluck'd by *one*.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *social* man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves descending in a line
Pleasure's bright beam, is feeble in delight:
Delight intense is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends
 For absent heav'n,—the bosom of a friend;
 Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
 Each other's pillow to repose divine.
 Beware the counterfeit: in *Passion's* flame
 Heart's melt; but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
 True love strikes root in *Reason*; *Passion's* foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
 I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.
 Of *Friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
 Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
 And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
 O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
 This carries Friendship to her noontide point,
 And gives the rivet of eternity.
 From *Friendship*, which outlives my former themes,
 Glorious survivor of old *Time*, and *Death*!
 From friendship, thus, that flow'r of heavenly seed,
 The wise extract earth's most *Hyblean* blifs,
 Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy;
 For joy, from friendship born, abounds in smiles.
 O store it in the soul's most golden cell!
 But for whom blossoms this *Elysian* flower?
 Abroad they find, who cherish it at home.
 LORENZO! pardon what my love extorts,
 An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
 Though choice of follies fasten on the great,
 None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond
 That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
 Caught by the wafture of a golden lure;
 Or fascination of a high-born smile.
 Their smiles the great and the coquet throw out

For others hearts, tenacious of their own;
 And we no less of ours, when *such* the bait.
 Ye fortune's cofferers! ye powers of wealth!
 You do your *rent-rolls* most felonious wrong,
 By taking our attachment to yourselves.
 Can gold gain friendship? impudence of hope!
 As well mere man an angel might beget.
 Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
 LORENZO! pride repress; nor hope to find
 A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
 All like the purchase, few the price will pay;
 And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
 I shew the friendship delicate, as dear,
 Of tender violations apt to die?
Reserve will wound it; and *distrust*, destroy.
 Deliberate on all things with thy friend:
 But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
 Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
 First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself:
 Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
 Nor jealous of the chosen: fixing, fix;
 Judge before friendship; then confide till death.
 Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
 How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
 A friend is worth all hazard we can run.

"Poor is the friendless master of a world:
 "A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

So sung he (angels hear that angels sing!
 Angels from friendship gather half their joy);
 So sung PHILANDER, as his friend went round
 In the rich *ichor*, in the gen'rous blood
 Of *Bacchus*, purple god of joyous wit,
 A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.

He drank long health and virtue to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.
Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship *new*
(Not such was his) is neither strong nor pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!
Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
High-flavour'd bliss for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how *lost*! — PHILANDER is no more.

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?
Am I too warm? — Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,
Till mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold:
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight PHILANDER took; his upward flight,
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals scarce damn; and *Zoitus* reprieve.
Yet what I can, I must: it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, shou'd sleep unsung!
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Christian*; to the blush of wit,

Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The *deathbed* of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever *there*;
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.

Dare I presume, then? But PHILANDER bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
Yet am I struck; as struck the soul, beneath
Aereal *groves* impenetrable gloom;
Or, in some mighty *ruin's* solemn shade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born dust*,
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings!
Or, at the midnight-*altar's* hallow'd flame.
It is religion to proceed: I pause—

And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his deathbed? No: it is his shrine:
Behold him, there, just rising to a god.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this *Bethesda* your disease;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure;
For, *here*, resistless demonstration dwells;
A deathbed's a detector of the heart.

Here tir'd *Disimulation* drops her mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene!
Here real, and apparent, are the same.
You see the *man*; you see his hold on heav'n;
If sound his virtue; as PHILANDER's sound.
Heav'n waits not the last moment, owns her friends
On this side death; and points them out to men,
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r!

To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

PHILANDER! he severely frown'd on thee.

"No warning given! unceremonious fate!

"A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!

"A wrench from all we *love*! from all we *are*!

"A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque

"Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature's* dread!

"Strong *Reason's* shudder at the dark unknown!

"A sun extinguish'd! a just opening grave!

"And oh! the last, last; what? (can words express?

"Thought reach it?) the last—*silence* of a friend!"

Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,
 This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
 Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now*.

Thro' Nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,
 (Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight-gloom),
 What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?

Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?

No, not in death, the *mortal* to be found.

His conduct is a legacy for all,

Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir.

His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,

With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*

His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!

Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man!

His God sustains him in his final hour!

His final hour brings glory to his God!

Man's glory heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.

We gaze; we weep; mix'd tears of grief and joy!

Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!

Christians adore! and *Infidels* believe.

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
 Detains the sun, illustrious from its height;
 While rising vapours, and descending shades,
 With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious vale:
 Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
 PHILANDER, thus, angustly rears his head,
 At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
 On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
 Sweet *Peace*, and heavenly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
 Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
 With incommunicable lustre, bright.

LORENZO! such the good man's *miser*!
 How dim the ray, the lustre, now, how pale
 Of tarnish'd pageantries, of wither'd joy,
 Of beggar'd opulence, disgrac'd renown,
 Deep-darken'd empire, conquest overcome?
 Envy's bright buts! the pant of every breast!
Envy! the greatest idiot of all crimes!
 Who pains herself for that, wou'd pain her more;
 Is there on earth what can absolve her? Yes:
 One radiant mark; the deathbed of the just:
 That gaze of angels! that glad fame of heav'n!
 That joy to joy celestial!—O my soul!
 Bless'd, ravish'd with this providential scene!
 Heaven plans her gracious stratagems for all.
 A scene so strong to strike, so sweet to charm,
 So great to raise, so heavenly to inspire,
 So solid to support fair Virtue's throne,
 What transport thine, to see? what zeal to sing?
 Sing first, and send it through the souls of men?
 And send *through* theirs with ease, if *from* our own.
 Nor hast thou sung in vain: PHILANDER hears,

LORENZO feels, thy song. LORENZO feels,
 Or he, and not PHILANDER, is the dead.
Life, take thy chance: but oh for such an end!
There point, my wishes! centre there; and burn.
 Smile you, ye poor dependents on a pulse!
 A pulse, your salient god! as that decrees,
 Pleasur'd, or pain'd; exalted, or forlorn—
 Smile on; and prove your misery by your smiles.
 As smiles mistaken, what tear half so sad!
 Is it your pride? wou'd you be prais'd for this?
 Scorn'd be the man, who thinks himself a brute;
 Affronts his species; and his God blasphemes;
 Vile laughter! at whom pity cannot laugh;
 Scorn of all, but what deserves his scorn!
 Who thinks it is ingenious to be mad,
 And is quite fool enough to be a wit.
 Wits spare not heaven, O *Wilmington*!—nor thee.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

N A R C I S S A,

Humbly Inscribed to her GRACE

The DUCHESS of P——.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

VIRG.

FROM *dreams*, where thought in Fancy's maze, rude
To *Reason*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man, [made,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moments sworn,
I keep my assignation with my wo.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble fallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
Communion sweet! communion large, and high!
Our *Reason*, guardian angel, and our God!
Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote, but these.
How dreadful, *then*, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;
To win thy wish, creation has no more;
Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a friend—
But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.

Alone indeed, the banish'd from himself,
By day's intrusions loud, and rude assaults,
A tide of tumult, and a storm of tongues,
Take *Phæbus* to yourselves, ye basking bards!
Inebriate at fair Fortune's fountain-head.
And reeling through the wilderness of joy;

Where *Sense* runs savage, broke from *Reason's* chain,
 And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
 My fortune is unlike; unlike, my song;
 Unlike the Deity my song invokes.
 I to *Day's* soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
 (*Endymion's* rival!) and her aid implore;
 Now first implor'd in succour to the *Muse*.

Thou, who didst lately borrow * *CYNTHIA's* form,
 And modestly forego thine! O thou,
 Who didst thyself, at midnight-hours, inspire!
 Say, why not *CYNTHIA* patroness of song?
 As thou her crescent, she thy character
 Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute
 This revolution in the world *inspir'd*?
 Ye train *Pierian!* to the lunar sphere,
 In silent hour, address your ardent call
 For aid immortal; less her brother's right.
 She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
 The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain.
 A strain for gods! deny'd to mortal ear.
 Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heav'n!
 What title, or what name endears thee most?
CYNTHIA! CYLLENE! PHOEBE!—or dost hear
 With higher gust, fair P——D of the skies?
 Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
 More pow'rful than of old *Circean* charm?
 Come; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring
 The soul of song; and whisper in mine ear
 The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
 (For dreams are thine) transfuse it through the breast
 Of thy first votary—but not thy last;

D 2

* At the Duke of Norfolk's masquerade.

If, like thy *namesake*, thou art ever kind.

And kind thou wilt be; kind on such a theme;
A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,
'Twas night; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp
Than that which smote me from PHILANDER's tomb.
NARCISSA follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel:
Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
The grief that started from my lids for him;
Seizes the faithless, alienated tears,
Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow, he more than causes, he confounds;
For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
And make distress, distraction. Oh PHILANDER!
What was thy fate? a double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.
It call'd NARCISSA long before her hour;
It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy *here*) as good!
For Fortune fond had built her nest on high:
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by *Fate*, (who loves a lofty mark),

How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious! all its charm
 Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
 Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
 Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
 (O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!

Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
 Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise
 As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
 Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all
 We guess of heav'n: and *these* were all her own:
 And she was mine; and I was—*was* most blest'd,—
 Gay title of the deepest misery!

As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life;
Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy,
 Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
 Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
 And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
 Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.

And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
 Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep;
 Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.
 Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
 And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
 Pale omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
 On all that saw, (and who could cease to gaze;
 That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,
 I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
 Her native bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,
 And bore her nearer to the sun. The sun
 (As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,

Deny'd his wonted succour, nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;
In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And outblush (*mine* excepted) ev'ry fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure; her flow'ry state of mind
In joy unfall'n. Ye lovely fugitives!
Coæval race with man! for man ye smile;
Why not smile *at* him too? you share indeed
His sudden pangs; but not his constant pain.
So man is made, nought ministers delight,
But what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish after rapture how severe!
Rapture? bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste,
While *here* presuming on the rights of heav'n.
For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
LORENZO? at thy friends expence be wise:
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at best; but, oft, a spear;
On its sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—Thought
Repenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry wo. [repell'd,
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind Fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high-flavour'd thy fresh-op'ning joy!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!

And on a foreign shore! where strangers wept!
 Strangers to thee, and, more surprising still,
 Strangers to kindness, wept: their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears; strange tear! that trickled down
 From marble heart! obdurate tendernefs!
 A tendernefs that call'd them more severe;
 In spite of Nature's soft perfuafion, steel'd:
 While *Nature* melted, *Superftition* rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead; and *this* deny'd a grave.

Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will!
 Their will the *tyger* fuck'd, outrag'd the storm.
 For, oh! the curft ungodlinefs of zeal!
 While *finful flesh* relented, *spirit* nurs'd
 In blind *Infallibility's* embrace,
 The *sainted spirit*, petrify'd the breaft;
 Deny'd the charity of duft, to fpread
 O'er duft! a charity their dogs enjoy.
 What could I do? what fuccour? what refource?
 With pious facrilege, a grave I ftolc;
 What impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
 Short in my duty! coward in my grief!
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
 With foft fufpended ftep: and muffled deep
 In midnight-darknefs, *whisper'd* my laft figh,
 I *whisper'd* what fhould echo through their realms;
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb fhould pierce the *fkies*.
 Prefumptuous fear! how durft I dread her foes,
 While Nature's loudeft dictates I obey'd?
 Pardon neceffity, blefs'd fhade! Of grief
 And indignation rival burfts I pour'd:
 Half-execration mingled with my prayer;
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
 Sore-grudg'd the favage land her facred duft;
 Stamp'd the curs'd foil; and with humanity

(Deny'd NARCISSA) wish'd them all a grave.

Glow's my resentments into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?

The dead how sacred! sacred is the dust

Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine!

This heav'n-assum'd majestick robe of earth,

He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse

With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.

When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;

When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;

When man can wreak his rancour *uncontroll'd*,

That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;

Then, spleen to *dust*? the dust of innocence?

An angel's dust!—This *Lucifer* transcends:

When he contended for the Patriarch's bones,

'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;

The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking in a race

Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love;

And uncreated, but for love divine;

And but for love divine, this moment, lost,

By Fate reorb'd, and sunk in endless night.

Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things

Most horrid! mid stupendous, highly strange!

Yet oft his courtesies are smother wrongs;

Pride brandishes the favours he confers,

And contumelious his humanity.

What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!

And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound;

Man is to man the forest, surest ill.

A previous blast foretels the rising storm;

O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;

Volcanos bellow ere they disemboque;

Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;

And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
 Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
 Is this the flight of Fancy! Would it were!
 Heav'n's Sov'reign faves all beings but himself,
 That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

Fir'd is the Muse? and let the Muse be fir'd:
 Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks he feels,
 And in the nerve most tender, in his friends?
 Shame to mankind! PHILANDER had his foes:
 He felt the truths I sing, and I in him.
 But he, nor I, feel more. Past ills, NARCISSA!
 Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!
 Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
 Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that swarm'd
 O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and clust'ring there,
 Thick as the locusts on the land of *Nile*.
 Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
 Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
 How was each circumstance with aspects arm'd!
 An aspect, each; and all, an *hydra*-wo.
 What strong *Herculean* virtue could suffice?—
 Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?
 This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
 And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress;
 And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
 Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
 A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:
 Not friends alone such obsequies deplore;
 They make mankind the mourner; carry sighs
 Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way,
 And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
 Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
 The vale of death! that hush'd *Cimmerian* vale,

Where *Darkness*, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate; and explore
Balsamick truth, healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *here*.
For gay LORENZO's sake, and for thy own,
My soul, "The fruits of dying friends survey;
"Expose the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
"Give Death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
"And labour that first palm of noble minds,
"A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy NARCISSA's grave.
As poets feign from *Ajax*' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r;
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And *first*, of dying friends; what fruit from these?
Rich fruit this tempest in our bosom throws,
Few minds will gather in our life *serene*:
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chase our *thoughtlessness*, *fear*, *pride*, and *guilt*.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and, thus, to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,

And, damp'd with omen of our own disease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid pride to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
Ungrateful shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer;
Senseless, as herds that graze their hollow'd graves,
Tread under foot their agonies and groans;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

LORENZO! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire, let it reign,
That kind chastiser of the soul to joy!
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast;
Auspicious æra! golden days begin!
The thought of death, shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? is life the theme
Of every thought? and wish of every hour?
And song of every joy? surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the num'rous *ills* that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His luxuries have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights;
On cold-serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless *present* chews the *past*:
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.

Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
 Have disinherited his future hours,
 Which starve on *orts*, and *glean* their former field.

Live ever here, LORENZO ! shocking thought !
 So shocking, they who wish, disown it, too ;
 Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
 Live ever in the womb, nor see the light ?
 For what live ever here ? — with labouring step
 To tread our former footsteps ! pace the round
 Eternal ? to climb daily Life's worn wheel,
 Which draws up nothing new ? to beat, and bear
 The beaten track ! to bid each wretched day
 The former mock ? to surfeit on the *same*,
 And yawn our joys ? or thank a misery
 For change, though sad ? to see what we have seen ?
 Hear, till unheard, the same old flobber'd tale ?
 To taste the tasted, and at each return
 Less tasteful ? o'er our palates to decant
 Another vintage ? strain a flatter year,
 Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone ?
 Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits !
 Ill-ground, and worse concocted ; load, not life !
 The *rational* foul kennels of excess !
 Still-streaming through fairs of dull debauch !
 Trembling each gulp, lest Death should snatch the bowl.

Such of our *fine ones* is the wish refin'd !
 So would they have it : elegant desire !
 Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds ?
 But such examples might their riot awe.
 Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
 (Though on *bright thought* they father all their flights),
 To what are they reduc'd ? to love, and hate
 The same vain world ; to censure, and espouse
 This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool

Each moment of each day ; to flatter bad
 Thro' dread of worse ; to cling to this rude rock,
 Barren, *to them*, of good, and sharp with ills,
 And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope,—
 Scar'd at the gloomy gulph that yawns beneath.
 Such are their triumphs ! such their pangs of joy !

'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
 This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* state, what art can cure ?
 One only ; but that one, what all may reach ;
Virtue.—She, wonder-working goddess ! charms,
 That *rock* to bloom ; and tames the *painted shrew* ;
 And what will more surprise, LORENZO ! gives
 To life's sick, nauseous *iteration*, change,
 And streightens Nature's circle to a line.
 Believ'st thou this, LORENZO ? lend an ear,
 A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
 And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
 Of sight, smell, taste : the cuckow-seasons sing
 The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
 But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
 To doating *sense*, indulge. But nobler minds,
 Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *sun*,
 Make their days various : various as the dyes
 On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
 On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,
 On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
 Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves,
 In *that*, for which they long ; for which they live.
 Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope,
 Each rising morning sees still higher rise ;
 Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents

To worth maturing, *new* strength, lustre, fame:
While Nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer ev'ry hour;
Advancing *virtue* in a line to *bliss*;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire!
And *bliss*, which Christian schemes alone ensure!

And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
Apostates, and turn infidels for joy!
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
“He sins against *this* life, who flights the *next*.”
What is this life? how few their fav'rite know?
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to time eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all; 'tis nothing: worse than nought;
A nest of pains; when held as nothing, much:
Like some fair humourists, life is most enjoy'd,
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In prospect, richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

Where now the *barren rock*? the *painted shrew*?
Where now, LORENZO! life's *eternal round*?
Have I not made my triple promise good?
Vain is the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying scene,
Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines?

Waxes, and wanes ? (in all propitious, *night*
 Assists me here) compare it to the moon ;
 Dark in herself, and indigent ; but rich
 In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere :
 When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth
 O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy ;
 Her joys, at brightest, pallid to that font
 Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.

Nor is that glory distant : O LORENZO !
 A good man, and an angel ! these between
 How thin the barrier ? what their fate divides ?
 Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year ;
 Or, if an age, it is a moment still ;
 A moment, or eternity's forgot :
 Then be, what once they were, who now are gods ;
 Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the skies.
 Starts timid Nature at the gloomy pass ?
 The *soft transition* call it ; and be cheer'd :
 Such it is often, and why not to thee ?
 To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise,
 And may itself *procure*, what it *presumes*.
 Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd ;
 Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
 " Strange competition !" — True, LORENZO ! strange !
 So little *life* can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust ;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
 Thro' chinks, stil'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light ;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day ;
 All eye, all ear, the disembod'ed power.
Death has feign'd evils, *Nature* shall not feel ;
Life, ills substantial, *Wisdom* cannot shun.
 Is not the mighty *Mind*, that son of Heaven !

By tyrant *Life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?

By *Death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?

Death but entombs the body; *Life*, the soul.

“ Is *Death* then guiltless? How he marks his way

“ With dreadful waste, of what deserves to shine!

“ Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!

“ With various lustres *these* light up the world,

“ Which *Death* puts out, and darkens human race.”

I grant, LORENZO! this indictment just:

The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!

Death humbles these: more barb'rous *Life*, the man

Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;

Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!

Death has no dread, but what frail *Life* imparts;

Nor *Life* true joy, but what kind *Death* improves.

No bliss has *Life* to boast, till *Death* can give

Far greater; *Life*'s a debtor to the grave,

Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.

LORENZO! blush at *fondness* for a *life*,

Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,

To cater for the sense; and serve at boards,

Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps

Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.

Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,

In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!

LORENZO! blush at *terror* for a *death*,

Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,

Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,

And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,

And eternize the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.

O feast *indeed* luxurious! Earth, vile earth!

In all the glories of a god array'd!

What need I more! O death, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, *Death*; thy dreaded harbingers,

Age, and *Disease*; *Disease*, though long my guest;
 That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;
 Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell
 That calls my few friends to my funeral;
 Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
 While Reason and Religion, better taught,
 Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
 With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
 It binds in chains the raging ills of life;
Lust and *Ambition*, *Rage* and *Avarice*,
 Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
 That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
 Are not immortal too, O Death! is thine.
 Our day of dissolution!—name it right;
 'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich
 And ripe: what tho' the fickle, sometimes keen,
 Just scars us, as we reap the golden grain?
 More than thy balm, O *Gilead*! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *Death*'s deep dismal groan,
 Are slender tributes low-tax'd Nature pays,
 For mighty gain; the gain of each a life!
 But O! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd; *Life* lives beyond the grave.

And feel I, *Death*! no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
 With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the rescu'd crowns!
Death, that absolves my birth; a curse without it!
 Rich *Death*, that realizes all my cares,
 Toils, virtues, hopes; without it, a chimera!
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
 Joy's source, and subject, still subsist unhurt;

One, in my soul ; and one, in her great Sire ;
 Tho' the four winds were warring for my dust.
 Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
 Tho' prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
 (To dust when drop proud Nature's proudest spheres),
 And live entire. Death is the crown of life ;
 Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain ;
 Were death deny'd, to live would not be life :
 Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
 Death wounds, to cure ; we fall ; we rise ; we reign !
 Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies ;
 Where blooming *Eden* withers in our sight :
 Death gives us more that was in *Eden* lost,
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ?
 When shall I die ?—when shall I live for ever ?

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE
CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING

Our only CURE for the FEAR of DEATH,
And proper SENTIMENTS of HEART on that inesti-
mable Blessing.

Humbly Inscribed to the

Honourable Mr YORKE.

A Much indebted muse, O YORKE ! intrudes.

Amid the smiles of fortune and of youth,

Thine ear is patient of a serious song.

How deep implanted in the breast of man

The dread of Death ? I sing its sov'reign cure.

Why start at Death ? where is he ? Death arriv'd,

Is past ; not come, or gone, he's never *here*.

Ere *hope*, *sensation* fails ; black-boding man

Receives, not *suffers* death's tremendous blow.

The knell, the shrowd, the mattock, and the grave ;

The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm ;

These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,

The terrors of the living, not the dead.

Imagination's fool, and *error's* wretch,

Man makes a death, which nature never made ;

Then on the point of his own fancy falls ;

And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

But were death frightful, what has age to fear ?

If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,

And shelter in his hospitable gloom.

I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
 My younger; every date cries—"Come away."
 And what recalls me? look the world around,
 And tell me what: the wisest cannot tell.
 Should any born of woman give his thought
 Full range, on just *dislike's* unbounded field;
 Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
 Flaws in the *best*; the many, flaw all o'er.
 As *leopards* spotted, or as *Æthiops* dark;
 Vivacious *ill*; good dying immature.
 (How immature, NARCISSA's marble tells),
 And at its death bequeathing endless pain;
 His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight,
 And spend itself in sighs, for future scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant
 To *lucky* life) some perquisites of joy;
 A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
 And that of no great moment, or delight,
 Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
 But from our *comment* on the comedy,
 Pleasing *reflections* on parts well sustain'd,
 Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
 Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
 When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
 Toss *Fortune* back her tinsel, and her plume,
 And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
 A new world rises, and new manners reign:
 Foreign comedians, a spruce band! arrive,
 To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
 What a pert race starts up? the strangers gaze,
 And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
 Nor that the worst: ah me! the dire effect
 Of loit'ring here, of death defrauding long;

Of old so gracious (and let that suffice)
My very master knows me not.—

Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate;
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever pressing dims the sight,
And hides behind its ardour to be seen.
When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow;
Refusal! canst thou wear a smother form;

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the *fear of death*:
Twice-told the period spent on stubborn *Troy*,
Court-favour, yet untaken, I besiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little, less;
Embitt'ring the possess'd: why wish for more?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse! and health's decay!
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a *South-sea* dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor:
Wishing, that constant *hectic* of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet; gifts of rural life!

Bless'd be that hand divine which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shade.
The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;

Pursue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 Eager *Ambition's* fiery chace I see;
 I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
 Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing and pursu'd, each other's prey;
 As wolves, for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
 Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
 What, tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
 Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies:"
 And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
 If this song lives, posterity shall know
 One, tho' in *Britain* born, with courtiers bred,
 Who thought even gold might come a day too late;
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
 For future vacancies in church or state;
 Some avocation deeming it—to die;
 Unbit by rage canine of dying rich;
 Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.

O my coevals! remnants of yourselves!
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,
 Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
 With av'rice and convulsions grasping hard?
 Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
 Man wants but little; nor that little, long:
 How soon must he resign his very dust;
 Which frugal Nature lent him for an hour?
 Years *unexperienc'd* rush on num'rous ills;

And soon as man, expert from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive: and am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible I live?
Alive by miracle! or, what is next,
Alive by MEAD! if I am still alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*
And *vapid*; *Sense* and *Reason* shew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great Arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could know
No motive, but my bliss; and has ordain'd
A rise in blessing! with the *patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

Tho' *Nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be repress'd;
Still frowns grim *Death*; guilt points the tyrant's spear;
And whence all human guilt? from death forgot,
Ah me! too long I set at nought the swarm

Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And smil'd, unsmitten: small my cause to smile!
Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.
O think how deep, *LORENZO!* *here* it stings:
Who can appease its anguish? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace?
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?

With joy,—with grief that *healing hand* I see;
Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high.
On *high!*—what means my phrenzy? I blaspheme;
Alas! how *low!* how far beneath the skies?
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds.
Draw the dire steel—Ah no! the *dreadful* blessing
What heart, or can sustain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope: that nail supports
Our falling universe: that gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! a groan *not his*.
He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear.
Sensations *new* in angels bosoms rise;
Suspend their song, and make a pause in bliss.
O for *their* song, to reach my lofty theme—
Inspire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful spheres;
Much rather *Thou!* who dost those spheres inspire;

Whilst I w^h *Seraphs* share seraphick themes,
 And shew to men, the dignity of man;
 Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
 Shall *Pagan* pages glow celestial flame,
 And *Christian* languish? On our hearts, not heads,
 Falls the foul infamy. My heart! awake;
 What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
 "Expended Deity on human weal?"

Feel the *great truths*, which burst the ten-fold night
 Of *Heathen* error, with a golden flood
 Of endless day: to feel, is to be fir'd;
 And to believe, LORENZO! is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Power!
 Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous love!
 That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
 And foul transgression dips in sevenfold guilt;
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense?
 In love immense, inviolably just!
 Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
 Didst stain the *cross*; and, work of wonders far
 The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.
 Bold thought! shall I dare speak it? or repress?
 Should man more *execrate* or *boast* the guilt [flam'd?
 Which rous'd such vengeance? which such love in-
 O'er guilt (how mountainous?) with outstretch'd arms,
 Stern *Justice* and soft-smiling *Love*, embrace,
 Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
 When seem'd its majesty to need support,
 Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably lost;
 What, but the *fathomless* of thought divine,
 Could labour such expedient from despair,
 And rescue *both*? both rescue! both exalt!
 O how are both exalted by the *deed*?

The wond'rous deed ! or shall I call it more ?

A wonder in Omnipotence itself !

A mystery no less to gods than men !

Not *thus* our infidels th' Eternal draw,

A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,

Full-orb'd in his whole round of rays complete :

They set at odds Heaven's jarring attributes ;

And, with one excellence, another wound ;

Maim Heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,

Bid *Mercy* triumph over—God himself,

Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise :

A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits ! ye baptiz'd infidels !

Ye worse for mending ! wash'd to fouler stains !

The ransom was paid down ; the fund of heaven,

Heav'n's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,

Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,

All price beyond : tho' curious to compute,

Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum :

Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,

For ever hides, and glows in the *Supreme*.

And was the ransom paid ? it was : and paid

(What can exalt the bounty more ?) for *you*.

The sun beheld it—No ! the shocking scene

Drove back his chariot : *midnight* veil'd his face ;

Not such as this ; not such as Nature makes :

A *midnight*, Nature shudder'd to behold ;

A *midnight* new ! a dread eclipse (without

Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown !

Sun ! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain ? or start

At that enormous load of human guilt,

Which bow'd his blessed head ; o'erwhelm'd his cross ;

Made groan the centre ; burst earth's marble womb,

With pangs, strange pangs ! deliver'd of her dead ?

Hell howl'd; and Heav'n that hour let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept, that man might smile! heav'n bled, that man
Might never die!—

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*:

What heart of stone, but glows at thoughts like these!

Such contemplations mount us; and should mount

The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,

Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts

To rest from wonders? other wonders rise,

And strike where-e'er they roll: my soul is caught:

Heav'n's sov'reign blessings clust'ring from the cross,

Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,

The pris'ner of amaze!—In his blest *life*,

I see the path, and in his *death*, the *price*,

And in his great *ascent*, the *proof* supreme

Of immortality.—And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!

He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!

And give the King of glory to come in:

Who is the King of glory? He who left

His throne of glory, for the pang of death.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!

And give the King of glory to come in.

Who is the King of glory? He who slew

The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race!

The King of glory, He, whose glory fill'd

Heav'n with amazement at his love to man;

And with divine complacency beheld

Pow'rs most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain?

Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!

Last gasp! of vanquish'd Death. Shout earth and heav'n!

This *sum of good* to man: whose nature, then,
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb.
 Then, then, I rose; then first *humanity*
 Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
 (Stupenduous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth;
 Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
 To call man mortal. Man's mortality
 Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heav'n's duration
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
 This child of dust.—Man, all immortal! hail;
 Hail, Heav'n! all-lavish of strange gifts to man!
 Thine all the glory: man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
 On Christian joy's exulting wing, above
 Th' *Aonian* mount!—Alas, small cause for joy!
 What if to pain immortal? If extent
 Of being to preclude a close of wo!
 Where, then, my boast of immortality?
 I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt:
 For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd;
 'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
 Nor that, unless his death can justify
 Relenting guilt in Heav'n's indulgent sight.
 If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
 My name in heav'n, with that inverted spear
 (A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
 And open'd there a font for all mankind
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
 This, only this subdues the fear of death.

And what is *this*?—Survey the wondrous cure;
 And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
 “ Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon;
 “ Thro' means that speak its value infinite!
 “ A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!

" With blood divine of Him I made my foe !
 " Persisted to provoke ! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,
 " Blest, and chastiz'd, a flagrant rebel still !
 " A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne !
 " Nor I alone, a rebel universe !
 " My species up in arms ! not one exempt !
 " Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies :
 " Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt !
 " As if our race were held of highest rank !
 " And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man !

Bound, every heart ! and every bosom, burn !

Oh what a scale of miracles is here !
 Its lowest round, high-planted on the skies ;
 Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
 Of man or angel : Oh that I could climb
 The wonderful ascent, with equal praise !
Praise ! flow for ever, (if astonishment
 Will give thee leave), my praise ! for ever flow ;
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heav'n
 More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific'd ;
 And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to Heav'n, shall *Praise* descend
 With her soft plume, (from *plausive* angels wing
 First pluck'd by man), to tickle mortal ears,
 Thus diving in the pockets of the great !
 Is *Praise* the perquisite of ev'ry paw,
 Tho' black as hell, that grapples well for gold ?
 Oh love of gold, thou meanest of amours !
 Shall *Praise* her odours waste no *Virtue's* dead,
 Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
 Earn dirty bread by washing *Ethiops* fair,
 Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
 A scavenger in scenes, where vacant posts,

Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
Return, apostate *Praise!* thou vagabond!
Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
Thy first, thy greatest, once unrivall'd theme.

There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,
Back to thy fountain; to that parent Pow'r,
Who gives the tongue to found, the thought to soar,
The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on thee,
Great Sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing;
To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!
O the presumption of man's awe for man!
Man's author! end! restorer! law! and judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*;
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, heav'n's meridian glory, but thy smile?
And shall not *Praise* be thine? not human praise?
While heav'n's high host on *Hallelujahs* live?

Oh may I breathe no longer than I breathe
My soul in praise to him who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of hell, *great Love!* by thee,
Oh most adorable! most unador'd!
Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should end?
Where-e'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
How is *Night's* fable mantle labour'd o'er?
How richly wrought with attributes divine?
What *wisdom* shines? what *love*? This midnight-pomp;
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid;
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;

For others this profusion : thou, apart,
Above, beyond ! oh tell me, mighty Mind !
Where art thou ? Shall I dive into the *deep* ?
Call to the *sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*
For their Creator ? shall I question loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells ?
Or holds HE furious *storms* in streighten'd reins,
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car ?

What mean these questions ?—Trembling I retract ;
My prostrate soul adores the *present* God :
Praise I a distant Deity ? He tunes
My voice (if tun'd) ; the nerve that writes, sustains ;
Wrapp'd in his being, I resound his praise.
But though past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
His essence ; *local* is his throne, (as meet),
To gather the dispers'd, (as standards call
The list'd from afar), to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since finite ev'ry nature but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose nod is *Nature's* birth ;
And *Nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand ?
Her dissolution, his suspended smile ;
The great *First-Last* ! pavilion'd high he sits
In darkness, from excessive splendor, borne
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors ; he looks down
On all that soars ; and spans immensity.
Though *Night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundless creation ! what art thou ? A beam,
A meer effluvium of his majesty :
And shall an atom of this atom-world,
Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of heaven ?
Down to the centre should I send my thought

Through beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
Goes out in darkness. If, on tow'ring wing,
I send it thro' the boundless vault of stars;
The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to *thee*,
Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King?
If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss,
And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they want;
Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.

Still more,—This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vast appointments reach it not; they see
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for heaven's superior praise!
First-born of æther! high in fields of light!
View man, to see the glory of your God!
Could angels envy; they had envy'd *here*;
And some *did* envy; and the rest, though gods,
Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
They less would feel, though more adorn, my theme.
They sung *Creation*, (for in that they shar'd);
How rose in melody that child of love?
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
Thine is *redemption*; they just gave the key,
'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song;
Though human, yet divine; for should not *this*
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs here?
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in heav'n.

A truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true,
If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

*Here pause, and ponder : Was there death in heav'n ?
What then on earth ? on earth which struck the blow ?
Who struck it ? who ? — O how is man enlarg'd
Seen through this medium ? how the pigmy tow'rs !
How counterpois'd his origin from dust !
How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return !
How voided his vast distance from the skies !
How near he presses on the seraph's wing !
Which is the seraph ? which the born of clay ?
How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud
Of guilt and clay condens'd, the son of heav'n ?
The double son ; the made, and the re-made !
And shall heav'n's double property be lost ?
Man's double madness only can destroy.
To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all ;
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace ;
Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny ?
O ye ! who from this *rock of ages*, leap
Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep !
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
Our int'rest in the master of the storm ?
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd Nature's ruins *smile* ;
While vile apostates *tremble* in a calm.*

Man ! know thyself. All wisdom centres there.
To none man seems ignoble, but to man ;
Angels that grandeur, man o'erlook, admire :
How long shall human nature be *their* book,
Degen'rate mortal ! and *unread* by thee ?
The beam dim *Reason* sheds shews wonders there ;
What high contents ? illustrious faculties !
But the grand *Comment*, which displays at full

Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the *cross*!

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?

A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life!

If a god bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:

I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul

Catches strange fire, Eternity! at thee,

And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:

How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!

What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,

Or, what a world, in *Eden*; heighten'd all!

It is another scene! another self!

And still another, as Time rolls along;

And that a *self* far more illustrious still.

Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades,

Unpierc'd by bold Conjecture's keenest ray,

What evolutions of surprising fate!

How Nature opens, and receives my soul

In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where gods

Encounter, and embrace me! what new births

Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,

Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,

Old *Time*, and fair *Creation*, are forgot!

Is this extravagant? Of man we form

Extravagant conception, to be just:

Conception unconfined wants wings to reach him:

Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.

He the great Father! kindled at one flame

The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd

From spirit's awful fountain; pour'd himself

Through all their souls; but not in equal stream,

Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,

As his wife plan demanded ; and when past
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Resorbs them all into himself again ;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,
Though yet *unsung*, as deem'd perhaps too bold ?
Angels are men of a superior kind ;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight ;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep :
Angels their failings, mortals have their praise ;
While *here*, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,
And summon'd to the *glorious standard* soon,
Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent ; but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles ; *Raphael* sung
Our triumphs ; *Gabriel* on our errands flown,
Sent by the SOVEREIGN : and are these, O man !
Thy friends, thy warm allies ? and thou (shame burn
The cheek to cinder) rival to the brute ?

Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out *this* world, and in her right, the *next* ;
Religion ! the sole voucher man is man ;
Supporter sole of man above himself ;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion ! providence ! an after-state !
Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock ;
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;

Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where æther pure
Surrounds him, and *Elysian* prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load,
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change ;
So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts,
To *Reason's* region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion ! thou the soul of happiness ;
And, groaning *Calvary*, of thee ! *there* shine
The noblest truths ; *there* strongest motives sting !
There sacred violence assaults the soul ;
There nothing but *compulsion* is forborn.
Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the sun ;
He sighs !—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If, in his love, so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd ? his tendernefs on fire ?
Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires ?
Can prayer, can praise avert it ?—Thou, my *all* !
My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth !—my world !
My light in darkness ! and my life in death !
My boast through time ! bliss through eternity !
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise !
Or fathom thy profound of love to man !

To man, of men the meanest, ev'n to me ;

My sacrifice ! my God !—what things are these !

What then art THOU ? by what name shall I call thee ?

Knew I the name devout archangels use,

Devout archangels should the name enjoy,

By me unrivall'd ; thousands more sublime,

None half so dear, as that, which though unspoke,

Still glows at heart : O how omnipotence

Is lost in love ? Thou great PHILANTHROPIST !

Father of angels ! but the friend of man !

Like *Jacob*, fondest of the younger born !

Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand

From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood !

How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress !

To make us groan beneath our gratitude,

Too big for birth ! to favour, and confound ;

To challenge, and to distance all return !

Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,

And leave praise panting in the distant vale ?

Thy right too great defrauds thee of thy due ;

And sacrilegious our sublimest song.

But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile,

Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,

And future life symphonious to my strain,

(That noblest hymn to heav'n !) for ever lie

Intomb'd my *fear of Death* ! and ev'ry fear,

The dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile ?

Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.

Ye Quietists, in homage to the skies !

Serene ! of soft address ! who mildly make

An unabstrusive tender of your hearts,

Abhorring violence ! who *halt* indeed ;

But for the blessing, *wrestle* not with heav'n!
Think you my song too turbulent? too warm?
Are *passions*, then, the Pagans of the soul?
Reason alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*
To touch things sacred? Oh for warmer still!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs;
Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song!
THOU, my much injur'd theme! with that soft eye
Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast,
And pardon to the winter in my strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists!
On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper *here*.
Shall heav'n, which gave us ardour, and has shewn
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology
Recumbent Virtue's downy doctors preach,
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd*?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heav'n;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High heav'n's *orchestra* chaunts *Amen* to man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heav'n,
Soft-wafted on celestial *Pity's* plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh when will *Death* (now stinglefs), like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? Oh when will *Death*,
This mould'ring, old partition-wall throw down,
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!

Great *future*! glorious Patron of the *past*,
 And *present*! when shall I thy shrine adore?
 From Nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
 Immensely bless'd, this little *isle of life*,
 This dark, incarcerating *colony*,
 Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
 That manumits; that calls from exile home;
 That leads to Nature's great *metropolis*,
 And re-admits us, through the *guardian* hand
 Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne;
 Who hears our Advocate, and, through his wounds
 Beholding man, allows that tender name.
 'Tis this makes *Christian triumph* a command:
 'Tis this makes joy a *duty*, to the wise:
 'Tis impious, in a good man, to be sad.

Seest thou, LORENZO! where hangs all our hope?
 Touch'd by the *cross*, we live, or *more* than die:
 That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
 Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
 And darkness into glory; partial *touch*!

Ineffably pre-eminent regard!

Sacred to man, and sovereign through the whole
 Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
 From heav'n through all duration, and supports,
 In one illustrious and amazing plan,
 Thy welfare, *Nature*! and thy God's renown:
 That *touch*, with charm celestial, heals the soul
 Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
 Turns earth to heav'n, to heav'nly thrones transforms
 The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.

Dost ask me when?—When HE who dy'd returns;
 Returns, how chang'd! where then the man of wo?
 In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;

And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
 Of deities triumphant in his train,
 Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven ;
 Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
 Of pomp, and multitude ; a radiant band
 Of angels new ; of angels from the *tomb*.

Is this by fancy thrown remote ? and rise
 Dark doubts between the promise, and event !
 I send thee not to volumes for thy cure ;
 Read Nature ; Nature is a friend to truth ;
 Nature is *Christian* ; preaches to mankind ;
 And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
 Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight ?
 Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
 On gazing nations, from his fiery train
 Of length enormous, takes his ample round
 Through deeps of æther ; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
 Of more than solar glory ; doubles wide
 Heav'n's mighty cape ; and then revisits earth,
 From the long travel of a thousand years.
 Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
 He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze ;
 And, with him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point ;
 Or hope precarious in low whispers breathes ;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct ; ev'n *adders* hear,
 But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
 To break the shock blind *Nature* cannot shun,
 And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
 Death's terror is the mountain *Faith* removes ;
 That mountain-barrier between man and peace.
 'Tis *Faith* disarms destruction ; and absolves
 From ev'ry clam'rous charge the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve? LORENZO!—*Reason* bids,
 “All-sacred *Reason*!”—Hold her sacred still;
 Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
 All sacred *Reason*! source, and soul, of all
 Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above!
 My heart is thine: deep in its inmost folds,
 Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
 Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stamp’d
 On passive Nature, before thought was born?
 My birth’s blind bigot! fir’d with *local* zeal!
 No; *Reason* re-baptiz’d me when adult;
 Weigh’d true and false in her impartial scale;
 My heart became the convert of my head;
 And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
 “On argument alone my faith is built:”

Reason pursu’d is *Faith*; and, unpursu’d
 Where proof invites, ’tis reason, then, no more:
 And such our *proof*, that, or our *Faith* is right,
 Or *Reason* lies, and Heav’n design’d it wrong:
 Absolve we this? what, then, is blasphemy?

Fond as we are, and justly fond of *Faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
 The mother honour’d, as the daughter dear:
Reason the root, fair *Faith* is but the flower;
 The fading flow’r shall die; but *Reason* lives
 Immortal, as her father in the skies.

When *Faith* is virtue, *Reason* makes it so.
 Wrong not the Christian; think not reason *yours*;
 ’Tis *Reason* our great *Master* holds so dear;
 ’Tis *Reason*’s injur’d rights his wrath resents;
 ’Tis *Reason*’s voice obey’d his glory’s crown;
 To give lost *Reason* life, he pour’d his own:
 Believe; and shew the reason of a man;

Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God ;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb :
Thro' *Reason's* wounds alone thy *Faith* can die ;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting.

Learn hence what honours, what loud *Pæans*, due
To those who push our *antidote* aside ;
Those boasted friends to *Reason*, and to *man*,
Whose fatal love stabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
These pompous fons of *Reason* idoliz'd,
And vilify'd at once ; of reason dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old :
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow ?
While *love of truth* through all their camp resounds,
They draw *Pride's* curtain o'er the noontide-ray,
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd argument ;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
“ Behold the sun ;” and, *Indian-like*, adore.

Talk they of *morals* ? O thou bleeding Love !
Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind !
The grand morality is love of thee.
As wise as *SOCRATES*, if such they were,
(Nor will they bate of that sublime renown),
As wise as *SOCRATES*, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.

A *CHRISTIAN* is the highest style of man.
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow ?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a fight :
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell ?

Ye sold to sense ! ye citizens of earth !

(For such alone the Christian banner fly),
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:

“ He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
“ And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
“ Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;
“ Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
“ But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
“ Till Nature dies, and Judgment sets him free;
“ A freedom far less welcome than his chain.”

But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
And to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulf of Time; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift: Eternity is all;
And whose eternity; who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!
For ever basking in the Deity!

LORENZO! who?—Thy conscience shall reply.

O give it leave to speak; 'twill speak ere long,
Thy leave unask'd: LORENZO! hear it now,
While useful its advice, its accent mild.
By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is deposited with man's *last hour*;
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust;
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity!
Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds;

Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made ;
Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys,
That heav'n commission'd hour no sooner calls,
But from her cavern in the soul's abyfs,
Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,
The goddess bursts in thunder, and in flame ;
Loudly convinces, and severely pains.
Dark *dæmons* I discharge, and *hydra*-stings ;
The keen vibration of bright *Truth*—is hell :
Just definition ! though by schools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth ! peruse this parson'd page,
And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest ;
“ Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*.”

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

T H E

R E L A P S E.

Humbly Inscribed

To the Rt Hon. the Earl of LITCHFIELD.

L ORENZO ! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.
As just thy *second charge*. I grant the Muse
Has often blush'd at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by *Sense* to plead her filthy cause ;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd :
As if to magic numbers pow'rful charm
'Twas giv'n, to make a *civet* of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of *Pleasure*, and of *Pride*.
These share the man ; and these distract him too ;
Draw diff'rent ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars ;
But *Pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *Pride* resents ;
Pleasure embraces : man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once* : A point how hard to gain !
But what can't Wit, when stung by strong desire ?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *Sense* can't rise to *Reason's* taste,
In subtle *Sophistry's* laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose;
Nor less than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no more;
That which gave *Pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and *Pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
By *Wit's* address, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed *Art*! wipes off th' indebted blush
From Nature's cheek, and bronzes every shame.
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And Infamy stands candidate for praise.

All write by man in favour of the soul,
These *sensual ethics* far, in bulk, transcend.
The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted Vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can pow'rs of genius exorcise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song?

But let not these inexpressible strains
Condemn the muse that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly stops at *Time*, but holds the world
As 'tis in Nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her esteem; from whence to start,
And run the round of universal space,

To visit being universal there,
And being's source, that utmost flight of mind !
Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
Sing *syrens* only? do not angels sing?
There is in *Poesy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to *Prose*
Her younger sister, haply not more wise.

Think'st thou, LORENZO ! to find pastimes here?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flow'r,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or silken tale;
But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, thro' these revolving spheres,
This death-sleep silence, and incumbent shade :
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, *Midnight* ! darker still
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, ev'n *this*, my laughter-loving friends !
LORENZO ! and thy brothers of the smile !
If what imports you most, can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing ; the truths I sing shall feel ;
And, feeling, give assent ; and their assent
Is ample recompence ; is more than praise.

But chiefly thine, O LITCHFIELD ! nor mistake ;
Think not un introduc'd I force my way :
NARCISSA, not unknown, not unall'y'd,
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth !
To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bow'rs,

Where all the language *Harmony*, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse :
A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise ;
Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.

O thou ! blest'd Spirit ! *whether* the supreme,
Great antemundane Father ! in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Present, tho' future ; prior to themselves ;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again :
Or, from his throne some delegated pow'r,
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime !
Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the God, than that which burst
From fam'd *Castalia* : nor is yet allay'd
My sacred thirst ; though long my soul has rang'd
Through pleasing paths of *moral* and *divine*,
By Thee sustain'd, and lighted by the *stars*.

By *them* best lighted are the paths of *Thought* ;
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken, ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontroul'd and unimpres'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of one world confin'd ;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.

Let *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond

Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me;
 It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
 To settle on herself, our point supreme!
 There lies our theatre: there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
 'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out
 'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *Reason's* reign,
 And *Virtue's* too; these tutelary shades
 Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too;
 It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
 Her tender nature suffers in the croud,
 Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
 The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
 Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*,
 Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
 Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it strange: *light, motion, concourse, noise*,
 All, scatter us abroad; thought, outward bound,
 Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,
 And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*
 Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
 And *inhumanity* is caught from man;
 From smiling man. A flight, a single glance,

And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure desire*.

We see, we hear, with peril; *Safety* dwells
Remote from *Multitude*; the world's a school
Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes:

That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone.

Vice sinks in her allurements, is unguilt.
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheist half believes a God.

Night is fair *Virtue's* immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to *Wisdom*, and let fall
On *Contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride;
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In *private* audience: all the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless he stands;
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
(Rude drunkard! rising rosy from the main!)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.

Hail, precious moment ! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time ! auspicious *midnight*, hail !
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n,
Here the soul sits in council ; ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* actions ; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm ;
All her lies answers, and *thinks* down her charms.

What awful joy ! when mental liberty !
I am not pent in darkness ; rather say
(If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom ! the clust'ring thoughts around
Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade ;
But droop by day, and sicken in the *sun*.
Thought borrows light elsewhere ; from that *first* fire,
Fountain of animation ! whence descends
URANIA, my celestial guest ? who deigns
Nightly to visit me, so mean ; and *now*,
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasant dalliance with the charms of *night*,
My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart ! *Narcissa's* tomb !

Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again ?
Is it a *Stygian* vapour in my blood ?
A cold, flow puddle, creeping thro' my veins ?
Or is it *thus* with all men ?—Thus with all.
What are we ? how unequal ! now we soar,
And now we sink ; to be the *same*, transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
For lodging ill ; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason, a baffled counsellor ! but adds
The blush of weakness, to the bane of wo.

The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.
Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
And not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praise.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where *grief* detain'd me pris'ner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*.
Mortality shook off, in æther pure,
And struck the stars; *now* feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In sorrow drown'd—but, not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in *Sorrow's* stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Inestimable gain!) and gives heav'n leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficient in thy school are made,
Than *Genius* or proud *Learning* e'er could boast.
Voracious *Learning*, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motely meal.
This *book-case*, with dark booty almost burst,
This *forager* on others wisdom leaves
Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd.
With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,

Dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to beggary:

A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.

Her *servant's* wealth incumber'd *Wisdom* mourns.

And what says *Genius*? "*Let the dull be wise*".

Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;

And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.

It pleads exemption from the laws of *Sense*;

Considers *Reason* as a leveller;

And scorns to share a blessing with the croud.

That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim

To *glory*, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.

Crassus but sleeps, *Ardelia* is undone.

Wisdom, less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But *Wisdom*, smiles when humbled mortals weep.

When *Sorrow* wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,

And hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning shower;

Her seed celestial, then, glad *Wisdom* sows;

Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.

If so, NARCISSA! welcome my *Relapse*;

I'll raise a tax on my calamity,

And reap rich compensation from my pain.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;

And gather ev'ry thought of sov'reign power

To chase the moral maladies of man;

Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,

Though natives of this coarse penurious soil;

Nor wholly wither *there*, where *seraphs* sing,

Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heav'n.

Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same

In either clime, though more illustrious *there*.

These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,

Shall form a garland for NARCISSA's tomb;

And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.

Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice descend ?

“ Th’ importance of contemplating the tomb ;

“ *Why* men decline it ; *Suicide’s* foul birth ;

“ The various *kinds of grief* ; the *faults of age* ;

“ And *Death’s dread character*,—invite my song.”

And, first, the importance of our end survey’d.

Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief :

Mistaken kindness ! our hearts heal *too soon*.

Are *they* more kind than *he*, who struck the blow ?

Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,

And banish peace, till *nobler guests* arrive,

And bring it back, a true, and endless peace ?

Calamities are *friends* : as glaring *day*

Of these unnumber’d lustres robs our sight ;

Prosperity puts out unnumber’d thoughts

Of import high, and light divine to man.

The man how blest’d, who, sick of gaudy scenes,

(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves !),

Is led by choice to take his fav’rite walk.

Beneath *Death’s* gloomy, silent, cypress shades,

Unpierc’d by *Vanity’s* fantastick ray ;

To read his monuments, to weigh his dust.

Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs !

LORENZO ! read with me NARCISSA’S stone ;

(NARCISSA was thy fav’rite), let us read

Her moral stone ; few doctors preach so well ;

Few orators so tenderly can touch

The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the date !

Apt words can strike ; and yet in them we see

Faint images of what we here enjoy,

What cause have *we* to build on length of life ?

Temptation seize, when *Fear* is laid asleep ;

And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,

Truth, radiant goddess! fallies on my soul,
And puts *Delusion*'s dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mists our sultry *Passions* raise,
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene;
And shews the *real* estimate of things;
Which no man unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the veil from *Virtue*'s rising charms;
Detects *Temptation* in a thousand lies.
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn*-leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
Driv'n by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities: think nought
To man so foreign, as the joys *possess'd*
Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.

No *Folly* keeps its colour in her sight;
Pale *worldly Wisdom* loses all her charms;
In pompous promise from her schemes profound,
If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like *Sibyl*, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!
At the first blast it vanishes in air.
Not so, *celestial*. Wouldst thou know, LORENZO!
How differ *worldly Wisdom*, and *divine*?
Just as the weaning, and the waxing moon.
More empty *worldly Wisdom* ev'ry day;
And ev'ry day more fair her *rival* shines.
When *later*, there's less time to play the fool.
Soon our whole term for wisdom is *expir'd*.
(Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave:)
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real Wisdom* wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resemble *Sibyl*'s leaves,
The good man's days to *Sibyl*'s books compare,

(In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale),
In price still rising, as in number less;
Inestimable quite his final hour:
For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones:
Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.
“ Oh let me die his death ! ”—all Nature cries.
“ Then live his life : ” all Nature falters there.
Our great physician daily to consult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.

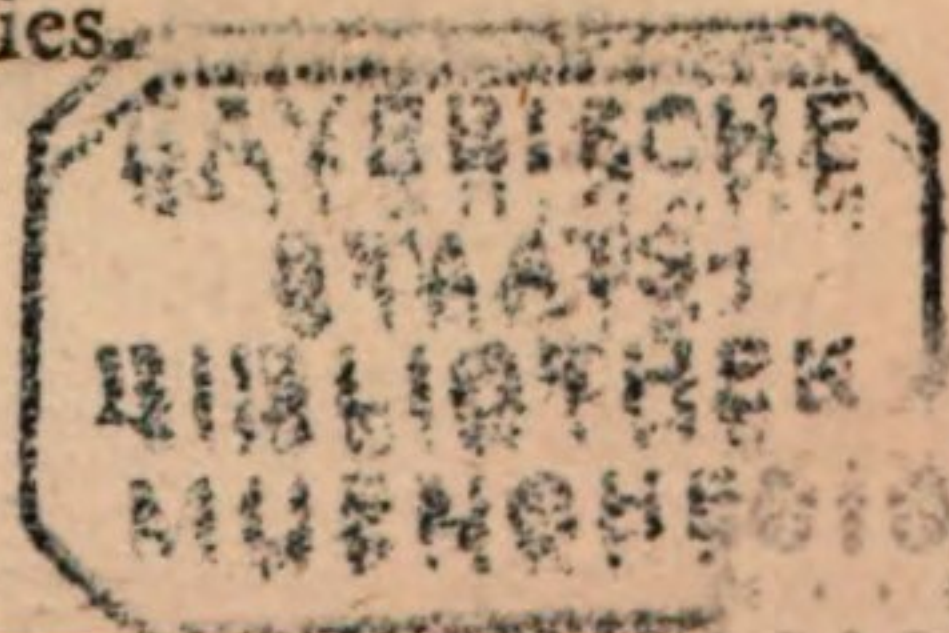
What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's; and yet,
From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage!
Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends ravish'd from us? 'Tis to bind,
By soft affection's ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *Reason*, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *there*.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.

Is Death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
That all important, and that only sure,
(Come when he will), an unexpected guest?
Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
Of blind *Imprudence*, unexpected still?
Though num'rous messengers are sent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill?
All heav'n looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it that Life has sown her joys so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that Life has such a swarm of cares,

The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *Time* steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *Indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is so like *yesterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, LORENZO! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much* irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say,
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on),
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life imbark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of *Time* descend, but not on *Time* intent;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out; what see we there?
Our brittle bark is burst on *Charon's* shore.

Is this the cause *Death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *Judgment*, by the *Will* struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul!
Like *him* so strong by *Delilah* the fair?
Or is it *Fear* turns startled *Reason* back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By Nature, conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,
The good man would repine; would suffer joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.



The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the reign,
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below.

What groan was that, LORENZO ?—Furies ! rise ;
And drown, in your less execrable yell,
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black fullen soul,
Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
So call'd, so thought, and *then* he fled the field.
Less base the fear of Death, than fear of Life.
O *Britain*, infamous for suicide !

An island in thy manners ! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rational*s beside !
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun ;
The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd :
Immoral climes kind Nature never made.
The cause I sing, in *Eden* might prevail,
And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his *soul*), a native of the skies !
High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unfold, unmortgag'd for *Earth's* little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *Earth* suspicious, *Earth's* enchanted cup
With cool reserve light-touching, should indulge,

On *immortality*, her godlike taste;
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet *there*.

But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Ask alms of *Earth*, for guests that came from *heav'n*;
Sink into slaves, and sell for *present* hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native freedom, to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul basket gorges them no more;
Or their pall'd palates loathe the basket full;
Are instantly, with wild demoniack rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting their confinement: tho' fast barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded strong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest, *nature*, or *dire guilt*, can raise;
And moated round, with fathomless *destruction*;
Sure to receive, and overwhelm them in their fall.

Such, *Britons!* is the cause, to you unknown,
Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
Is madness; but the madness of the *heart*.
And what is that? our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
With monstrous births, and *suicide*, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heav'n's law supreme, and desperately rush
Thro' sacred *Nature's* murder, on their own,
Because they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun, and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of *Wisdom!* if our choice, not fate)

Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock,
Start at the voice of an *eternity*;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
That most pathetick herald of our own;
How read we such sad scenes? as sent to man
In perfect vengeance? no; in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
Indelible, *Death's* image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile,
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all;
As the tide rushing razes what is writ
In yielding sands, and smoothes the letter'd shore.
LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a *sigh*?
Or study'd the philosophy of *tears*?
(A science, yet unlectur'd in our schools)!
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? if not, descend with me,
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

Our fun'ral tears from diff'rent causes rise;
As if from separate cisterns in the soul.
Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious *art* distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magick of the publick eye,
Like *Moses'* smitten rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,

So high in merit, and to them so dear,
They dwell on praises, which they ~~think~~ they share;
And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
Some mourn in proof that something they could love.
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *shew*.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep; not unappriz'd,
Tears sometimes aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address the soft *Ephesians* draw
Their fable net-work o'er entangled hearts?
As seen thro' crystal, how their roses glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek!
Of her's not prouder *Egypt's* wanton queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
Some weep at *Death*, abstracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like CHARLES, their own decease.
By kind construction, some are *deem'd* to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion, as in wo.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while *Reason* sleeps;
Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;
Knows not it speaks to her, and her *alone*.
Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,
That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *Sorrow's* pang, the birth of endless joy.
But *these* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the summer-storm,
And full as short! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stingless tale;

Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their wo.

Half round the globe, the tears pump't up by *Death*
Are spent in wat'ring vanities of life ;
In making *Folly* flourish still more fair.

When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust ;
Instead of learning, *there*, her *true support*,
Tho' there thrown down, her true support to learn,
Without Heav'n's aid, impatient to be bless'd,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Tho' from the stately cedar's arms she fell ;
With stale, foresworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life :
Presents her weed, well-fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's-head* on the ring.

So wept AURELIA, till the destin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching fables into bridal bloom.
So wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's fate ;
Who gave that angel-boy, on whom he doats ;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth ?
Not such, NARCISSA, my distress for thee.
I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
To sacrifice to Wisdom.—What wast thou ?
“ *Young, gay, and fortunate !* ” Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe ;
(Heav'n knows I labour with severer still)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.
A soul, without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And, first, thy *youth*. What says it to grey hairs ?

NARCISSA, I'm become *thy* pupil now—
Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning-dew
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n.
Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
Cover'd with shame I speak it, *Age* severe,
Old worn-out vice, sets down for virtue fair;
With graceless gravity, chastising youth,
That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulness of death:
As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead prescription from the grave;
Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.

Deathless? far from it! *such* are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.
Tell me, some god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death,
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
And Death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves, in that just mirror see!
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong!
There Death is certain; doubtful *here*: he *must*,

And *soon* ; we *may*, within an *age*, expire.
Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green ;
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent ;
Folly sings six, while *Nature* points at twelve.

Abfurd *longevity* ! More, more, it cries :
More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails ?
Object and *Appetite*, must club for joy.
Shall *Folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
While *Nature* is relaxing ev'ry string ?
Ask *Thought* for joy ; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
'Think you the foul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to fucceed ?
Contract the taste immortal ; learn ev'n now
To relish what *alone* fubfifts hereafter.

Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die.

That wish is *praise* and *promise* ; it applauds
Past life, and promifes our future blifs.

~~What weakness fee not children in their fires ?~~
What weakness fee not children in their fires ?

Grand-climafterical abfurdities !

Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How fhocking ! It makes folly thrice a fool ;
And our first childhood might our laft defpife.
Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wifdom* gives the *first* ; the *laft*,
Nothing, but the *repute of being wife*.

Folly bars both ; our age is twice undone.

What folly can be ranker ? Like our fhadows,
Our wifhes lengthen, as our fun declines.
No wish fhould loiter, *then*, this fide the grave.
Our hearts fhould leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcafes to mend the foil.

Enough to live in tempest, die in port ;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment* : and the *will*'s subdue ;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must fail so soon ;
And put *good works* on board ; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown ;
If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene !

All should be prophets to themselves ; foresee
Their future fate ; their future fate foretaste ;
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
A disaffection to that precious thought
Is more than *midnight*-darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask, LORENZO, why so warmly press'd,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death ! That thought is the machine,
The grand machine ! that heaves us from the dust,
And rears us into men. That thought ply'd home
Will soon reduce the ghastly *precipice*
O'er-hanging hell, will soften the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave ;
How warmly to be wish'd ! What heart of flesh
Would trifle with tremendous ? dare extremes ?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite ? what hand,
Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
(To speak a language *too well* known to thee),
Would at a moment give its *all* to chance,
And stamp the dye for an eternity ?

Aid me, NARCISSA ! aid me to keep pace
With *Destiny* ; and ere her scissars cut

My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
 Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
 Sting thou my flumb'ring *Reason* to fend forth
 A thought of observation on the foe ;
 To fally, and survey the rapid march
 Of his ten thousand messengers to man ;
 Who, *Jehu*-like, behind him turns them all,
 All *accident* apart, by *Nature* sign'd,
 My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet ;
 Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for death ?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
 Man is a self-surviver ev'ry year.
 Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
 Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
 My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, his ; my *yesterday* ;
 The bold invader shares the *present* hour.
 Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
 While man is growing, life is in decrease ;
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
 Our birth is nothing but our death begun ;
 As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
 Which comes to pass each moment of our lives ?
 If fear we must, let *that* death turn us pale,
 Which murders *strength* and *ardour* ; what remains
 Should rather call on Death, than dread his call.
 Ye partners of my fault, and my decline !
 Thoughtless of Death, but when your neighbour's knell
 (Rude visitant !) knocks hard at your dull sense,
 And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear !
 Be death your theme, in every place and hour ;
 Nor longer want, ye monumental fires !
 A brother-tomb to tell you, you shall die.

That death you *dread* (so great is Nature's skill!)
Know, you shall *court*, before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd; in volumes deep you sit;
In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance!
Would you be still more learned, than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *sense*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *Nature*, and *Experience*, moral truth;
Of indispenfible, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to Gods;
And dive in *science* for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride;
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you, known.
If you would learn *Death's character*, attend:
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dyes of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: or if choice is made,
The choice is quite *sarcastick*, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countless multitudes, not only *leave*,
But deeply *disappoint* us, by their deaths!
Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.

Like other tyrants, *Death* delights to smite.
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,

And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
 To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
 The feeble wrap th' athletick in his shroud;
 And weeping fathers build their children's tomb;
 Me thine, NARCISSA!—What tho' short thy date!
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
 That life is long, which answers life's great end.
 The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
 The man of wisdom is the man of years.
 In hoary youth *Methuselems* may die;
 O how *misdated* on their flatt'ring tombs!

NARCISSA'S *Youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
 And can her *Gaiety* give counsel too?
 That, like the *Jews'* fam'd oracle of gems,
 Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
 And opens more the *character of death*;
 Ill known to thee, LORENZO! *This* thy vaunt:
 "Give Death his due, the wretched, and the old;
 "Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave;
 "Let him not violate kind Nature's laws,
 "But own man born to *live*, as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'st him; *young* and *gay*
 He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
 What if I prove, "The farthest from the *fear*,
 "Are often nearest to the *stroke* of fate?"

All, more than common, menaces an end.
 A blaze betokens brevity of life:
 As if bright embers should emit a flame,
 Glad spirits sparkled from NARCISSA'S eye,
 And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
 As Nature's opposites wage endless war,
 For *this* offence, as treason to the deep,
 Inviolable stupor of his reign,
 Where *Lust*, and turbulent *Ambition*, sleep,

Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
More life is still more odious ; and, reduc'd
By conquests, aggrandizes more his pow'r.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd ? By Heav'n's decree,
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end.

Thus runs *Death's* dread commission : " Strike, but so,
" As most alarms the living by the dead."

Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprise*,
And cruel sport with man's securities.

Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim ;
And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold assertion not too bold.

What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep ?

Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.

Like princes unconfess'd in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *Death* assumes

The name and look of *Life*, and dwells among us,

~~He takes all shapes that serve his black designs :~~

Tho' master of a wider empire far
Than that o'er which the *Roman* eagle flew ;

Like *Nero*, he's a fiddler, charioteer,

Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guise ;

Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath,

His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the forms least like himself,
His slender self. Hence burly corpulence

Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.

Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,

Or ambush in a smile ; or, wanton, dive

In dimples deep ; love's eddies, which draw in

Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.

Such, on *NARCISSA's* couch, he loiter'd long,

Unknown ; and, when detected, still was seen
To *smile* ; such peace has innocence in death !

Most happy they ! whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on *Death*, and one full fix'd on *Heav'n*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy,
I've seen, or dream'd I saw, the tyrant *dress* ;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.
Say, Muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
And shew LORENZO the surprising scene ;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.

'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I stood.
Death would have enter'd ; *Nature* push'd him back ;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully dismiss'd
The sage ; for *Death* design'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *usurer*
His meagre aspect, and his naked bones ;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd spendthrift ; whose rascally son,
Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
His crooked bow he straiten'd to a cane ;
And hid his deadly shafts in MYRA's eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equipp'd,
Out-fallies on adventures. Ask you where ?
Where is he not ? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* suffice : Sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *Pleasure's* footsteps round the world,
When *Pleasure* treads the paths which *Reason* shuns.
When, against *Reason*, *Riot* shuts the door,
And *Gaiety* supplies the place of *Sense*,
Then, foremost at the banquet, and the ball,

Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly dye;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.

Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: and when the revel burns,
When *Fear* is banish'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against him turns the key; and bids him sup
With their progenitors—He drops his mask;
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than simple conquest*, in the fiend?

And now, LORENZO, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
In *Death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *Death* uncertain? therefore thou be fix'd;
Fix'd as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear;
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And *Fate* surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from most)
Hide too from thee the precious *use* of life.

Early, not sudden, was NARCISSA's fate.
Soon, not surprising, *Death* his visit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *Gaiety* forgot it was to die.
Though *Fortune* too (our third and final theme),

As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And every glitt'ring gewgaw, on her fight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And ev'ry thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with *Youth* and *Gaiety*, conspir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happiness,
(If happiness on earth), to crown her brow.
And could *Death* charge through such a shining shield?

That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear.
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man,
O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of *Death's* ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre of the publick eye,
When *Fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our ev'ning's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal given,
The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call *Death's* arrows on the destin'd prey.

High Fortune seems in cruel league with *Fate*.
Ask you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns *LORENZO* still for the sublime
Of life? to hang his airy nest on high,

On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
 Rock'd at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
 Granting grim *Death* at equal distance *there*;
 Yet *Peace* begins just where *Ambition* ends.
 What makes man wretched? Happiness *deny'd*?
 LORENZO! no: 'tis happiness *disdain'd*.
 She comes too meanly dress'd to win our smile;
 And calls herself *Content*, a homely name!
 Our flame is *transport*, and *Content* our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
 And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead;
 A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.
 Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
 Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;
 And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace;
 Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
 Of Fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!
 As late I drew *Death's* picture, to stir up
 Thy wholesome fears; now, drawn in contrast, see
 Gay *Fortune's*, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
 See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
 Unlocks her casket, spreads her glitt'ring ware,
 And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
 Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
 All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
 Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
 Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
 (Still *more* ador'd), to snatch the golden show'r.

Gold glitters most, where *Virtue* shines no more
 As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
 O what a precious pack of votaries
 Unkennel'd from the prisons, and the stews,

Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praise!
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.
Sagacious all, to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest'd chance!)
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
O'er just, o'er sacred, all forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r,
Stanch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
With aim misineasur'd, and impetuous speed,
Some, darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
Through fury to possess it: *some* succeed,
But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.
From *some*, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dream'd of gain.
To *some* it sticks so close, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together *some* (unhappy rivals!) seize,
And rend abundance into poverty;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles:
Smiles too the goddess; but smiles most at those,
(Just victims of exorbitant desire!)
Who perish at their own request, and, whelm'd
Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain.
The number small, which happiness can bear.
Though *various* for a while their fates, at last

One curse involves them all : at Death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loss,
And mourn, in just proportion to their store.

And *Death's* approach (if orthodox my song)
Is hasten'd by the lure of *Fortune's* smiles.
And art thou still a glutton of bright gold ?
And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin ?
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms ;
And startles thousands with a single fall.
As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence ;
By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd,
Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
In cumb'rous ruin, thunders to the ground :
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.

These high-aim'd darts of *Death*, and these alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, suspended in mid-air,
Or near heav'n's *Archer*, in the zodiack, hung,
(So could it be), *should* draw the publick eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind !
A constellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the *gay* through life's tempestuous wave ;
Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,
“ From greater danger to grow more secure,
“ And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate.”

LYSANDER, happy past the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair ASPASIA : she was kind :
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest'd.

All who knew, envy'd ; yet in envy lov'd :
 Can fancy form more finish'd happiness ?
 Fix'd was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
 Rose on the sounding beach. The glitt'ring spires
 Float in the wave, and break against the shore :
 So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
 The faithless morning smil'd : he takes his leave,
 To re-embrace in ecstasies, at eve.
 The rising storm forbids. The news arrives :
 Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
 She felt it seen ; (her heart was apt to feel) ;
 And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
 In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
 Now round the sumptuous bridal monument,
 The guilty billows innocently roar ;
 And the rough sailor passing drops a tear.
 A tear ?—can tears suffice ?—but not for me.
 How vain our efforts ! and our arts, how vain !
 The *distant* train of thought I took, to shun,
 Has thrown me on my fate—*These* dy'd together ;
 Happy in ruin ! *undivore'd* by death !
 Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
 NARCISSA ! pity bleeds at thought of thee.
 Yet thou wast only *near* me ; not *myself*.
 Survive *myself* ? *That* cures all other wo.
 NARCISSA lives ; PHILANDER is forgot.
 O the soft commerce ! O the tender ties,
 Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart !
 Which, broken, break them ; and drain off the soul
 Of human joy ; and make it pain to live.—
 And is it then to live ? When *such* friends part,
 'Tis this survivor dies—My heart ! no more.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

The INFIDEL Reclaimed.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE of IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other things, GLORY and RICHES are particularly considered.

Humbly Inscribed to the Right Honourable

HENRY PELHAM

First LORD COMMISSIONER of the TREASURY, and
CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

P R E F A C E.

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, *Truth, Reason, Religion*, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shewn) mere empty sounds, without any meaning in them. But, if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eter-

nal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened, in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the *real* source and support of all our infidelity, how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than *abstract reasonings*; and we daily see *bodies* drop around us, but the *soul* is invisible. The power which *inclination* has over the *judgment*, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest, that souls should not survive! The Heathen world confessed, that they rather *hoped* than firmly *believed* immortality; and how many Heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the gospel: but, by how many is the gospel rejected or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error by some doubt of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping the one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered: arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers; arguments which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the

world. If some arguments shall *here* occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments, in this, of all points, the most important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed, for this reason only, *viz.* Because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And, of consequence, no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by *vanity*, which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

S H E * (for I know not yet her name in heav'n)

Not early, like NARCISSA, left the scene;

Nor sudden, like PHILANDER. What avail?

This seeming mitigation but inflames;

This fancy'd med'cine heightens the disease.

The longer known, the closer still she grew;

And gradual parting is a gradual death.

'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,

By tardy pressure's still increasing weight,

From hardest hearts, confession of distress.

O the long, dark approach through years of pain,

Death's gall'ry! (might I dare to call it so)

With dismal *Doubt*, and sable *Terroure*, hung;

Sick *Hope's* pale lamp, its only glimm'ring ray:

There, Fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,

Forbid *Self-love* itself to flatter, there.

How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!

How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles!

In smiles she sunk *her* grief, to lessen *mine*.

She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.

Like pow'rful armies trenching at a town,

* Referring to Night the fifth

By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
 In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege ; in spite of art,
 Of all the balmy blessings Nature lends
 To succour frail humanity. Ye stars !
 (Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)
 And thou, O moon ! bear witness ; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
 Ty'd down my fore attention to the shock,
 By ceaseless depradations on a life
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
 Of observation ! darker ev'ry hour !
 Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below ;
 When my soul shudder'd at futurity ;
 When, on a moment's point, the important dye
 Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
 And turn'd up life ; my title to more wo.

But why more wo ? more comfort let it be.
 Nothing is dead, but *that* which wish'd to die ;
 Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain ;
 Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.
 Where dwells *that* wish ? most ardent of the wise ?
 Too dark the sun to see it ; highest stars
 Too low to reach it ; *Death*, great *Death* alone,
 O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our *transition* ; though the mind,
 An artist at creating self-alarms,
 Rich in expedients for inquietude,
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true ? the tyrant never *sat*.
 Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all ;
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.

Death, and his image rising in the brain,
Bear faint resemblance ; never are alike :
Fear shakes the pencil, *Fancy* loves excess,
Dark *Ignorance* is lavish of her shades ;
And *these* the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst ; 'tis past ; new prospects rise,
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.

Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life ;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.

Wrapt in the thought of *Immortality*,
Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought !
Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on ;
And find the soul unsated with her theme.

Its *nature*, *proof*, *importance*, fire my song.

O that my song could emulate my soul !

Like her, immortal. No ! — the soul disdains

A mark so mean ; far nobler hope inflames ;

If endless ages can outweigh an hour,

Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inspire.

Thy *nature*, immortality ! who knows ?

And yet who knows it not ? It is but life

In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,

And spun for ever ; dipt by cruel Fate

In *Stygian* dye, how *black*, how *brittle* here !

How short our correspondence with the sun !

And while it lasts, inglorious ! Our best deeds,

How wanting in their weight ! Our highest joys

Small cordials to support us in our pain,

And give us strength to suffer. But how great

To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,

With all the sons of *Reason*, scatter'd wide

Through habitable space, where-ever born,

Howe'er endow'd ! to live free citizens.

Of universal nature ! to lay hold
 By more than feeble *faith* on the *supreme* !
 To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
 (Mines, which support archangels in their state)
 Our own ! to rise in science, as in bliss,
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies !
 To read creation ; read its mighty plan
 In the bare bosom of the Deity !
 The plan, and execution, to collate !
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow, blown remote ; and leave
 No mystery—but that of love divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's *Aeldama*, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to *such* a scene !
 Love's element ! true joy's illustrious home !
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair !
 What exquisite vicissitude of fate !
 Bless'd absolution of our blackest hour !

LORENZO ! these are thoughts that make man man,
 The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod *we* tread ; soon trodden by our sons),
 How great, in the wild whirl of *Time*'s pursuits,
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
 Through the long vista of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine !
 To prophesy our own futurities !
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends !
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys,

As far beyond conception, as desert,
Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale !

LORENZO, swells thy bosom at the thought ?
The swell becomes thee : 'tis an honest pride.
Revere thyself ;—and yet thyself despise.

His *nature* no man can o'er-rate ; and none
Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
Nor there be modest, where thou shouldst be proud ;
That almost universal error shun.

How just our pride, when we behold *those* heights !
Not those *Ambition* paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *Virtue* gains ;
And angels emulate ; our pride how just !
When mount we ? when these shackles cast ? when quit
This cell of the creation ? this small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air ?
Fine-spun to sense ; but gross and feculent
To souls celestial : souls ordain'd to breathe
Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky ;
Greatly triumphant on *Time's* farther shore,
Where *Virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears ;
While *Pomp Imperial* begs an alms of peace.

In empire high, or in proud science deep,
Ye born of earth ! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gust, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praise, and share ?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.

What wretched repetition cloy us *here* !
What periodick potions for the sick !

Distemper'd bodies ! and distemper'd minds !
In an *eternity*, what scenes shall strike !
Adventures thicken ! novelties surprise !

What webs of wonder shall unravel, *there!*
What full day pour on all the paths of heav'n,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze!

 If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know; how rich, how full our banquet, *there!*
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately seen in shades,
And in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the lab'ring eye,
Unbroken, then, illustrious, and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
From some superiour point (where who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of æther pure,
In endless voyage, without port? The *least*
Of these disseminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,
Huge, as *Leviathan*, to that small race,
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unperceiv'd! *Stupendous these!*
Yet what are these stupendous to the *whole*?
As particles, as atoms ill-perceived;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vast the plan: fecundity divine!
Exub'rant source! perhaps I wrong thee still.
 If admiration is a source of joy,

What transport hence ! Yet this the least in heav'n.
What *this* ~~to~~ that illustrious robe *he* wears,
Who tofs'd this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his pow'r ?
'Tis to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of heaven ?
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest'd ?
Death, only death, the question can resolve.
By death cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy ;
The *bare* ideas ! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chac'd below.

And chace we still the phantom thro' the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death ?
And toil we still for sublunary pay ?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our more than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design,
(Fine net-work of the brain !) to catch a fly ;
The momentary buz of vain renown !
A name, a mortal immortality !

Or (meaner still !) instead of grasping air,
For fordid *lucre* plunge we in the mire ?
Drudge, sweat thro' ev'ry shame, for ev'ry gain,
For vile contaminating trash ; throw up
Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with men ?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold ?
Ambition, Avarice ? the two *damons* these,
Which goad thro' ev'ry flough our human herd,
Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches stoop ! how steep they climb !

These *dæmons* burn mankind ; but most possess
LORENZO's bosom, and turn out the skies.

Is it in time to hide *eternity* ?
And why not in an atom on the shore,
To cover ocean ? or a mote, the sun ?
Glory and *wealth* ! have they this blinding pow'r ?
What if to them I prove LORENZO blind ?
Would it surprise thee ? be thou then surpris'd ;
Thou *neither* know'st : their nature learn from me.

Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
What close connection ties them to my theme.
First, what is *true* ambition ? The pursuit
Of glory, nothing less than man can share.
Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast,
And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as we ;
But not *celestial*. Here we stand alone ;
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent ;
If *prone* in thought, our stature is our shame,
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
The *visible* and *present* are for brutes,
A slender portion ! and a narrow bound !
These *Reason*, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps ; and claims the future and unseen ;
The vast unseen ! the future fathomless !
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving gross *Nature's* sediment below,
Then, and then only, *Adam's* offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition : this is *human* fire.

Can *Parts* or *Place* (two bold pretenders !) make
LORENZO great, and pluck him from the throng ?

Genius and *Art*, Ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dædalian enginery! if these alone
Assist our flight, *Fame's* flight is *Glory's* fall.
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch when I behold,
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mixt, and glitt'ring in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once *Compassion* soft, and *Envy*, rise —
But wherefore *Envy*? talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false Ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great *ill* is an atchievement of great *pow'rs*.
Plain Sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, *affections* choose our end;
Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a *Pelham's* head, to *Pelham's* heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, *and* means, make wisdom: worldly-wise
Is but half-witted, at his highest praise.

Let *Genius* then despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *Station*. What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and ministers, are awful names;

Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, publick order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave: *all more* is merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right;
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superiour worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd and unbought,
His *own*, descending fairly from his fires.
Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
And souls in *ermin* scorn a soul without?
Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch'd on *Alps*;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone out-builds the *pyramids*;
Her monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*.

Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r;
What station charms thee? I'll install thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
Then thou before was something *less* than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies;

'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man ;
An angel's second ; nor his second, long.
A *Nero* quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
If nobler motives minister no cure,
Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place : 'tis more ;
It makes the post stand candidate for thee ;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man ;
Tho' no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth ;
And tho' it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown ;
Renown, that would not quit thee tho' disgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.

Other ambition *Nature* interdicts ;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end ;
Milk, and a swathe, *at first*, his whole demand ;
His whole domain, *at last*, a turf or stone ;
To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.

Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of just ambition, to the grand result,
The curtain's fall ; *there*, see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene ;
Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes ;
And laugh at this fantastick mummary,
This antick prelude of grotesque events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
A littleness of soul, by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
To *Christian* pride ! which had with horror shock'd

The darkest *Pagans*, offer'd to their gods.

O thou *most Christian* enemy to peace !
Again in arms ? again provoking fate ?
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes ;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why *this* so rare ? Because forgot of all
The day of death ; that venerable day,
Which sits as judge ; that day, which shall pronounce
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
LORENZO, never shut thy thought against it ;
Be *levees* ne'er so full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the *cabinet*.

That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great or mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is that *ambition* ? then let flames *descend*,
Point to the centre their inverted spires,
And learn humiliation from a foul,
Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
Yet *these* are they the world pronounces wise ;
The world which cancels Nature's right and wrong.
And casts *new* wisdom : ev'n the grave man lends
His solemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
The most ambitious, unambitious, mean ;
In triumph, mean ; and abject on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching *him*, who gave her wings to fly.

When blind Ambition quite mistakes her road,
 And downwards pores, for that which shines above,
 Substantial happiness, and true renown;
 Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
 We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
 At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition! pow'rful source of good and ill!
 Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
 When disengag'd, from earth, with greater ease,
 And swifter flight, transports us to the skies:
 By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
 It turns a curse; it is our chain and scourge,
 In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
 Close-grated by the fordid bars of *Sense*;
 All prospect of eternity shut out;
 And, but for execution, ne'er set free.

With error in *Ambition* justly charg'd,
 Find we LORENZO wiser in his *wealth*!
 What if thy rental I reform? and draw
 An inventory new, to set thee right?
 Where, thy *true* treasure? Gold says, "Not in me."
 And, "Not in me," the Diamond. Gold is poor;
India's insolvent; seek it in thyself,
 Seek in thy naked self, and find it there;
 In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;
 Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
 Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
 In *Senses* which inherit earth and heavens;
 Enjoy the various riches *Nature* yields;
 Far nobler; give the riches they enjoy;
 Give taste to fruits, and harmony to groves;
 Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire;
 Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
 At a small inlet, which a grain might close,

And half create the wond'rous world they see.
 Our *Senses*, as our *Reason*, are divine.
 But for the magick organ's pow'rful charm,
 Earth were a rude uncolour'd chaos still.
Objects are but th' occasion, ours th' exploit;
 Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
 Which Nature's admirable pictures draws,
 And beautifies creation's ample dome.
 Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the lake,
 Man makes the matchless image, man admires.
 Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
 Superiour wonders in himself forgot,
 His admiration waste on objects round,
 When Heav'n makes him the soul of all he sees?
 Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in *Senses* such as these! what wealth
 In *Fancy* fir'd to form a fairer scene
 Than *Sense* surveys! in *Mem'ry's* firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recal,
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
 In colours fresh, originally bright
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
 What wealth in *intellect*, that sov'reign pow'r!
 Which *sense*, and fancy, summons to the bar;
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
 And from the mass those *underlings* import,
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
 And in *Truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
 Forms *Art*, and *Science*, *Government*, and *Law*;
 The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
 The vitals, and the grace of civil life!
 And *manners* (sad exception!) set aside,
 Strikes out, with master-hand, a copy fair
 Of his idea, whose indulgent thought

Long, long ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* blifs.

What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
Disdaining limit, or from place, or time ;
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
Th' almighty *fiat*, and the *trumpet's sound* ?
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be ;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to rise !

Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild through things impossible !
What *wealth*, in faculties of endless growth,
In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to choose, in *power* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches rise !)
Duration to *perpetuate*—boundless blifs !

Ask you, what *power* resides in feeble man
That blifs to gain ? Is *Virtue's*, then, unknown ?
Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
Improvable at will, in virtue lies ;
Its tenure sure ; its income is divine. .

High-built abundance, heap on heap ! for what ?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more ;
Then, make a richer scramble for the throng ?
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish from displying engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly ;
Fly diverse ; fly to foreigners, to foes ;
New masters court, and call the former fool,
(How justly !) for dependence on their stay.
Wide scatter, first, our play-things ; then our dust.
Dost court abundance for the sake of peace ?

Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme :
Riches enable to be richer still ;
And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist ?
Thus wealth (a cruel task-master !) enjoins
New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train !
And murders peace which taught it first to shine.
The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich ;
Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of wo ;
To feel the stings of *Envy*, and of *Want*,
Outrageous want ! both *Indies* cannot cure.

A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease ;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness.
A *competence* is all we can enjoy.
O be content, where Heav'n can give no more !
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour ;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
As bees in flow'rs, and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns ;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.
Much learning shews how little mortals *know* ;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy*,
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find, what they so plainly see ;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade ;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want !
Who lives to *Nature*, rarely can be poor ;
Who lives to *Fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt ; the man of gold,
In debt to *Fortune*, trembles at her pow'r.
The man of *Reason* smiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony this ! A *being*
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possess'd can raise it ; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure ; which holds on its glorious course,
When thine, O *Nature* ! ends ; too blest to mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this* !
The *monarch* is a beggar to the man.

Immortal ! Ages past, yet nothing gone !
Morn without eve ! A race without a goal !
Unshorten'd by progression infinite !
Futurity for ever future ! Life
Beginning still, where computation ends !
'Tis the description of a *Deity* !
'Tis the description of the *meanest slave* :
The meanest slave dares then LORENZO scorn ?
The meanest slave thy *sov'reign* glory shares.
Proud youth ! fastidious of the *lower* world !
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility ;
Stoops to the lowest ; is too great to find
Inferiours ; all immortal ! brothers all !
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.

Immortal ! what can strike the *sense* so strong,
As this the *soul* ? it thunders to the thought ;
Reason amazes ; *Gratitude* o'erwhelms ;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate ;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air ; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans æthereal fires ;

Quick-kindles all that is divine within us ;
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.

Has not LORENZO's bosom caught the flame ?

Immortal ! Were but one immortal, how
Would others envy ! how would thrones adore !

Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost ?

How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of Heav'n !

O vain, vain, vain ! all else ! *Eternity !*

A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
From vile imprisonment in abject views.

'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,

Amid Life's *pains, abasements, emptiness,*

The soul can *comfort, elevate, and fill.*

That only, and that amply, this performs ;

Lifts us above Life's pains, her joys above ;

Their terrour *those*, and *these* their lustre lose ;

Eternity depending covers all ;

Eternity depending all atchieves ;

Sets earth at distance ; casts her into shades ;

Blends her distinctions ; abrogates her pow'rs ;

The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,

Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,

Make one promiscuous and neglected heap.

The man beneath ; if I may call him man,

Whom *immortality's* full force inspires.

Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought ;

Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,

By minds quite conscious of their high descent,

Their present province, and their future prize ;

Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,

Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.

Doubt you this truth ? why labours your belief ?

If earth's whole orb, by some due distanc'd eye,

Were seen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would sink,

And levell'd *Atlas* leave an even sphere.
Thus *Earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in *Eternity's* vast round.
To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.

Enthusiastick, this? Then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What slave unblest'd, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? he forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.

And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
Is this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul divine?
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;
What heart but trembles at so strange a bliss?

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,
Truths touching! marvellous! and full of heav'n!
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there, who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no farther than the clouds; and dance
On heedless vanity's fantastick toe;
Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song?
Are there, LORENZO? is it possible?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)

Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts ;
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore ;
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem ?
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
 Shall know their treasure; treasure, *then*, no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
 The rising thought? who smother, in its birth,
 The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
 Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way?
 And, with revers'd ambition, strive to sink?
 Who labour downwards through th' opposing pow'rs
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the flock
 Of endless night; night darker than the grave's?
 Who fight the proofs of immortality?
 With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
 Work all their engines, level their black fires,
 To blot from man *this* attribute divine,
 (Than vital blood far dearer to the wise),
 Blasphemers, and rank Atheists to themselves?

To contradict them, see all Nature rise!
 What object, what event, the moon beneath,
 But argues, or endears, an after scene?
 To *Reason* proves, or weds it to *Desire*?
 All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance
 One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.
 A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
 From *Heav'n* and *Earth*, and *Man*. Indulge a few,
 By Nature, as her common habit, worn;
 So pressing Providence a truth to teach,
 Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.

Thou! whose all providential eye surveys,
 Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms
 Creation, and holds empire far beyond!

Eternity's inhabitant august !
Of two Eternities amazing Lord !
One past, ere man's or angel's had begun ;
Aid ! while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious immortality in *man*.
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite ! but relish'd most
By those who love thee most, who most adore.

Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth,
Of thee the great *Immutable*, to man
Speaks wisdom ; is his oracle supreme ;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
LORENZO, to this heav'nly *Delphos* haste ;
And come back all immortal ; all-divine :
Look *Nature* through, 'tis *revolution* all ;
All change, no death. Day follows night ; and night,
The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;
Earth takes th' example. See the *Summer* gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Drops into pallid *Autumn* : *Winter* grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows *Autumn*, and his golden fruits away ;
Then melts into the *Spring* : soft *Spring*, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the South,
Recalls the *first*. All, to re flourish, fades,
As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend.
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man *advances* ; both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line ;
That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent, and *tremulous*, like flame ascends ;
Zeal, and *Humility*, her wings to heaven.

The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
 No single atom, once in being, lost.
 With change of counsel charges the Most High.

What hence infers LORENZO? Can it be?
Matter immortal? and shall *Spirit* die?
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know? shall man alone,
 Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
 Is man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
 Severely doom'd *Death's* single unredeem'd?

If Nature's *revolution* speaks aloud,
 In her *gradation* hear her louder still.
 Look Nature through, 'tis neat *gradation* all.
 By what minute degrees her scale ascends!
 Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
 To that above it join'd, to that beneath,
 Parts, into parts, reciprocally shot,
 Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
 Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
 Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and sense;
 There, sense from reason steals a glimm'ring ray;
 Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
 The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
 Of incorporeal life; those realms of bliss,
 Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
 Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthly, part;
 And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
 Eternal; or in man the series ends.

Wide yawns the gap; connection is no more;
Check'd *Reason* halts; her next step wants support;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme;
A scheme, *Analogy* pronounc'd so true;
Analogy, man's surest guide below.

Thus far, *all Nature* calls on thy belief.
And will LORENZO, careless of the call,
False attestation on all Nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with Death?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust belov'd, and run the *risk* of heav'n?
O what indignity to deathless souls!
What treason to the majesty of man!
Of man immortal! hear the lofty style:
"If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
"Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend,
"And grind us into dust: the *soul* is safe;
"The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
"As tow'ring flame from *Nature's* fun'ral pyre;
"O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
"His charter, his inviolable right,
"Well-pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
"Death's pointless darts, and Hell's defeated storms."

But these chimeras *touch* not thee, LORENZO!
The glories of the world, thy sev'nfold shield.
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
And turn those glories that inchant, against thee.
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.

Come, my *ambitious*! let us mount together,
(To mount LORENZO never can refuse);

And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth.—What feest thou? wondrous
Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies. [things!
What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!
Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand;
What levell'd mountains; and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.
Some 'mid the wond'ring waves majestick rise;
And *Neptune* holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or southward turn; to *delicate*, and *grand*,
The finer arts, there ripen in the sun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch
Shews us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.
High through mid air, *here*, streams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in basons, sleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there* vast oceans join,
Through kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to shore;
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the sword!
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders rise;
BRITANNIA's voice! that awe's the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-sea, furious waves! their roar amidst,
Out-speaks the Deity, and says, "O main!
"Thus far, nor farther; *new* restraints obey."

Earth's difembowel'd: meafur'd are the fkies!

Stars are detected in their deep recess!

Creation widens! vanquish'd *Nature* yields!

Her secrets are extorted! *Art* prevails!

What monuments of genius, fpirit, pow'r!

And now, LORENZO! raptur'd at this fcene,

Whofe glories render heav'n fuperfluous! fay,

Whofe footfteps thefe?—*Immortals* have been here.

Could *lefs* than fouls immortal this have done?

Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of fouls immortal;

And proofs of immortality forgot.

To flatter thy grand foible, I confeß,

Thefe are *Ambition's* works; and thefe are great:

But *this*, the leaft immortal fouls can do;

Tranfcend them all.—But what can thefe tranfcend?

Dost ask me, what?—One figh for the *diffrefs'd*.

What then for *infidels*? A deeper figh.

'Tis moral *grandeur* makes the mighty man:

How *little* they, who think aught *great* below?

All our ambitions death defeats, but one;

And that it crowns.—Here ceafe we: but, ere long,

More pow'rful *proof* fhall take the field againft thee,

Stronger than death, and fmiling at the tomb.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

The INFIDEL Reclaimed.

PART SECOND.

Containing the NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE of IMMORTALITY.

P R E F A C E.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners of *France*. A land of *levity*, is a land of *guilt*. A *serious mind* is the native soil of every virtue, and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The *soul's immortality* has been the favourite theme with the *serious* of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was, and always *will be*. Yet, this its highest moment seems to admit of *increase*, at this day; a sort of *occasional* importance is superadded to the *natural* weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding *Night*, be just. It is there supposed, that all our *Infidels*, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronise, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by some doubt of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Tho' the distrust of a *futurity* is a strange error; yet it is an error into which *bad* men may *naturally* be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of

escape. And what presumption is there? there are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are,—That either God *will* not, or *can* not punish. Considering the divine attributes, the *first* is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And, since *omnipotence* is as much a divine attribute as *holiness*, that God *cannot* punish, is as absurd a supposition, as the former. God certainly can punish, as long as the wicked man exists. In non-existence therefore, is their only refuge; and consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner, almost, incredible. And since, on *this* member of their *alternative*, there are some very small *appearances* in their favour, and none at all on the *other*, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chime-ra, to save themselves from the shock, and horror, of an *immediate*, and *absolute* despair.

On reviewing my subject, by the light which *this* argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined, than ever, to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of *all* our infidelity. In the following pages, it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new (at least to me), are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of *annihilation* in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: what pity 'tis they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received, by *those* whom they so much admire? What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their Heathen worthies, *Socrates* ('tis well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: yet this great master of temper, was angry; and angry at his last hour; and

angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment; angry, for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? what could be the cause? the cause was for his honour; 'twas a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious regard for *immortality*: for his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposit his remains?" it was resented by *Socrates*, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have regard for any thing, even in himself, that was *not* IMMORTAL.

This fact well considered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from *Socrates*; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality: which is all I desire; and that, for *their* sakes: for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7. 1744.

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected call.
 What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
 To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
 Deaths stand, like *Mercuries*, in ev'ry way;
 And kindly point us to our journey's end.
 POPE, who couldst make immortals! art thou dead?
 I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
 So soon to follow. Man but dives in death;
 Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise;
 The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.
 Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so;
 Through various parts our glorious story runs;
 Time gives the preface, *endless* Age unrolls
 The volume (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.

*This, earth and skies * already have proclaim'd.*
The world's a prophecy of worlds to come;
And who what GOD foretells (who speaks in *things*,
Still louder than in *words*) shall dare deny?
If *Nature's* arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in *man*.
If man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,
Can he prove infidel to what he *feels*?
He, whose blind thought futurity denies,
Unconscious, bears, BELLEROPHON! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himself:
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;
Or, *Nature*, there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables; man was made a *lie*.

Why *discontent* for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable consumption of our peace!
Resolve me, why the *cottager* and *king*,
He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter-blasts with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near?

Is it, that things *terrestrial* can't content?
Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?
Not so; but to their master is deny'd
To share their sweet *serene*. Man, ill at ease,
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Where Nature foddors him with other food,
Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.
Is heav'n then kinder to thy flocks, than thee?

* Night the Sixth.

Not so: thy pasture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from *instinct*, though, perhaps, debauch'd
By *sense*, his *reason* sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes?
His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;
And discontent is *immortality*.

Shall sons of æther, shall the blood of heav'n,
Set up their hopes on earth, and stable *here*,
With brutal acquiescence in the mire?

LORENZO! no! they shall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *foreigners*, distress'd, shall sigh
On thrones; and thou *congratulate* the sigh.
Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His *anxious* heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the *sceptick* in his head the lie.

Our heads, our hearts, our *passions*, and our *pow'rs*,
Speak the same language; call us to the skies:
Unripen'd *these* in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake;
And for this land of trifles *those* too strong
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life.
What prize on earth can pay us for the storm?
Meet objects for our *passions* heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect. Bless'd Heav'n! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliss.
O for a bliss unbounded! far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our *pow'rs* to perish immature;
But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

Reason progressive, *Instinct* is complete ;
Swift *Instinct* leaps ; slow *Reason* feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach : their little all
Flows in at once ; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were *man* to leave co-eval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still ;
Yet dying, leave his lesson half unlearn'd.
Men perish in advance, as if the sun
Should set ere noon, in *eastern* oceans drown'd ;
If fit, with *dim*, *illustrious* to compare,
The sun's *meridian*, with the *soul* of man.
To man, why, stepdame *Nature* ! so severe ?
Why thrown aside thy masterpiece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy.
Or, if abortively poor man must die,
Nor reach what reach he might, why die in *dread* ?
Why curs'd with foresight ? wise to misery ?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey ?
Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pain ?
His *immortality* alone can tell ;
Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
And turn the scale in favour of the just !

His *immortality* alone can solve
That darkest of *enigmas*, human *hope* ;
Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
Hope, eager *Hope*, th' assassin of our joy,
All *present* blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than *Despair*.
With no past toils content, still planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why more tasteless than *pursuit* ?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown ?

That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss?
 Because, in the great *future* bury'd deep,
 Beyond our plans of empire and renown,
 Lies all that man with ardour should pursue;
 And *he* who made him, bent him to the right.

Man's heart th' *Almighty* to the *future* sets,
 By secret and inviolable springs;
 And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
 Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
 "More, more!" the glutton cries: for something new,
 So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
 He will descend. He starves on the *possess'd*.
 Hence, the world's master, from Ambition's spire,
 In *Caprea* plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
 In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son
 Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
 His *riot* was *ambition* in despair.

Old *Rome* consulted birds; LORENZO! thou,
 With more success the flight of *Hope* survey;
 Of restless *Hope*, for ever on the wing.
 High-perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
 To fly at all that rises in her sight;
 And, never stooping, but to mount again
 Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
 And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
 There should it fail us, (it must fail us there,
 If being fails), more mournful riddles rise,
 And *Virtue* vies with *Hope* in mystery.

Why *Virtue*? Where its praise, its being fled?
 Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd:
 What true self-interest of quite-mortal man?
 To close with all that makes him happy here,
 If Vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth.
 Then Vice is Virtue; 'tis our sov'reign good.

In *self-applause* is Virtue's golden prize?
 No self-applause attends it on *thy* scheme.
 Whence self-applause? From conscience of the right,
 And what is right, but means of happiness?
 No means of happiness when virtue yields?
 That basis failing, falls the building too,
 And lays in ruin ev'ry *virtuous* joy.
 The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
 So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
 Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.
 Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
 Of self-exposure, laudable, and great?
 Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death?
 Die for thy country?—Thou romantick fool!
 Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:
 Thy *country*! what to thee?—the *Godhead*, what?
 (I speak with awe!) though he should bid thee bleed;
 If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is spilt,
 Nor can omnipotence reward the blow.
 Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

Nor is it disobedience. Know, LORENZO!
 Whate'er th' *Almighty*'s subsequent command,
 His first command is this:—"Man, love thyself."
 In this alone free, agents are *not* free.

Existence is the basis, bliss the prize;
 If *virtue* costs existence, 'tis a crime;
 Bold violation of our law supreme,
 Black suicide; tho' nations, which consult
 Their gain at thy expence, refund applause.

Since *virtue*'s recompense is doubtful *here*,
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
 Why is man *suffer'd* to be good in vain?
 Why to be good in vain is man *enjoin'd*?

Why to be good in vain is man *betray'd*?
 Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
 By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
 Why whispers Nature lies on virtue's part?
 Or if blind Instinct (which assumes the name
 Of sacred Conscience) plays the fool in man,
 Why *Reason* made accomplice in the cheat?
 Why are the *wisest* loudest in her praise?
 Can man by Reason's beam be led astray?
 Or, at his peril, *imitate his God*?
 Since virtue *sometimes* ruins us on earth,
 Or *both* are true, or man survives the grave.

Or man survives the grave, or own, LORENZO,
 Thy boast supreme a wild absurdity.
 Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
 Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.
 The man immortal, *rationaly* brave,
 Dares rush on death,—because he cannot die.
 But if man loses all, when life is lost,
 He leaves a coward, or a fool expires.
 A *daring* infidel, (and such there are,
 From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
 Or pure heroical defect of thought),
 Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When to the graves we follow the renown'd
 For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
 And all we praise; for worth, whose noon-tide beam,
 Enabling us to think in higher style,
 Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs;
 Dream we, that lustre of the moral world
 Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
 Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
 And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
 The mind ALMIGHTY? could it be, that fate,

Just when the lineaments began to shine,
And dawn the DEITY, should snatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The skies alarm, lest angels too might die?
If human souls, why not angelick too
Extinguish'd? and a solitary GOD,
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne?
Shall we, this moment, gaze on GOD in man?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man mistakes;
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.
Wisdom and worth, how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and worth, are sacred names: rever'd,
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both,
To make us but more wretched: Wisdom's eye
Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
And worth, so recompens'd, new points their stings.
Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
Weakness and vice the refuge of mankind.
"Has Virtue, than, no joys?"—Yes, joys *dear bought*.
Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
Virtue, and vice, are at eternal war.
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
Or for precarious, or for small reward?
Who Virtue's *self-reward* so loud resound,
Would take degrees *angelick* here below,
And Virtue, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards;
The crown, th' *unfading* crown, her soul inspires:

'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
The *body's* treach'ries, and the *world's* assaults :
On earth's poor pay, our famish'd virtue dies.
Truth incontestable ! in spite of all

A *Bayle* has preach'd, or a *V——e* believ'd.

In man the more we dive, the more we see
Heav'n's signet stamping an *immortal* make.
Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
Sustaining all ; what find we ? *Knowledge, love.*
As light, and heat, essential to the sun,
These to the soul And why, if souls expire ?
How little lovely here ! how little known !
Small *knowledge* we dig up with endless toil ;
And *love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
Why starv'd, on earth, our *angel* appetites ;
While *brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome fill ?
Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock diadem, in savage sport,
Rank insult of our pompous *poverty*,
Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair ?
In future age lies no redress ? and shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint ?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals made !
The worst to *wallow*, and the best to *weep* ;
The man who merits most, must most complain :
Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure ?

This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r ;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n suits in all ;
Nor, Nature thro', e'er violates this sweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
Is *man* the sole exception from her laws ?

Eternity struck off from human hope,
(I speak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monster, the reproach of Heav'n,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On Nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *Lord*.
If such is man's allotment, what is heav'n?
Or own the soul *immortal*, or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All *order*. Go, mock majesty! go, man!
And bow to thy superiours of the stall;
Tho' ev'ry scene of *sense* superiour far!
They graze the turf untill'd: they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs,
Mankind's peculiar! *Reason's* precious dower!
No foreign clime *they* ransack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar:
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a paradise in ev'ry field,
On boughs forbidden where no curses hang:
There *ill*, no more than strikes the sense; unstretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear;
When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
Begins, and ends their wo: they die but *once*;
Blest incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or *hero*, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,
But what beams on it from *eternity*.
O sole and sweet solution! that unties
The difficult, and softens the severe;
The cloud on *Nature's* beauteous face dispels;

Restores bright *order*; casts the brute beneath;
 And re-inthrones us in supremacy
 Of joy, ev'n *here*. Admit immortal life,
 And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more;
 Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower,
 Far richer in reversion: Hope exults;
 And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
 Predominates, and gives the taste of heav'n.
 O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
 Astonishing beyond astonishment!
 Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn heart? for *there*
 The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless; *Will* alone rebels.
 What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
 New, unexpected witnesses against thee?
Ambition, Pleasure, and the Love of Gain!
 Canst thou suspect, that *these*, which make the soul
 The *slave* of earth, should own her *heir* of heav'n?
 Canst thou suspect what makes us disbelieve
 Our immortality, should prove it sure?

First, then, *Ambition* summon to the bar.
Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,
And inextinguishable nature, speak.
 Each much *deposes*; hear them in their turn.

Thy soul, how passionately fond of *fame*!
 How anxious that fond passion to conceal!
 We blush, detected in designs on praise.
 Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men;
 And why? because immortal. Art divine
 Has made the body tutor to the soul;
 Heav'n kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
 Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
 Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,

Which stoops to court a character from man ;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit
Far more than man, with *endless* praise, and blame.

Ambition's *boundless appetite* out-speaks
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout.
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time must echo ; worlds unborn, resound.
We wish our names *eternally* to live :
Wild dream ! which ne'er had haunted human thought.
Had not our natures been *eternal* too.

Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter ;
But our blind reason sees not *where* it lies ;
Or, seeing gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd ; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult th' ambitions, 'tis ambition's cure.
“ And is this all ? ” cry'd *Cæsar*, at his height,
Disgusted. This *third* proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate :
Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
At *such* success, and blush at his renown.
And why ? because far richer prize invites
His heart : far more illustrious glory calls :
It calls in whispers, yet the deafest hear.

And can ambition a *fourth* proof supply ?
It can, and stronger than the former three ;
Yet quite o'erlook'd by some *reputed* wise.
Tho' disappointments in ambition pain,
And tho' success *disgusts*, yet still, LORENZO !

In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts,
 By Nature planted for the noblest ends.
 Absurd the fam'd advice to *Pyrrhus* giv'n,
 More prais'd than ponder'd; specious, but unsound;
 Sooner that hero's *sword* the world had quell'd,
 Than *reason*, his ambition. Man *must* soar.
 An obstinate activity within,
 An insuppressive spring, will toss him up;
 In spite of Fortune's load. Not kings alone,
 Each villager has his ambition too;
 No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd slave:
 Slaves build their little *Babylons* of straw,
 Echo the proud *Affrian*, in their hearts,
 And cry,—“ Behold the Wonders of my might!”
 And why? because *immortal* as their lord;
 And souls immortal must for ever heave
 At something great; the glitter, or the gold;
 The praise of mortals, or the praise of Heav'n.
 Nor absolutely vain is *human* praise,
 When human is supported by *divine*.
 I'll introduce LORENZO to himself;
Pleasure and *Pride* (bad masters!) share our hearts.
 As love of *Pleasure* is ordain'd to guard
 And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
 The love of *praise* is planted to protect
 And propagate the glories of the mind.
 What is it but the love of praise inspires,
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts
 Earth's happiness? from that the delicate,
 The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life.
Want and *Convenience*, under-workers, lay
 The basis, on which *Love of Glory* builds.
 Nor is thy life, O *Virtue*! less in debt
 To praise, thy secret-stimulating friend.

Were man not *proud*, what merit should we miss !
Pride made the virtues of the Pagan world.
 Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
 And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
 Thirst of applause is *Virtue's* second guard ;
Reason, her first ; but reason wants an aid :
 Our *private* reason is a flatterer ;
 Thirst of applause calls *publick* judgment in,
 To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
 And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
 Here a *fifth* proof arises, stronger still :
 Why this so nice constructions of our hearts ?
 These delicate moralities of sense ;
 This *constitutional* reserve of aid
 To succour *Virtue*, when our reason fails ;
 If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
 And oft the mark of injuries on earth,
 When labour'd to maturity (its bill
 Of disciplines, and pains unpaid) must die ?
 Why freighted rich, to dash against a rock ?
 Were man to perish when most fit to live,
 O how mispent were all these stratagems,
 By skill divine inwoven in our frame ?
 Where are heav'n's holiness and mercy fled ?
 Laughs Heav'n, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man* ?
 If not, why that discourag'd, *this* destroy'd ?

Thus far *Ambition*, What says *Avarice* ?
 This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *thine*.
 " The wise and wealthy are the same. " — I grant it
 To store up treasure, with incessant toil.
 This is man's province, *this* his highest praise.
 To this great end keen *instinct* stings him on.
 To guide that instinct, *Reason* ! is thy charge ;
 'Tis *thine* to tell us where *true* treasure lies :

But, Reason, failing to discharge her trust,
 Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
 A blunder follows; and blind *Industry*,
 Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course.
 (The course where stakes of more than gold are won),
 O'erloading, with the cares of distant age,
 The jaded spirits of the *present* hour,
 Provides for an *eternity* below.

“Thou shalt not covet,” is a wise command;
 But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys:
 Look farther, the command stands quite revers'd,
 And *av'rice* is a virtue most divine,
 Is *faith* a refuge for our *happiness*?
 Most sure: and is it not for *reason* too?
 Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next*.
 Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
 From inextinguishable life in man:
 Man if not meant, by *worth*, to reach the *skies*,
 Had wanted wing to fly so far in *guilt*.
 Sour grapes, I grant, *Ambition Avarice*:
 Yet still their root is *immortality*.
 These its wild growth so bitter, and so base,
 (Pain and reproach!) *Religion* can reclaim,
 Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
 And make them sparkle in the bowl of *bliss*.

See, the *third witness* laughs at bliss remote,
 And falsely promises an *Eden* here:
 Truth she shall speak for once, though prone to lie,
 A common cheat, and *Pleasure* is her name.
 To pleasure never was LORENZO deaf;
 Then hear her now, now *first* thy *real* friend.

Since Nature made us not more fond than *proud*
 Of happiness. (whence hypocrites in joy!
 Makers of mirth! artificers of smiles!)

Why should the joy most poignant *sense* affords,
Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride?—

Those heav'n-born blushes tell us man *descends*,
Ev'n in the zenith of his *earthly* bliss.

Should *Reason* take her infidel repose,

This honest *instinct* speaks our lineage high:

This instinct calls on darkness to conceal

Our rapturous relation to the stalls.

Our *glory* covers us with noble *shame*,

And he that's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*.

The man that blushes, is not *quite* a brute.

Thus far with thee, LORENZO! will I close,

Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made;

But pleasure full of glory, as of joy;

Pleasure, which neither blushes, nor expires.

The witnesses are heard; the cause is o'er;

Let *Conscience* file the sentence in her court,

Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey:

Thus, seal'd by Truth, th' authentick record runs.

“ Know, all; know, Infidels,—unapt to know!

“ 'Tis *immortality* your nature solves;

“ 'Tis *immortality* decyphers man,

“ And opens all the myst'ries of his make.

“ Without it, half his *instincts* are a riddle;

“ Without it, all his virtues are a dream.

“ His very crimes attest his dignity;

“ His fateless thirst of *pleasure*, *gold* and *fame*,

“ Declares him born for blessings *infinite*:

“ What less than *infinite*, makes unabsurd

“ *Passions*, which *all* on earth but more inflames?

“ Fierce passions, so mismeasur'd to *this* scene,

“ Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our nest,

“ Far, far beyond the worth of all below,

“ For *earth* too large, presage a nobler flight,
“ And evidence our title to the *skies*.”

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whose constitution dictates to your pen:
Who, cold yourselves, think ardor comes from hell!
Think not our passions from *Corruption* sprung,
Tho’ to corruption now they lend their wings:
That is their *mistress*, not their *mother*. All
(And justly) *Reason* deem divine: I see,
I feel a grandeur in the *Passions* too,
Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end;
Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In paradise itself they burnt as strong,
Ere *Adam* fell; tho’ wiser in their aim.
Like the proud *Eastern*, struck by Providence,
What tho’ our *Passions* are run mad, and stoop
With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze
On trash, on toys, dethron’d from high desire?
Yet still, thro’ their disgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
But *these* (like that fall’n monarch when reclaim’d)
When *Reason* moderates the rein aright,
Shall reascend, remount their former sphere,
Where once they soar’d illustrious; ere seduc’d,
By wanton *Eve*’s debauch, to stroll on earth,
And set the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their frenzy lasts; their frenzy fails
To disappoint *one* providential end,
For which Heav’n blew up ardor in our hearts:
Were *Reason* silent, boundless *Passion* speaks
A future scene of boundless *objects* too,
And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day.
Eternal day! ’tis that enlightens all;
And all, by that enlighten’d, proves it *sure*.

Consider man as an *immortal* being,
Intelligible all; and all is great;
A cryſtalline transparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full luſtre thro' the human ſphere;
Consider man as *mortal*, all is dark,
And wretched; *Reason* weeps at the ſurvey.

The learn'd LORENZO cries, “ And let her weep,
“ Weak, *modern* reaſon: *ancient* times were wiſe.
“ *Authority*, that venerable guide,
“ Stands on my part; the fam'd *Athenian* porch
“ (And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as they?)
“ Deny'd this immortality to man.”

I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A riddle this!—have patience, I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring thro' their romantick wiſdom's page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them, and admire?
Fable is flat to theſe high-ſeaſon'd fires;
They leave th' extravagance of ſong below.

“ Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
“ The dagger, or the rack; to them alike
“ A bed of roſes, or the burning bull.”

In men exploding all beyond the grave.
Strange doctrine, this! as doctrine it was ſtrange,
But not as prophecy; for ſuch it *prov'd*,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd.

They feign'd a firmneſs *Chriſtians* need not feign.
The *Chriſtian* truly triumph'd in the flame:
The *Stoick* ſaw, in double wonder loſt;
Wonder at them, and wonder at himſelf,
To find the bold adventures of his thought
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lie in vain. [that flew
Whence, then, thoſe thoughts? thoſe tow'ring thoughts

Such monstrous heights? — From *instinct*, and from
 The glorious *instinct* of a deathless soul, [Pride.
 Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,
 Suggested truths they could not understand.
 In Lust's dominion, and in Passion's storm,
 Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,
 As light in chaos, glimm'ring through the gloom:
 Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,
 Pleas'd *Pride* proclaim'd, what *Reason* disbeliev'd.
Pride, like the *Delphick* priestess, with a swell,
 Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be *future* sense,
 When life *immortal*, in full day, should shine;
 And *Death's* dark shadows fly the gospel-sun.
 They spoke what nothing but *immortal* souls
 Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.

Can then *absurdities*, as well as crimes,
 Speak man *immortal*? All things speak him so.
 Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?
 Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,
 All unresolveable, if *earth* is all.

- “ Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
- “ Our wish, eternity; our home, the grave?
- “ Heav'n's *promise* dormant lies in human *hope*;
- “ Who *wishes* life immortal, *proves* it too.
- “ Why happiness pursu'd, though never found?
- “ Man's thirst of happiness declares, *It is*,
- “ (For nature never gravitates to nought);
- “ That thirst unquench'd declares, *It is not here*.
- “ My LUCIA, thy CLARISSA, call to thought;
- “ Why *cordial* friendship rivetted so deep,
- “ As hearts to pierce at first, at parting rend,
- “ If friend and friendship vanish in an hour?
- “ Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
- “ Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *sense*?

“ Why *past* and *future* preying on our hearts,
“ And putting all our *present* joys to death?
“ Why labours *Reason*? *Instinct* were as well;
“ *Instinct*, far better; what can *choose*, can *err*:
“ O how *infallible* the thoughtless brute!
“ ’Twere well his *Holiness* were half as sure.
“ *Reason* with *Inclination*, why at war!
“ Why sense of *guilt*? why *Conscience* up in arms?”

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And bosom-council to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne’er had jarr’d,
If nothing future paid forbearance here.
Thus on—These, and a thousand pleas uncall’d,
All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second scene;
Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
Than all things else most *certain*: were it *false*,
What *truth* on earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope*:
The future of the present is the soul:
How *this* life groans, when sever’d from the *next*?
Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In *both* parts perishes; *life* void of joy,
Sad prelude of *eternity* in pain!

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, *new*, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,
Abhor’d ANNIHILATION! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human wo!
Could I believe LORENZO’S system true,
In *this* black channel would my ravings run,

- “ Grief from the *future* borrow’d peace, ere-while.
 “ The future *vanish’d!* and the present *pain’d!*
 “ Strange import of unprecedented ill!
 “ Fall, how profound! like LUCIFER’s, the fall!
 “ Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!
 “ From where fond *Hope* built her pavilion high,
 “ The gods among, hurl’d headlong, hurl’d at once
 “ To night! to *nothing!* darker still than night.
 “ If ’twas a *dream*, why wake me, my worst foe,
 “ LORENZO! boastful of the name of friend!
 “ O for delusion! O for error still!
 “ Could vengeance strike much stronger, than to plant
 “ A *thinking* being in a world like this,
 “ Not over-rich before, *now* beggar’d quite;
 “ More curs’d than at the *fall*?—The sun goes out!
 “ The thorn shoots up! What thorns in ev’ry thought?
 “ Why sense of better? it imbitters worse.
 “ Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
 “ To what I was? *twice* nothing! and much wo!
 “ Wo, from heavn’s bounties! wo, from what was wont
 “ To flatter most, high *intellectual pow’rs*. [scheme
 “ *Thought, Virtue, Knowledge!* blessings, by *thy*
 “ All poison’d into pains. First, *Knowledge*, once
 “ My soul’s ambition, *now* her greatest dread.
 “ To *know myself*, true wisdom?—No, to shun
 “ That shocking science, parent of despair!
 “ Avert thy mirror: if I see, I die.
 “ *Know my Creator!* climb his blest abode
 “ By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
 “ Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
 “ And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,
 “ Obtruding life, with-holding happiness!
 “ From the full rivers that surround his throne,
 “ Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;

- “ Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
“ To curse his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more!
“ Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
“ Hide *him*, for ever hide him, from my thought,
“ Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!
“ Now leagu’d with furies, and with *thee**, against me;
“ Thee, mankind’s boasted friend, and blackest foe.
“ *Know his achievements? study his renown?*
“ Contemplate this amazing universe,
“ Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!
“ For what? ’mid miracles of nobler name,
“ To find one miracle of *misery*?
“ To find the being, which alone can *know*
“ And *praise* his works, a blemish on his praise?
“ Thro’ Nature’s ample range, in thought, to stroll,
“ And start at *man*, the *single* mourner there, [death!
“ Breathing high hope! chain’d down to pangs, and
“ Knowing is suff’ring: and shall *Virtue* share
“ The sigh of *Knowledge*? *Virtue* shares the sigh.
“ By straining up the steep of *excellent*,
“ By battles fought, and from *temptation* won,
“ What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
“ *Angelick* worth, soon shuffled in the dark
“ With every vice, and swept to *brutal* dust?
“ Merit is madness; virtue is a crime;
“ A crime to *Reason*, if it costs us pain
“ *Unpaid*. What pain, amidst a thousand more,
“ To think the most *abandon’d*, after days
“ Of triumph o’er their betters, find in death
“ As *soft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!
“ *Duty! Religion!*—these, our duty done,
“ Imply reward. *Religion* is mistake.

- “ *Duty* !—There’s none, but to repel the cheat.
 “ Ye cheats ! away ! ye daughters of my pride !
 “ Who feign yourselves the fav’rites of the skies ;
 “ Ye tow’ring hopes ! abortive energies !
 “ That toss, and struggle, in my *lying* breast,
 “ To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,
 “ As I were heir of an *eternity*.
 “ Vain, vain ambitions ! trouble me no more.
 “ Why travel far in quest of sure defeat ?
 “ As bounded as my being, be my wish.
 “ All is inverted, wisdom is a fool.
 “ *Sense* ! take the rein ; blind *Passion* ! drive us on ;
 “ And, *Ignorance* ! befriend us on our way ;
 “ Ye *new*, but *truest* patrons of our peace !
 “ Yes ; give the *pulse* full empire ; live the *brute*,
 “ Since, as the brute we die. The *sum* of man,
 “ Of godlike man ! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
 “ But not on equal terms with *other* brutes :
 “ *There* revels a more poignant relish yield,
 “ And safer too ; *they* never poisons choose.
 “ *Instinct*, than *Reason*, makes more wholesome meals,
 “ And sends all-marring murmur far away.
 “ For *sensual* life *they* best philosophize ;
 “ *Theirs*, that *serene*, the *sages* sought in vain :
 “ ’Tis *man* alone expostulates with Heav’n ;
 “ *His* all the *pow’r*, and all the *cause* to mourn.
 “ Shall *human* eyes *alone* dissolve in tears ?
 “ And bleed, in anguish, none but *human* hearts !
 “ The wide-stretch’d realm of *intellectual* wo,
 “ Surpassing *sensual* far, is all our own.
 “ In *life* so fatally distinguish’d, why
 “ Cast in one lot, confounded, lump’d in *Death* ?
 “ Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt ?
 “ Why thunder’d this peculiar *clause* against us,

- “ *All-mortal, and all-wretched!*—Have the skies
“ Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,
“ Nor *humbly* reason, when they *forely* sigh?
“ *All-mortal, and all-wretched!*—’tis too much;
“ Unparallel’d in nature: ’tis too much
“ On being *unrequested* at thy hands,
“ OMNIPOTENT! for I see nought but *pow’r*.
“ And why see that? why *thought*? To toil, and eat.
“ Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
“ What superfluities are *reas’ning* souls!
“ Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.
“ But without thought our curse were half unfelt;
“ Its blunted age would spare the throbbing heart,
“ And, *therefore*, ’tis bestow’d. I thank thee, *Reason*?
“ For aiding *life*’s too small calamities,
“ And giving being to the dread of *death*.
“ Such are thy bounties —was it then too much
“ For *me*, to trespass on the brutal rights?
“ Too much for *heav’n* to make one emmet more?
“ Too much for *Chaos* to permit my mass
“ A longer stay with essences unwrought,
“ Unfashion’d, *untormented* into *man*?
“ Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!
“ Wretched capacity of phrenzy, *Thought*!
“ Wretched capacity of dying, *Life*!
“ *Life, Thought, Worth, Wisdom*, all (O foul revolt!)
“ *Once* friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
“ *Death*, then, has chang’d its nature too: O death!
“ Come to my bosom, thou *best* gift of *heav’n*!
“ Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
“ Why in this thorny *Wilderness* so long,
“ Since there’s no *promis’d land*’s ambrosial bow’r,
“ To pay me with its honey for my stings?
“ If needful to the selfish schemes of heaven

- “ To sting us sore, why *mock’d* our misery ?
“ Why this so sumptuous insult o’er our heads ?
“ Why this illustrious canopy display’d ?
“ Why so magnificently lodg’d, *Despair* ?
“ At stated periods, sure-returning, roll
“ These *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute
“ Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose
“ Their misery’s full measure ?—Smiles with flowers,
“ And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming *Earth*,
“ That man may languish in *luxurious* scenes,
“ And in an *Eden* mourn his wither’d joys ?
“ Claim earth and skies man’s admiration, due
“ For *such* delights ? blest’d *animals* ! too wise
“ To wonder ; and too happy to complain !
“ Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful scene :
“ Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn’d* ?
“ Why not the dragon’s subterranean den,
“ For man to howl in ? why not his abode
“ Of the same dismal colour with his fate ?
“ A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vast expence
“ Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
“ As congruous, as for man this lofty dome,
“ Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high de-
“ If, from her humble chamber in the dust, [fire ;
“ While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
“ The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there* ;
“ And, round us *Death’s* inexorable hand
“ Draws the dark curtain close ; undrawn no more.
“ Undrawn no more !—behind the cloud of *Death*,
“ Once, I beheld a sun ; a sun which gilt
“ That fable cloud, and turn’d it all to gold :
“ How the *grave’s* alter’d ! fathomless, as hell !
“ A *real* hell to those who dream’d of heav’n.
“ ANNIHILATION ! how it yawns before me !

“ Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *sense*,
“ The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
“ An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
“ This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
“ This particle of energy divine,
“ Which travels nature, flies from star to star:
“ And visits gods, and emulates their pow’rs,
“ For ever is extinguish’d. Horror! death!
“ Death of *that* death I *fearless* once survey’d!
“ When horror *universal* shall descend,
“ And heav’n’s dark concave urn all human race,
“ On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
“ How just this verse! this monumental sigh!”

*Beneath the lumber of demolish’d worlds,
Deep in the rubbish of the gen’ral wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common mass
Of matter, never dignify’d with life,
Here lie proud rationals; the sons of heav’n!
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow!
Who liv’d in terroure, and in pangs expir’d!
All gone to rot in chaos; or to make
Their happy transit into blocks; or brutes,
Nor longer sully their CREATOR’S name.*

LORENZO! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
Just is this history? If *such* is man,
Mankind’s historian, tho’ divine, might weep.
And dares LORENZO smile? I know thee proud;
For once let *pride* befriend thee: pride looks pale
At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
And art thou then a shadow? Less than shade?
A nothing? Less than nothing? To *have* been,
And *not to be*, is lower than unborn.

Art thou *ambitious*? why then make the worm
 Thine equal? Runs thy taste of *pleasure* high?
 Why patronize sure death of ev'ry joy?
 Charm *riches*? why choose begg'ry in the grave,
 Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
 Life's joy so rich, thou canst not wish for more?
Ambition, Pleasure, Avarice, persuade thee
 To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
 They * lately *prov'd*, thy soul's supreme desire.

What art thou made of? rather, how unmade?
 Great *Nature's* master-appetite destroy'd!
 Is endless life, and happiness, despis'd?
 Or both wish'd *here*, where neither can be found?
 Such man's perverse, eternal war with heav'n?
 Dar'it thou persist? And is there nought on earth,
 But a long train of transitory forms,
 Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
 Bubbles of a fantastick deity, blown up
 In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
 Oh! for what crime, unmerciful LORENZO!
 Destroys thy scheme the *whole* of human race?
 Kind is fell LUCIFER, compar'd to thee:
 Oh! spare this *waste* of being half divine;
 And vindicate th' *economy* of Heav'n.

Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy;
 It never had created, but to *bless*:
 And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
 A being blest'd, or worthy *so* to be?
 Heav'n starts at an *annihilating* God.

Is that, all *Nature* starts at, thy desire:
 Art such a clod to wish thyself *all* clay?
 What is that dreadful wish?—the dying groan

* In the Sixth Night.

Of *Nature*, murder'd by the blackest guilt.
What deadly poison has thy nature drank?
To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;
Nature's *first* wish is *endless happiness*;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.
And oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But first he wish'd the DEITY destroy'd.

If so, what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair,
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal posture of the soul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
Did thy foul *fancy* whelp so black a scheme
Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
And *deities* begun, reduc'd to dust?

There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal flux
Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
Through *Time's* rough billows into *Night's* abyss.
Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no rock, on which man's tossing thought
Can rest from terrour, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it *something* to be born?
Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-sustaining *base*,
All-realizing, all-connecting *pow'r*,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
And force *Destruction* to refund her spoil?
Command the Grave restore her taken prey?
Bid Death's dark vale its human harvest yield,

And *Earth*, and *Ocean*, pay their debt of man,
 True to the grand deposit trusted there?
 Is there no potentate, whose outstretch'd arm,
 When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
 Pluck'd from foul *Devastation's* famish'd maw,
 Binds *present*, *past*, and *future*, to his throne?
 His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
 By germinating beings clust'ring round!
 A garland worthy the divinity!
 A throne, by heav'n's omnipotence *in smiles*,
 Built (like a *Pharos* tow'ring in the waves)
 Amidst immense effusions of his love!
 An ocean of *communicated* blifs!

An all-prolifick, all-preserving God!
This were a GOD indeed.—And such *is* man,
 As here presum'd: he rises from his fall.
 Think'st thou Omnipotence a naked root,
 Each blossom fair of DEITY destroy'd?
 Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul,
 That ever animated human clay,
 New wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
 Will the swarm settle?—when the *trumpet's* call,
 As sounding brass, collects us, round Heav'n's throne
 Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day,
 (Paternal splendour!) and adhere for ever.
 Had not the soul this *outlet* to the skies,
 In this vast vessel of the universe,
 How should we gasp, as in an empty void!
 How in the pangs of famish'd *Hope* expire!

How bright *my* prospect shines! how gloomy, *thine*!
 A trembling world! and a devouring GOD!
Earth, but the shambles of omnipotence!
Heav'n's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
 Of countless millions, born to feel the pang

Of being *lost*. LORENZO! can it be?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of *life*.
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial, but our misery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,
So soon to perish, and revive no more?
The greater *such* a joy, the *more* it pains.
A world, where dark, mysterious vanity,
Of *good* and *ill* the distant colours blends,
Confounds all *Reason*, and all *hope* destroys;
Reason, and hope, our sole asylum *here*!
A world, so far from *great*, (and yet how great
It shines to thee!) there's nothing *real* in it;
Being, a shadow! *consciousness*, a dream!
A dream, how dreadful! universal blank
Before it, and behind! poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding *night*,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!

LORENZO! dost thou *feel* these arguments?
Or is there nought but *vengeance* can be felt?
How hast thou dar'd the DEITY dethrone?
How dar'd *indict* him of a world like this?
If *such* the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime, but cause of misery?
Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle *this*,
Of endless arguments *above*, *below*,
Without us, and *within*, the short result—
“ If man's immortal, there's a GOD in Heav'n.”

But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
Of argument? one sets *my* soul at rest;
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at heart.

So just the skies, PHILANDER's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.

"*What an old tale is this!*" LORENZO cries.—

I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and, had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and *fable*
As fleeting as thy joys: be wise, nor make
Heaven's highest blessing, vengeance; O be wise!
Nor make a curse of *immortality*.

Say, know'st thou what *it* is? or what *thou* art?
Know'st thou th' *importance* of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight-glory; worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole: *one* soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* creation poor.

For this, believe not *me*; no *man* believe;
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the SUPREME; nor his, a few;
Consult them *all*; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance: tremble at thyself;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long:
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of Nature, to this *unbelieving* hour.

In this small province of his vast domain,
(All Nature bow, while I pronounce his name!)
What has God done, and not for *this* sole end,
To rescue souls from death? The *soul's high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The *soul's high price* is the *Creation's key*,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays

The genuine cause of ev'ry deed divine:
That is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest'd design:
That is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The *nat'ral, civil, or religious* world;
The former two, but servants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their *mas's* new cast, forgot their *deeds renown'd*;
And angels ask, "*Where once they shone so fair?*"
To lift us from *this* abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end
Th' ALMIGHTY, rising, his long sabbath broke:
The world was made; was ruin'd; was restor'd;
Laws from the *skies* were publish'd; were repeal'd;
On *earth* kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd sages lighted up the *Pagan* world;
Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen glance
Through distant age; saints travell'd; martyrs bled;
By wonders sacred Nature stood controll'd;
The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and *more* than angels, came from heav'n;
And, oh! for *this*, descended lower still;
Guilt was hell's gloom; astonish'd at his guest,
For one short moment LUCIFER ador'd:
LORENZO! and wilt thou do less?—For *this*,
That *hallow'd page*, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
Of all these truths thrice venerable code!
Deists! perform your quarantine; and then
Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent *infernal* pow'rs
 To mar, than those of *light*, *this* end to gain.
 O what a scene is here!—LORENZO! wake;
 Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul,
 To take the vast idea: it denies
 All *else* the name of great. Two warring worlds!
 Not *Europe* against *Afric*; warring worlds,
 Of *more* than mortal! mounted on the wing!
 On ardent wings of energy, and zeal,
 High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife!
 This sublunary ball—But strife, for what?
 In their own cause conflicting? No; in *thine*,
 In *man's*. His *single* int'rest blows the flame;
 His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
 Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
 Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
 Force force opposing, till the waves run high,
 And tempest Nature's universal sphere.
 Such opposites eternal, steadfast, stern,
 Such foes implacable, are *good*, and *ill*;
 Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them.

Think not this fiction. “*There was war in heaven.*”
 From heav'ns high crystal mountain, where it hung,
 Th' ALMIGHTY'S outstretch'd arm took down his bow;
 And shot his indignation at the *deep*:
 Rethunder'd *hell*, and darted all her fires.—
 And seems the stake of little moment still?
 And slumbers *man*, who singly caus'd the storm?
 He sleeps.—And art thou shock'd at *mysteries*?
 The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,
 What ardour, care, and counsel, *mortals* cause
 In breasts divine! how little in their own!

Where-e'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me!
 How happily this wond'rous view supports

My former argument! how strongly *strikes*
Immortal life's full demonstration, *here!*
Why this exertion! why this strange regard
From heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Because, in man, the glorious, dreadful pow'r,
Extremely to be pain'd or blest'd for *ever*.
Duration gives importance; swells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? a trifle of no weight;
Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Because IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd
This strange regard of deities to dust.
Hence, Heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes;
Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight:
Hence, ev'ry soul has partisans above,
And ev'ry thought a critick in the skies:
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And ev'ry guard a passion for its charge:
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid.
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphasis and awe,
He spoke his will, and trembling *Nature* heard;
He spoke it loud, in thunder, and in storm.
Witness, thou *Sinai!* whose cloud-cover'd height,
And shaken basis, own'd the present God:
Witness, ye *billows!* whose returning tide,
Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
Swept *Egypt*, and her menaces, to hell:
Witness, ye *flames!* th' *Assyrian* tyrant blew
To sev'n-fold rage, as impotent, as strong:
And thou, *Earth!* witness, whose expanding jaws

Clos'd o'er * *Presumption's* sacrilegious sons.
 Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd
 The *soul's high price*, and sworn it to the wise?
 Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, strove
 To strike *this truth*, through adamantinè man?
 If not all adamant, LORENZO! hear:

All is delusion; *Nature* is wrapt up,
 In tenfold-night, from *Reason's* keenest eye;
 There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
 In all beneath the sun, in all above,
 (As far as man can penetrate,) or Heav'n
 Is an immense, an estimable prize;
 Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
 And shall each *toy* be still a match for heav'n?
 And full equivalent for groans below?
 Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*
 What he would give a thousand worlds to *cure*?

LORENZO! thou hast seen (if thine, to see)
 All Nature, and her GOD (by Nature's *course*,
 And Nature's *course controll'd*), declare for me:
 The skies above proclaim, "*Immortal man!*"
 And, "*Man immortal!*" all below resounds.
 The world's a system of theology,
 Read by the greatest strangers to the schools;
 If *honest*, learn'd; and *sages* o'er a plough.
 Is not, LORENZO! then, impos'd on thee
 This hard alternative; or to renounce
 Thy *reason* and thy *sense*; or, to *believe*?
 What then is *unbelief*? 'Tis an exploit;
 A strenuous enterprize. To gain it, man
 Must burst through ev'ry bar of common sense,
 Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;

* Korah, &c.

And what rewards the sturdy combatant?

His prize, *repentance*; *infamy*, his crown.

But wherefore *infamy*?—For want of *faith*,

Down the steep precipice of *wrong* he slides;

There's nothing to support him in the *right*.

Faith in the future wanting, is, at least

In *embroy*, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt;

And strong temptation ripens it to *birth*.

If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,

Why not his country sold, his father slain?

'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme;

And his supreme, his *only* good is *here*.

Ambition, *Av'rice*, by the wise disdain'd,

Is perfect *wisdom*, while mankind are *fools*,

And think a turf or tomb-stone covers all:

These find employment, and provide for *sense*

A richer pasture, and a larger range;

And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne,

When *Virtue*'s prize and prospect are no more;

Virtue no more we think the will of Heav'n.

Would Heaven quite *beggar* *Virtue*, if belov'd?

“Has *Virtue* charms?”—I grant her heavenly fair;

But if unportion'd, all will *int'rest* wed;

Though *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.

The virtues grow on *immortality*;

That root destroy'd, they wither and expire,

A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail;

Rewards and *punishments* made GOD ador'd;

And *hopes* and *fears* give *conscience* all her pow'r.

As in the dying parent dies the child,

Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.

Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,

Whate'er his boast, has told me, *he's a knave*.

His *duty* 'tis, to love himself *alone*;

Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.
Who thinks ere long the man shall *wholly* die,
Is dead already; nought but *brute* survives.

And are there such?—Such candidates there are
For *more* than death; for utter loss of being,
Being, the basis of the DEITY!
Ask you the *cause*?—the cause they will not tell;
Nor *need* they: Oh the forceries of *sense*!
They work this transformation on the soul,
Dismount her like the serpent at the fall,
Dismount her from her native wing, (which soar'd
Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the dust, and crawl in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of *Reason*, and of *Hope*!
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averse to sense!
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
More *senseless* than th' *irrationals* you scorn?
More *base* than those you rule! than those you pity,
Far more *undone*! O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superiour dignity!
Deepest in wo from means of boundless blifs!
Ye curs'd by blessings infinite! because
Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
Ye motly mass of *contradiction* strong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
In exhalation soft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence *against* you?
In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of *sense*,
Your souls have quite worn out the make of heav'n,
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own:

But though you can *deform*, you can't *destroy*;
To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your pow'r.

LORENZO! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St EVREMONT, and read St PAUL.
Ere rapt by miracle, by *reason* wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in heav'n.
This is *freethinking*, unconfin'd to *parts*,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought,
From first to last, (but *last* there none shall be!)
To dart her flight, through the whole sphere of man;
Of this vast universe to make the tour;
In each recess of *space*, and *time*, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundless int'rests *there*,
Still most ambitious of the most remote;
To look on *truth* unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the *system*, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
The incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction: here, the more we press, we stand
More firm; who most *examine*, most *believe*.
Parts, like half sentences, confound; the *whole*
Conveys the sense, and GOD is understood;
Who not in *fragments* writes to human race:
Read his *whole* volume, sceptick! then reply.

This, this, is *thinking-free*, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight-scene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike *man*?
Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,

And ask more space in heav'n, can roll at large
In *man's* capacious thought, and still leave room
For ampler orbs; for *new* creations, there
Can *such* a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, of no weight?
It can; it does: the world is *such* a point,
And, of *that* point, how *small* a part enslaves?

How small a part—of *nothing*, shall I say?
Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treasure! how they drop?
LUCIA, NARCISSA fair, PHILANDER, gone!
The *grave*, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd
A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice,
Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!

What says this *transportation* of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.
Eternity's vast *ocean* lies before thee;
There, there, LORENZO! thy CLARISSA fails.
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,
That rock of souls *immortal*; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;
Eye thy *great pole-star*; make the land of life.

Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,
And two of death; the *last* far more severe.
Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the sun;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life *rational* subsists on higher food,
Triumphant in *his* beams, who made the day.
When we leave *that* sun, and are left by *this*,
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt),
'Tis *utter* darkness; strictly, *double* death.
We sink by no *judicial* stroke of heav'n,

But Nature's *course* ; as sure as plummets fall.
Since GOD, or man, must alter ere they meet,
(For light and darkness blend not in one sphere),
'Tis manifest, LORENZO ! *who* must change.

If, then, that *double death* should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the DEITY ;
Man shall be bless'd, as far as man *permits*.
Not man alone, all *rational*s, Heav'n arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous pow'r,
To counteract its own most gracious ends ;
And this, of strict necessity, not choice :
That pow'r deny'd, *men, angels*, were no more,
But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.
A nature *rational* implies the pow'r
Of being bless'd, or wretched, as we please :
Else idle *Reason* would have nought to do ;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
Heav'n *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom ;
Invites us ardently, but not *compells* ;
Heav'n but persuades, almighty man *decrees* ;
Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls ;
And fall he *must*, who learns from *death* alone,
The dreadful secret,—that he *lives* for ever.

Why *this* to thee ? thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of second life ? But wherefore doubtful still ?
Eternal life is Nature's ardent wish ;
What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe :
Thy *tardy* faith declares that wish-destroy'd :
What has destroy'd it ?—Shall I tell thee, what ?
When *fear'd* the future, 'tis no longer wish'd ;
And, when unwish'd, we *strive* to disbelieve.

“ *Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*”

Nor that the *sole* detection! blush, LORENZO!

Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.

The *future* fear'd? an infidel, and fear,

Fear what? a *dream*? a *fable*?—How thy dread,

Unwilling evidence, and therefore *strong*,

Affords my cause an undesign'd support?

How *disbelief* affirms, what it denies?

“ *It, unawares, asserts immortal Life.*”—

Surprising! *Infidelity* turns out

A *creed*, and a *confession* of our *sins*:

Apostates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.

LORENZO! with LORENZO clash no more;

No longer a *transparent* vizor wear.

Think'st thou, RELIGION *only* has her mask?

Our Infidels are *Satan's* hypocrites,

Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, *fail*.

When visited by thought (*thought will intrude*),

Like him they serve, they *tremble*, and *believe*.

Is there hypocrisy so foul as this?

So fatal to the welfare of the world?

What *detestation*, what *contempt* their due?

And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape

That Christian candour they *strive* hard to scorn.

If not for that asylum, they might find

A hell on *earth*; nor 'scape a worse *below*.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,

Instead of racking fancy, to *refute*,

Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—

But shall I dare confess the dire result?

Can thy proud *reason* brook so black a brand?

From *purser* manners, to *sublimar* faith,

Is Nature's unavoidable ascent;

An *honest* Deist, where the gospel shines,

Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends.
When that blest'd change arrives, e'en cast aside
This song superfluous; *life immortal* strikes
Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
A *Christian* dwells, like * URIEL, in the sun.
Meridian evidence puts *Doubt* to flight;
And ardent *Hope* anticipates the skies.
Of *that* bright sun, LORENZO! scale the sphere;
'Tis easy; it invites thee; it descends
From heav'n to woo, and waft thee whence it came;
Read and revere the *sacred page*; a page
Where triumphs *immortality*; a page
Which not the whole *creation* could produce;
Which not the *conflagration* shall destroy;
In Nature's ruins not one letter lost:
'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever.

In proud disdain of what e'en gods adore,
Dost smile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels and *men* assent to what I sing;
Wits smile, and thank me for my *midnight-dream*.
How vitious hearts fume frenzy to the brain?
Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;
Pert *Infidelity* is *Wit's* cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
By *loss of being*, dreadfully secure.
LORENZO! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If *this* is all, if earth a *final* scene,
Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *knave*;
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*;
Shouldst thou be *good*—how infinite thy loss!
Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.

Q 2

* MILTON.

Bless'd scheme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
Of *hope*; and which VICE *only* recommends.

If so; *where*, Infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boast
Of *zeal for virtue*, and of *love to man*?

ANNIHILATION! I confess, in *these*.

What can *reclaim* you? dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a *song*?

Ye know, *its* * *title* flatters *you*, not *me*;

Yours be the praise to make *my* title good;

Mine to bless Heav'n, and triumph in *your* praise.

But since so pestilential your disease,

Though sov'reign is the med'cine I prescribe,

As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair;

But hope, ere long, my *midnight-dream* will wake

Your hearts, and teach you wisdom—to be wise:

For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,

E'er wish (and wish in vain!) that souls could die?

What ne'er *can* die, oh! grant to *live*; and crown

The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies;

Increase, and *enter* on the joys of heav'n:

Thus shall my title pass a *sacred* seal,

Receive an *imprimatur* from above,

While angels shout—*An infidel reclaim'd!*

To close, LORENZO! spite of all my pains,

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live *for ever*?

Is it *less* strange, that thou shouldst live *at all*?

This is a miracle; and *that* no more.

Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.

Deny thou *art*; then, doubt if thou *shalt be*.

A miracle with miracles enclos'd,

Is man: and starts his faith at what is *strange*?

What less than wonders from the *Wonderful*?
What less than miracles, from GOD, can flow?
Admit a GOD—that mystery supreme!
That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
Nothing is marvellous for *him* to do:
Deny him—all is mystery besides;
Millions of mysteries! each darker far,
Than *that* thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
If *weak* thy faith, why choose the harder side?
We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
So weak our *reason*, and so great our GOD,
What most surprises in the *sacred page*,
Or full as strange, or stranger must be true.
Faith is not *Reason's* labour, but repose.

To *Faith*, and *Virtue*, why so backward, man!
From hence:—The *present* strongly strikes us all;
The *future*, faintly. Can we, then, be *men*?
If men, LORENZO! the *reverse* is right.
Reason is man's peculiar; *Sense*, the brute's.
The *present* is the scanty realm of *Sense*;
The *future*, *Reason's* empire unconfined:
On *that* expending all her godlike pow'r,
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;
There builds her *blessings*; there expects her *praise*.
And nothing asks of *fortune*, or of *men*.
And what is *Reason*? Be she thus defin'd:
Reason is *upright stature* in the *soul*.
Oh! be a *man*;—and strive to be a *god*.

“For what? (thou say'st:) to damp the joys of life?”
No; to give *heart* and *substance* to thy joys.
That tyrant, *Hope*! mark, how she domineers:
She bids us quit realities, for dreams;
Safety and peace, for hazard and alarm;

That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul!
 She bids *Ambition* quit its taken prize,
 Spurn the luxuriant branch on which *it* sits,
 Though bearing crowns, to spring at *distant* game;
 And plunge in toils, and dangers—for repose.
 If *Hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
 Of little moment, and as little stay,
 Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys;
 What then *that* hope, which nothing can defeat,
 Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss!
 Bliss, past *Man's* pow'r to paint it; *Time's* to close!

This hope is earth's most estimable prize:
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here*;
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her *tears*, and *Transport* has her *death*;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
 Man's heart at once *inspirits* and *serenes*,
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
 'Tis all our present state can *safely* bear,
 Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
 A joy attemper'd! a *chastis'd* delight!
 Like the fair summer-ev'ning, mild, and sweet!
 'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

A blest'd hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
 Is all;—our *whole* of happiness: full proof,
 I chose no trivial or inglorious *theme*.
 And know, ye foes to song! (well-meaning men,
 Though quite forgotten * half your *Bible's* praise!)
Important truths, in spite of *verse*, may please:
Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too much:
 If there is weight in an ETERNITY,
 Let the *grave* listen; and be *graver* still.

* The poetical parts of it.

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;

O R,

The MAN of the WORLD answered,

In which are considered,

The LOVE of this LIFE; the AMBITION and
PLEASURE, with the WIT and WISDOM of
the WORLD.

AND has all nature, then, espous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heav'n, and earth, to plead against
And is thy soul *immortal*?—what remains? [thee?
All, all, LORENZO!—make immortals blest'd.
Unblest'd immortals!—what can shock us more?
And yet, LORENZO still affects *the world*;
There stows his treasure; thence his title draws;
Man of the world! (for such wouldst thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days; and CHRISTIAN,—in an age,
When men were men, and not ashamed of heav'n,
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dew from the *Castalian* font,
Fain would I rebaptize thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments, fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song.
To thee, *the world* how fair! how strongly strikes
Ambition! and gay *Pleasure* stronger still!

Thy triple bane! the triple bolt, that lays
 Thy virtue dead! be *these* my triple theme;
 Nor shall thy *wit*, or *wisdom*, be forgot.

Common the theme; not so the song, if she
 My song invokes, URANIA, deigns to smile.
 The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
 If she dissolves, *the man of earth*, at once,
 Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes;
 Scenes, where these sparks of night, these *stars*, shall
 Unnumber'd suns; (for all things, as they *are*, [shine
 The blest'd behold;) and, in one glory, pour
 Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight;
 A blaze,—the least illustrious object there.

LORENZO! since *eternal* is at hand,
 To swallow *Time's* ambitions; as the vast
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
 High on the foaming billow; what avail
 High titles, high descent, attainments high,
 If unattain'd our *highest*? O LORENZO!
 What lofty thoughts, these elements above,
 What tow'ring hopes, what fallies from the sun,
 What grand surveys of destiny divine,
 And pompous presage of unfathom'd fate,
 Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
 Bound for eternity! in bosoms read
 By *him*, who foibles in archangels sees!
 On human hearts *he* bends a jealous eye,
 And marks, and in heav'n's register enrolls,
 The rise and progress of each option there;
 Sacred to doomday! *That* the page unfolds,
 And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O LORENZO! thine?
 This world! and this, unrivall'd by the skies!
 A world, where lust of *Pleasure*, *Grandeur*, *Gold*,

Three *demons* that divide its realms between them,
 With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
 Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball;
 Till, with the giddy circle, sick and tir'd,
 It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
 Such is the world LORENZO sets above
 That glorious *promise* angels were esteem'd
 Too *mean* to bring; a promise, their *ador'd*
 Descended to communicate, and press,
 By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
 Such is the world LORENZO's wisdom woos,
 And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
 A pillow, which, like opiates ill prepar'd,
 Intoxicates, but not composes; fills
 The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
 All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest:
 What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy!

How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
 Fantastick chace, of shadows hunting shades!
 The *gay*, the *busy*, equal, though unlike;
 Equal in wisdom, differently wise!
 Through flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary wastes,
 One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
 There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
 Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
 On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
 The scenes of *bus'ness* tell us—"What are men?"
 The scenes of *pleasure*—"What is all beside?"
 There, others we despise; and here, ourselves.
 Amid *disgust* eternal, dwells delight?
 'Tis *approbation* strikes the string of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
 Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the dust,
 On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?

The *proud* run up and down in quest of eyes ;
 The *sensual*, in pursuit of something worse ;
 The *grave*, of gold, the *politick*, of power ;
 And all, of other butterflies, as vain !
 As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
 How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in ;
 On the swift circle of returning toys,
 Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then in-
 Where gay delusion darkens to despair ! [gulf'd,

“ *This is a beaten track.* ”—Is this a track
 Should not be beaten ? Never beat enough,
 Till enough learn'd the truths it would inspire.
 Shall truth be silent, because folly *frowns* ?
 Turn the world's history ; what find we there,
 But *Fortune's* sports, or *Nature's* cruel claims,
 Or *woman's* artifice, or *man's* revenge,
 And endless inhumanities on man ?
 Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
 It brings bad tidings. How it hourly blows
 Man's misadventures round the list'ning world ?
 Man is the tale of narrative old *Time* ;
 Sad tale ? which high as *Paradise* begins ;
 As if, the toil of travel to delude,
 From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
 The *days*, his daughters, as they spin our hours
 On *Fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought
 Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
 Each, in her turn, some tragick story tells,
 With, now and then, a wretched farce between ;
 And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us ;
 Not one but puts some cheat on all mankind :
 While in their *father's* bosom, not yet *ours*,
 They flatter our fond hopes, and promise much

Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'er-wise,
Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,
At still-confiding, still-confounded, man
Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever looking for the never-seen.

Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lies;
Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.

Its little joys go out by one and one,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker, than what, *now*, involves the pole.

O THOU, who dost permit these ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and wouldst that man should mourn!

O THOU, whose hand this goodly fabrick fram'd,
Who know'st it best, and wouldst that man should know!

What is this sublunary world? A vapour;

A vapour all it holds; itself a vapour;

From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam

Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour

In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.

Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;

As mortal, though less transient, than her sons;

Yet they doat on her, as the world and they

Were both eternal, solid; THOU, a dream.

They doat, on what? *immortal* views apart,

A region of outsidess! a land of shadows!

A fruitful field of flow'ry promises!

A wilderness for joys! perplex'd with doubts,

And sharp with thorns! a troubled *ocean*, spread

With bold adventurers, their *all* on board;

No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;

Frown soon it *must*. Of various rates they sail,

Of ensigns various; all alike in this,

All restless, anxious; toss'd with hopes and fears,

In calmest skies; obnoxious all to storm!
 And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life:
All bound for happiness; yet few provide
 The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies;
 Or *Virtue's* helm, to shape the ccurse design'd:
All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
 Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd,
 And farther from their wishes, than before:
All, more or less, against each other dash,
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,
 And suff'ring more from folly, than from fate.

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
 With all his chosen *terroures* frowning round,
 (Though lately feasted high at * *Albion's* cost),
 Wide-op'ning, and loud roaring still for more!
 Too faithful mirrour! how dost thou reflect
 The melancholy face of human life!
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:
 And, haply, *Britain* may be deeper struck
 By *mortal truth*, in such a mirrour seen,
 Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
 Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
 When *young*, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
 We cut our cable, launch into the world,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
 All in some darling enterprize embark'd.
 But where is he can fathom its event?
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
 Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,

* Admiral BALCHEN, &c.

And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full against wind, and tide, *some* win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike; and, while they triumph, they expire.
In strefs of weather, *most*; *some* sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's engulf'd;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
One CÆSAR lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
(Darlings of providence! fond fate's elect!)
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet even these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal *time*, as *storm*! the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
In ruin end: and, now, their proud success
But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Wo then apart, (if wo apart can be
From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!
What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)
Convince *me* most of human misery.
What are they? Smiling wretches of *to-morrow*!

More wretched, *then*, than e'er their slave *can* be;
Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,
Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in pow'r!
High titles, *then*, what insult of their pain!
If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! desires not the rude storm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is this a *sketch* of what thy soul admires?
" But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
" Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
" Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's stages: they speak plainer still;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh,
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The best that can befall the best on earth;
The boy has virtue by his *mother's* side:
Yes, on FLORELLO look; a *father's* heart
Is tender, though the *man's* is made of stone:
The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

FLORELLO lately cast on this rude coast,
A helpless infant; now a heedless child;
To poor CLARISSA's throes, thy care succeeds:
Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!
Needful austerities his will restrain;
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his *reason* cannot go alone;
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;

Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? the task
Enjoin'd, must discipline his early pow'rs:
He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin;
Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.

Our *nature* such, with *necessary* pains,
We purchase prospects of *precarious* peace:
Though not a *father*, this might steal a sigh.

Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still;)
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world;
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like ancient *Troy*; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.

For who receives him into publick life?

Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight),
And in their hospitable arms inclose;
Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men that act up to *Reason's* golden rule,
All weakness of *affection* quite subdu'd:
Men that would blush at being *thought* sincere,
And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to them, *Vice* shone her own reward.

LORENZO! canst thou bear a shocking sight?
Such, for FLORELLO's sake, 'twill now appear;
See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace;
All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd;
His friends eternal—during interest;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with ev'ry welfare but their own;
As wise as LUCIFER; and half as good;
And by whom, none, but LUCIFER, can gain—
Naked, through these, (so common fate ordains),
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of all, most amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd;
Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd;
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains,
From the slow mistress of this school, *Experience*,
And her assistant, pausing, pale *Distrust*,
Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth,
Through serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with publick guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heav'nly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a strange kind of curs'd necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety;

And brands him into credit with the *world*;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And Nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes;
And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts;
That unfurmoutable extreme of guilt!

Poor MACHIAVEL! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius needs not go to school;
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wife,
His plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ.
The world's all *title-page*, there's no *contents*;
The world's all *face*; the man who shews his *heart*,
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankest venom foam'd through ev'ry vein.
LORENZO! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry fool alive;
And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd.
To such proficients thou art half a saint.
In foreign realms, (for thou hast travell'd far,)
How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,
Studious their nest to feather in a trice,
With all the *necromanticks* of their art,
Playing the game of *faces* on each other,
Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
In foolish hope to steal each other's trust;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame:
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool?
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?

For who can thank the man he cannot *see*?

Why so much cover? it defeats itself.

Ye that know all things! know ye not, mens hearts
Are therefore known, *because* they are conceal'd?

For why conceal'd?—The cause they need not tell.

I give him joy, that's aukward at a lie;

Whose feeble nature *Truth* keeps still in awe;

His incapacity is his renown.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain *disguise*;

It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength.

Thou say'st, 'tis *needful*: Is it therefore right?

Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,

To strain at an excuse: and wouldst thou then

Escape that cruel *need*? thou may'st, with ease;

Think no post *needful* that demands a knave.

When late our civil helm was shifting hands,

So P——thought: think better, if you can.

But this, how rare! The publick path of life
Is dirty:—Yet allow that dirt its due,

It makes the noble mind more noble still:

The world's no neuter; it will wound or save;

Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.

You say, the world, well known, will make a *man*:—

The world, well known, will give our hearts to heav'n,

Or make us *dæmons*, long before we die.

To shew how fair the world, *thy* mistress, shines

Take *either* part, sure ills attend the choice;

Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.

Not *Virtue*-self is deify'd on earth:

Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;

Foes that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.

Virtue has her peculiar set of pains;

True; friends to virtue *last*, and *least* complain:

But if they sigh, can *others* hope to smile?

If *Wisdom* has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor *Folly* lead a happy life;
And if *both* suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he *most* happy, who the *least* laments?
Where *much, much* patience, the most envy'd state,
And *some* forgiveness needs the best of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow *here*.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,
LORENZO smartly, with a smile, replies:
" Thus far thy song is right; and all must own,
" Virtue *has* her peculiar set of pains.—
" And joys peculiar who to *Vice* denies?
" If vice it is with nature to comply:
" If *pride* and *sense* are so predominant,
" To *check*, not *overcome* them, makes a saint,
" Can Nature, in a plainer voice proclaim
" *Pleasure* and *glory* the chief good of man?"

Can *pride* and *sensuality* rejoice?
From purity of thought all *pleasure* springs;
And, from an humble spirit all our *peace*.
Ambition! *pleasure!* let us talk of these:
Of these the PORCH and ACADEMY talk'd;
Of these, each following age had much to say;
Yet unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
Who talks of *these*, to mankind all at once
He talks; for where the saint from either free?
Are these thy refuge?—No, these rush upon thee;
Thy vitals seize, and, *vulture-like*, devour:
I'll try if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth;
If *Reason* can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy *Caucasus*, ambition calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!

Of courted woes ! and courted through mistake !
 'Tis not ambition charms thee ; 'tis a cheat
 Will make thee start as *H*—— at his *Moor*.
 Dost grasp at greatness ? First, know what it is.
 Think'st thou thy greatness in *distinction* lies ?
 Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
 By *Fortune* stuck, to mark us from the throng,
 Is glory lodg'd : 'tis lodg'd in the reverse ;
 In that which joins, in that which equals all,
 The monarch, and his slave ;—" A deathless soul,
 " Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
 " A father God, and brothers in the skies ;"
 Elder, indeed, in time ; but less remote
 In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man ;
 Why greater what can fall, than what can rise ?

If still delirious, now, LORENZO ! go ;
 And with thy full-blown brothers of the *World*,
 Throw scorn around thee ; cast it on thy slaves ;
 Thy slaves, and equals : how scorn cast on them
 Rebounds on thee ! If man is mean, as man,
 Art thou a god ? If *Fortune* makes him so,
 Beware the consequence : a maxim that,
 Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
 Where, in the drapery, the *man* is lost ;
 Externals flutt'ring, and the soul forgot.
 Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
 Boast *that* aloud, in which thy servants share.

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy ;
 Judge we, in their caparisons, of *men* ?
 It nought avails thee, *where*, but *what* thou art ;
 All the distinctions of this little life
 Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man. [creep,
 When, through death's streights, *Earth's* subtle serpents
 Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,

As crooked *Satan* the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
Of Fortune's *fucus* strip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body, too; nay, closer still,
Away with all, but *moral*, in their minds;
And let, what then remains, impose their name,
Pronounce them weak, or worthy; great, or mean.
How mean that snuff of glory *Fortune* lights,
And *Death* puts out! Dost thou demand a test,
A test at once infallible and short,
Of *real* greatness? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate or frame, who greatly dies:
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart;
An humble heart, *his* residence! pronounc'd
His second seat; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!
How far above LORENZO's glory sits
Th' illustrious master of a name *unknown*;
Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;
And *Peace*, beyond the world's conception, smiles!
As thou, (now dark), before we part, shall see.

But thy great soul this *skulking* glory scorns.
LORENZO's sick, but when LORENZO's seen;
And, when he shrug's at publick bus'ness, lies.
Deny'd the publick eye, the publick voice,
As if he liv'd on others breath, he dies.

Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
Mankind the gazers; the sole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithless *Fame* her whisper has,
As well as trumpet? that his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing *all*?
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
Or from an itch more fordid, when he shines,
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and despise,
With modest laughter, lining loud applause,
Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?
His *fame*, which (like the mighty CÆSAR) crown'd
With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
By *seeming* friends, that honour and destroy.
We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins:
And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
The blind LORENZO's proud—of being proud;
And dreams himself ascending in his fall.

An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain;
All vice wants *hellebore*; but, of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl;
Because, all other vice unlike, it flies,
In *fact*, the point in *fancy* most pursu'd.
Who court applause, oblige the world in *this*;
They gratify man's passion to *refuse*.
Superiour honour, when *assum'd*, is *lost*;
Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
Like KOULI-KAN, in plunder of the proud.

Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the *world's* cause, with half a face of joy,
LORENZO cries,—“Be then *Ambition* cast;

“ Ambition’s dearer far stands unimpeach’d,
“ Gay *Pleasure*! proud *Ambition* is her slave;
“ For her, he soars at *great*, and hazards *ill*;
“ For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
“ And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her smile:
“ Who can resist her charms?”—Or, *should*? Lo—
What mortal shall resist, where angels yield? [RENZO!
Pleasure’s the mistress of ethereal pow’rs;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleasure’s the mistress of the world below.

And well it is for man that *Pleasure* charms.
How would all stagnate, but for *Pleasure*’s ray!
How would the frozen stream of action cease!
What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of *Pleasure*. That through ev’ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from life.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure’s gay family holds all in chains.
Some most affect the black; and some, the fair;
Some honest *pleasure* court; and some, obscene.
Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
Of passions, that can *err* in human hearts;
Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
Think you there’s but one whoredom? whoredom, all,
But when our *reason* licences delight.
Dost doubt, LORENZO? Thou shalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others *gold*;
And that hag, *Vengeance*, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
Where horrid *Epicures* debauch in blood.
Whate’er the motive, *Pleasure* is the mark:
For her, the black assassin draws his sword;

For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight-lamp,
 To which no *single* sacrifice may fall;
 For her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
 The *Stoick* proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;
 For her, *Affliction's* daughters grief indulge,
 And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
 For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy,
 And, with an aim *voluptuous*, rush on death.
 Thus universal her despotick power.

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
 Patron of pleasure! doted on delight!
 I am thy rival; pleasure I profess;
 Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name;
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
 Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower;
 And honest *Epicurus'* foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wise offence;
 If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the *name*.
 How knits *Austerity* her cloudy brow,
 And blames, as bold and hazardous, the *praise*
 Of *Pleasure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
 Ye modern *Stoicks*! hear my soft reply;
 Their senses men *will* trust: we can't impose;
 Or, if we could, is imposition right?
 Own *honey sweet*; but, owning, add this *sting*;
 "When mix'd with poison, it is deadly too."
 Truth never was indebted to a lie.
 Is nought but *Virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
 Why then is health preferr'd before disease?
 What Nature loves, *is* good without *our* leave;
 And where no future draw-back cries, "*Beware.*"
Pleasure, though not from *Virtue*, *should* prevail.
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heav'n:

How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
 The *Love of Pleasure* is man's eldest born,
 Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,
 Was meant to *minister*, and not to mar,
 Imperial *Pleasure*, queen of human hearts.

LORENZO! thou, her majesty's renown'd,
 Though uncoift, counsel, learned in the *world*?
 Who think'st thyself a MURRAY, with disdain
 Mayst look on me. Yet, my DEMOSTHENES!
 Canst thou plead *Pleasure's* cause as well as I?
 Know'st thou her *nature, purpose, parentage*?
 Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
 And know thyself; and know thyself to be
 (Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.
 Tell not CALISTA; she will laugh thee dead;
 Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.
 Absurd presumption! thou, who never knew'st
 A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?
 No man e'er found a *happy life* by chance,
 Or yawn'd it into being, with a wish;
 Or, with the snout of grov'ling *Appetite*,
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
 An *art* it is, and must be learn'd; and learn'd
 With unremitting effort, or be lost;
 And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our blifs.
 The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek us: but *wisdom* must be sought;
 Sought before all; but (how unlike all else
 We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, *Pleasure's* birth, rise, strength, and grandeur see;
 Brought forth by *Wisdom*, nurs'd by *Discipline*,
 By *Patience* taught, by *Perseverance* crown'd,

She rears her head majestick ; round her throne,
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue, list'd, forms her manly guard.
For what are *Virtues*? (formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence of joy?
Why, then, commanded? need mankind commands,
At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their blifs?—
Great Legislator! scarce so great, as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice:
In the transgression lies the penalty;
And they the most indulge, who must obey.
Of *Pleasure*, next, the final cause explore;
Its mighty *purpose*, its important *end*.
Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *Pleasure* came from heav'n.
In aid to *Reason* was the goddess sent,
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure, first, succours *Virtue*; in return,
Virtue gives *Pleasure* an eternal reign.
What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life *nat'ral*, *civil*, and *divine*?
'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please;
'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray;
(All pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize:)
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.
Glide then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
Through *Eden* as *Euphrates* ran, it runs,
And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;
Makes a new *Eden* where it flows;—but such
As *must* be lost, LORENZO! by thy fall.

“What mean I by thy fall?”—Thou'lt shortly see,

While pleasure's *nature* is at large display'd ;
Already sung her *origin*, and *ends*.
Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When *pleasure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too ; it hastens into pain.
From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy ;
From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death ;
Heav'n's justice *this* proclaims, and *that* her love.
What greater evil can I wish my foe,
Than his full draught of pleasure from a cask
Unbroach'd by *just authority*, ungaug'd
By *Temperance*, by *Reason* unrefin'd ?
A thousand dæmons lurk within the lee.
Heav'n, others, and ourselves ! uninjur'd *these*,
Drink deep ; the deeper, then, the more divine :
Angels are angels from indulgence *there* ;
'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys ?
A victim rather ! shortly sure to bleed.
The wrong *must* mourn : can Heav'n's appointments
Can man outwit Omnipotence ? strike out [fail ?
A self-wrought happiness unmeant by *him*
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy ?
Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.
Heav'n bid the soul this mortal frame inspire ;
Bid virtue's ray divine inspire the soul,
With unprecious flows of vital joy ;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as, without piety, for peace.
Is *Virtue*, then, and *Piety* the same ?
No : Piety is more ; 'tis Virtue's source ;
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.

Men of the world this doctrine ill digest:
 They smile at Piety; yet boast aloud
Good will to men; nor know, they strive to part
 What *Nature* joins; and thus confute themselves.
 With *Piety* begins all good on earth;
 'Tis the first-born of rationality.

Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
 Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
 A feign'd affection bounds her utmost pow'r.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
 A foe to GOD was ne'er true friend to man;
 Some sinister intent taints all he does;
 And, in his kindest actions he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built;
 And, on humanity, much happiness;
 And yet still more on piety itself.
 A soul in commerce with her GOD, is heav'n;
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
 The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
 A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
 Each branch of *Piety* delight inspires:
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
 O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens Heav'n, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man, in audience with the DEITY.
 Who worships the *Great* GOD, that instant joins
 The first in heav'n and sets his foot on hell.

LORENZO! when wast thou at church *before*?
 Thou think'st the service long: but is it just?

Tho' just, unwelcome: thou hadst rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the muse, to win thine ear,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies.

Good Conscience! at the sound *the world* retires;
Verse disaffects it, and LORENZO smiles:

Yet has she her *seraglio* full of charms;
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.

Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercast?

Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest choose,
To chase thy gloom.—“ Go, fix some weighty truth;

“ Chain down some *passion*; do some *gen'rous good*;

“ Teach *Ignorance* to see, or *Grief* to smile;

“ Correct thy *friend*; befriend thy greatest foe:

“ Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,

“ Spring up, and lay strong hold on *him* who made thee.”

Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;

Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,

Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!

Physicians! more than half of thy disease.

Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,

(Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe),

Is half immoral. Is it much indulg'd?

By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,

It shews a *scorner*, or it makes a *fool*;

And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.

'Tis *pride* or *emptiness*, applies the straw,

That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;

Of grief as impotent portentous sign!

The house of laughter makes a house of wo.

A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight;

A man *dejected* is a sight as mean.

What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound?

What for *dejection*, where presides a power,
Who call'd us into being to be blest'd?
So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious grief to joy may fall.
Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
A shallow stream of happiness betray:
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own expence),
This counsel strange should I presume to give—
“Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay.”

There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
As thou, and thine, art apt and proud to do.
If *not* inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!
Thou think'st, perhaps, thy *soul* alone at stake;
Alas!—Should men mistake thee for a fool;
What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
Tho' tender of thy fame, could interpose?
Believe me, *sense*, here, acts a double part,
And the true *critick* is a *Christian* too.

But *these*, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—
True joy in sun-shine ne'er was found at first;
They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please;
And travel only gives us sound repose.
Heav'n *sells* all pleasure; effort is the price;
The joys of conquest, are the joys of man;
And *Glory* the victorious *laurel* spreads
O'er *Pleasure's* pure, perpetual, placid stream.

There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,
Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.
A man of *pleasure*, is a man of *pains*.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest'd.

False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
From thought's full bent, and energy, the *true*;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness, that shortly must expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?
And, in a tempest, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unhock'd?
Or ope the door to honest poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning Death, and not turn pale?
In such a world, and such a nature, *these*
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
These fundamentals give delight *indeed*;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine:
A constant, and a sound, but *serious* joy.
Is Joy the daughter of Severity?
It is.—Yet far my doctrine from severe.
“ Rejoice for ever;” it becomes a man;
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.
“ Rejoice for ever,” *Nature* cries, “ Rejoice;”
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mix'd up of delicacies for ev'ry sense;
To the great founder of the bounteous feast,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl,
Ill firmly to support, *good* fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity.
Yet *sparing* pledge: *her bowl* is not the best
Mankind can boast.—“ A rational repast;
“ Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
“ A military discipline of thought,

“ To foil *Temptation* in the doubtful field;
 “ And ever-waking ardour for *the right*,”
 ’Tis *these* first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
 Nought that *is* right, think little; well aware,
 What Reason bids, God bids; by *His* command
 How aggrandiz’d the smallest thing we do!
 Thus, *nothing* is insipid to the wise;
 To thee, insipid all, but what is *mad*;
 Joys season’d high, and tasting strong of guilt.
 “ *Mad!* (thou reply’st, with indignation fir’d)
 “ Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,
 “ I follow *Nature*.”—Follow *nature* still,
 But look it be thine *own*. Is *conscience*, then,
 No part of nature? Is she not *supreme*?
 Thou regicide! O raise her from the dead!
 Then follow Nature; and resemble God.
 When, spite of *Conscience*, Pleasure is pursu’d,
 Man’s nature is *unnaturally* pleas’d:
 And what’s unnatural, is painful too
 At intervals, and must disgust even thee!
 The *fact* thou know’st; but not, perhaps, the *cause*.
Virtue’s foundations with the world’s were laid;
 Heav’n mix’d her with our make, and twisted close
 Her sacred int’rests with the strings of life.
 Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
 His better self. And is it greater pain,
 Our *soul* should murmur, or *our* dust repine?
 And one, in their eternal war, *must* bleed.
 If one *must* suffer, which should least be spar’d?
 The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense:
 Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
 The joys of *sense* to *mental* joys are mean:
 Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
 On past and future forages for joy.

'Tis hers, by retrospect, through *time* to range;
And forward *time*'s great sequel to survey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*.
Axes might rust, and racks and gibbets fall:
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.

LORENZO! wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead, who for the body lives,
Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list
With ev'ry lust, that wars against his peace;
And sets him quite at variance with himself.
Thyself first know, then love. A *self* there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A *self* there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,
While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;
Humility degrades it, *Justice* robs,
Bless'd *Bounty* beggars it, fair *Truth* betrays,
And godlike *Magnanimity* destroys.
This self, when rival to the former, scorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it.—But when virtue bids,
Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
And why? 'Tis love of *Pleasure* bids thee bleed;
Comply, or own self-love *extinct* or *blind*.

For what is *Vice*? Self-love in a mistake;
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And *Virtue*, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good sense is love of that dread pow'r,
From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A self-hate, *now*, scarce felt; *then* felt full fore,
When being, curs'd; extinction, loud implor'd;
And ev'ry thing preferr'd to what we *are*.

Yet *this* self-love LORENZO makes his choice;
And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
How is his want of happiness betray'd,
By disaffection to the present hour!
Imagination wanders far a-field:
The future pleases: why? The present pains.—
“But that’s a *secret*.”—Yes, which all men know;
And know from thee, discover’d unawares.
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause;
What is it?—’Tis the cradle of the soul,
From *Instinct* sent, to rock her in disease,
Which her physician, *Reason*, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.

Such are LORENZO’s wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.
Superiour wisdom is superiour bliss.
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?
Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself, is *Folly*’s character;
As *Wisdom*’s is, a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is thy good supreme;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man’s greatest strength is shewn in standing still.
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False Pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain’d, the *true*.
The *true* is fix’d, and solid as a rock;
Slipp’ry the *false*, and tossing as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like CAIN;
That, like the fabled, self-enamour’d boy,

Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here;
Such angels all, intitled to repose
On *him* who governs fate. Though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n!
To lean on *him*, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old
In *Israel's* dream, come from and go to heav'n:
Hence, are *they* studious of sequester'd scenes;
While noise and dissipation comfort *thee*.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
LORENZO! never man was truly blest'd,
But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
As *Folly* might mistake for want of joy;
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy PHILANDER's spring!
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream
Of rapt'rous exultation swelling high;
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who transient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream!

Vain are all sudden fallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy,
Joy's a fix'd state; a tenour, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* bliss:
That is the gem: sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth! should *absolutely* reign;
And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound,
'Midst sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure:
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miss'd than gain'd.
Much pain must expiate; what much pain procur'd.
Fancy and *Sense*, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize:
Then, such thy thirst, (insatiable thirst!
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more)
Fancy still cruises, when poor *Sense* is tir'd.

Imagination is the *Paphian* shop,
Where feeble happiness, like VULCAN, lame,
Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark recess,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires),
With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,

Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame,
Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
On angel-wing, descending from above,
Which these, with art divine, would counterwork,
And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In *this* is seen Imagination's guilt :
But who can count her *follies*? She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is something great.
For works of curious art and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence, what *disaster*!—Though the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the *Turk of Rome*,
Whose foot, (ye gods!) though cloven, must be kifs'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the *Latian* shore;
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants!)
And poor *Magnificence* is starv'd to death.
Hence, just resentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd; if *outward* things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;
Pompous expenses, and parades august,
And courts; that insalubrious foil to peace.
True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of *Fortune* ever blest'd the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob *Innocence* of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his *Holiness*, and be reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.
Give *Pleasure*'s name to nought, but what has pass'd
Th' authentick seal of *Reason*, (which, like YORKE,
Demurs on what it passes), and desies

The tooth of time ; when past, a pleasure still ;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present joy.
Some joys the future overcast ; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity ; some give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice ?
Consult thy *whole existence*, and be safe ;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
Be good—and let heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The *good man* has his clouds that intervene ;
Clouds, that obscure his sublunary day,
But never *conquer*. Even the *best* must own,
Patience, and *Resignation*, are the pillars
Of human peace on earth. The pillars, these ;
But those of *Seth* not more remote from thee,
Till *this* heroick lesson thou hast learn'd ;
To frown at *Pleasure*, and to smile in *Pain*.
Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
Heav'n in reversion, like the sun as yet
Beneath the horizon, cheers us in this world ;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

“ This (says LORENZO) is a fair harangue :
“ But can harangues blow back strong Nature's stream,
“ Or stem the tide Heav'n pushes through our veins,
“ Which sweeps away men's impotent resolves,
“ And lays his labour level with the *world* ? ”

Themselves men make their comment on mankind :

And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:
Thus weakness to chimera turns the truth.
Nothing romantick has the muse prescrib'd.
* Above, LORENZO saw the man of earth,
The *mortal man*; and wretched was the sight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now see the *man immortal*: him, I mean,
Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on heav'n,
Leans all that way, his bias to the stars.
The *world's* dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more; though bright, without a foil:
Observe his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies,
Like ships in seas, while *in, above* the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion's* storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all *their* care; the future, *his*.
When publick welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature; *his* exalt.

T 2

* In a former Night.

Mankind's esteem *they* court ; and *he*, his own.
Theirs, the wild chace of *false* felicities ;
His, the compos'd possession of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread ;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
A madman's robe ; each puff of *Fortune* blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than *theirs* : where *they*
Behold a *sun*, *he* spies a *Deity* ;
What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* see *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* sees ;
An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine ;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside, to find his dignity ;
No dignity *they* find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much *he* prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as *man*.
Too dear *he* holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade ;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong ;
Wrong *he* sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart *their* character defends ;
A cover'd heart denies *him* half his praise.

With nakedness his innocence agrees;
 While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end, where *his* full feast begins;
His joys create, *theirs* murder, future bliss.
 To triumph in existence, *his* alone;
 And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
 His *true* existence is not yet begun.
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
 Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

But nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm,
 Undaunted breast.—And whose is that high praise?
They yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave,
 And shew no fortitude, but in the field;
 If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn;
 Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts.
 A cordial *his* sustains, that cannot fail;
 By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts;
 All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
 And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield.
 From magnanimity, all *fear* above;
 From nobler recompence, above *applause*;
 Which owes to man's *short* out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,
 LORENZO cries,—“Where shines this miracle?”
 From what root rises this *immortal* man?
 A root that grows not in LORENZO's ground;
 The *root* dissect, nor wonder at the *flower*.
He follows Nature (not like * thee) and shews us
 An uninverted system of a man.
 His *Appetite* wears *Reason's* golden chain,
 And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.

T 3

* See page 216. line 12.

His *Passion*, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite.
Patient his *Hope*, unanxious is his *Care*,
His *Caution* fearless, and his *Grief* (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
And why?—Because affection, more than meet,
His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from Heav'n.
Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
He, loving in *proportion*, loves in *peace*.
They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
His *understanding* 'scapes the common cloud
Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The mod'rate movements of his soul admit
Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even scale;
Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus, in a double sense, the *good* are wise;
On its own dunghill, wiser than the *world*.
What, then, the world? it *must* be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as soon would they believe their *creed*.
Yet thus it is; nor otherwise *can* be;
So far from ought romantick, what I sing.
Bliss has no being, Virtue has no strength,
But from the prospect of immortal life.
Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
Who care no farther, *must* prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire;
He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for *them* (yet who so loudly boast
Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friends:

For may not he invade their *good supreme*,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall ?
All shines to *them*, that for a season shines.
Each act, each thought, *he* questions, "What its weight,
"Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?"—
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
The god-like man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has *Habit's* firmness, and *Affection's* flame;
Angels ally'd, descend to feed the fire;
And *Death*, which others slays, makes him a god.

And now, LORENZO! bigot of this world!
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heav'n!
Stand by thy *scorn*, and be reduc'd to *nought*:
For what art thou?—Thou boaster! while *thy* glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most;
And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand:
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
By promise *now*, and, by possession *soon*,
(Too *soon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just *annihilation* rise,
LORENZO! rise to *something*, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
Canst thou be silent? No; for *Wit* is thine;
And *Wit* talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,
And *Reason* interrupts not her career.
She'll say—*That mists above the mountains rise*;
And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse;
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *Sense*;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, LORENZO! Wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes *wine* inspires
The lucky flash; and *madness* rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown:
For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worst;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See *Dulness*, blund'ring on vivacities,
Shakes her sage head at the calamity.
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But *Wisdom*, awful Wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
How rare! in senates, synods, sought in vain;
Or, if *there* found, 'tis sacred to the *few*;
While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, *Wit*. In civil life,
Wit makes an enterprizer; *Sense*, a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
In *states*, 'tis dang'rous; in *religion*, death:
Shall *Wit* turn Christian, when the dull believe?
Sense is our *helmet*, *Wit* is but the plume;
The *plume* exposes, 'tis our *helmet* saves,
Sense is the di'mond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by *Wit* it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, *Wit* apart, it is a di'mond still,
Wit, widow'd of *good-sense*, is worse than nought;
It hoists more sails to run against a rock.

Thus, a *Half-Chesterfield* is quite a fool;
Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
Where *Sirens* sit, to sing thee to thy fate!
A joy, in which our *reason* bears no part,
Is but a *sorrow* tickling, ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the *World* allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world, who little know!—
And yet, we much must know her to be *safe*.

To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point:
She gives but little, nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our *thoughtless agitation's* idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before;
An *animal* ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our *reason*, but subsists
On juices thro' the well-ton'd tubes well-strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright:
And when it jars—thy *Sirens* sing no more,
Thy dance is done; the *demi-god* is thrown
(Short apotheosis!) beneath the *man*,
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
And startle at destruction? if thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
A single sentence proof against the *world*.
“*Soul, body, fortune!* ev'ry good pertains
“To one of these; but prize not all alike;
“The goods of fortune to thy body's health,

“ Body to soul, and soul submit to God.”
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? do this;
Th’ inverted *pyramid* can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful? it outshines the sun;
Nay, the sun shines not, but to show us this,
The single lesson of mankind on earth.
And yet—yet, what? no news! mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers list against the right,
(And what can’t numbers, when bewitch’d, atchieve?)
They talk themselves to something like belief,
That all earth’s joys are theirs: as ATHENS’ fool
Grinn’d from the port, on ev’ry sail his own.

They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lie:
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.
Hard either task! the most abandon’d own,
That *others*, if abandon’d, are undone:
Then, for themselves, the moment *Reason* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repose),
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,
Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
And pump sad laughter, till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I say? some cannot fit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And shew us *what* their joy, by their despair.

The clotted hair! gor’d breast! blaspheming eye!
Its impious fury still alive in death!—
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But Heav’n denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, LORENZO! see the reeking blade;
Th’ invenom’d phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays

From raging riot (flower suicides !);
And *pride* in these, more execrable still !
How horrid all to thought !—but horrors, these,
That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble song.
From *vice, sense, fancy*, no man can be blest'd :
Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour :
When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name.
O for a joy from *Reason* ! joy from that,
Which makes man *man* ; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him *more* : a bounteous joy ! that gives,
And promises ; that weaves, with art divine,
The richest prospect into present peace :
A joy *ambitious* ! joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far :
A joy high-privileg'd, from chance, time, death !
A joy which *death* shall double *judgment* crown !
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
Thro' blest'd Eternity's long day ; yet still,
Not more remote from *sorrow*, than from *him*,
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.
There, O my LUCIA ! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss !

Affects not this the *sages of the world* ?
Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too ?
Eternity, depending on an hour,
Makes *serious thought* man's wisdom, joy, and praise.
Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs
May shun the light) at your designs on heav'n ;
Sole point ! where *over-bashful* is your blame.
Are you not *wise* ?—you know you are : yet hear
One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlooked, or thrown aside, if seen ;

“ Our schemes to plan by *this* world, or the *next*,
“ Is the sole diff’rence between wise, and fool.”
All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this* scale ;
What wonder, then, if *they* pronounce you *light* ?
Is *their* esteem alone not worth your care ;
Accept my simple scheme of *common sense* ;
Thus, save your fame, and make *two* worlds your own.

The world *replies* not ;—but the world *persists* ;
And puts the *cause* off to the longest day,
Planning evasions for the day of doom.
So far, at that *re-hearing*, from redress,
They then turn *witnesses* against themselves.
Hear that, LORENZO ! nor be wise to-morrow.
Haste, haste ! a man, by nature, is in haste ;
For who shall answer for another hour ?
’Tis highly prudent to make *one* sure friend ;
And that thou canst not do this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth ! (nor *willing* to be more !)
Since *verse* you think from priestcraft somewhat free,
Thus, in an age so gay, the Muse plain truths
(Truths which at church you *might* have heard in prose)
Has ventur’d into light ; well pleas’d the verse
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain ;
And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
But *praise* she need not fear : I see my fate ;
And headlong leap, like CURTIUS, down the gulf.
Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *tome*,
Must die, and die unwept ; O thou minute,
Devoted *page* ! go forth among thy foes ;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death. Mankind, incens’d,
Denies thee long to live ; nor shalt thou rest,
When thou art dead ; in *Stygian* shades arraign’d
By LUCIFER, as traitor to his throne ;

And bold blasphemer of his friend,— *the world*;
The *world*, whose legions cost him slender pay,
And *volunteers* around his banner swarm;
Prudent, as *Prussia*, in her zeal for *Gaul*.

“Are all, then, fools?” LORENZO cries.—Yes, all,
But such as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee);
“The mother of true wisdom is the *will*;
The noblest *intellect*, a fool without it.
World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and sciences, in wars and peace;
But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the *most* Indulgence can afford;
“*Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise.*”
Nor think this censure is severe on thee;
Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE
CONSOLATION.

Containing, among other things,

- I. A *moral* survey of the *nocturnal* heavens.
- II. A *night-ADDRESS* to the DEITY.

Humbly Inscribed

To his GRACE the DUKE of NEWCASTLE, one of his
Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

— *Fatis contraria fata rependens.*

VIRG.

AS when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates a while his labour lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where *Disappointment* smiles at *Hope's* career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble shade,
Where, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
I chace the moments with a serious song.
Song soothes our pains; and age has pains to sooth.

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breast, and *Death's* dark shade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;
Canst thou, O *Night!* indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge: then sleep, my strain!
Till, haply wak'd by *RAPHAEL's* golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow cease,
To bear a part in everlasting lays;
Tho' far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,
Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.

Has not the muse asserted *pleasures pure*,
Like those above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, *LORENZO!* fairly weigh;
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still?
I think thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.
But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
Thy smile's sincere; not more sincere can be
LORENZO's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in *body* call for aid; the sick
In *mind* are covetous of more disease;
And when at *worst*, they dream themselves quite *well*;
To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
When *Nature's* blush, by *Custom* is wip'd off,
And Conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes*;
The curse of curses is, our curse to love;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,
(As *Indians* glory in the deepest jet),
And throw aside our *senses*, with our *peace*.

But, grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
Grant joy and glory, quite unfully'd, shone:
Yet, still, it ill deserves *LORENZO's* heart.
No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,

But, thro' the thin partition of an hour,
 I see its fables wove by *Destiny*,
 And *that* in sorrow bury'd: *this*, in shame;
 While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
 And *Conscience*, now so soft, thou scarce canst hear
 Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where the prime actors of the *last year's* scene;
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
 How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake*
 With lustre, and with noise! has *Death* proclaim'd
 A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
 'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the *present year*
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought;
 Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality;
 Tho' in a style more florid, full as plain,
 As *mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.

What are our noblest ornaments, but *Deaths*
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
 The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene;
 Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

“ *Profess'd diversions!* cannot these escape?”
 Far from it. These present us with a shroud;
 And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
 As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
 We ransack tombs for *pastime*; from the dust
 Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement: how like gods
 We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
 Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
 Their fate deploring, to forget *our own*!
 What, all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,

But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead:
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?
LORENZO! such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? *Thy* world?—A grave!
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er Devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The *moist* of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter, thro' the mighty void, the *dry*;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature wide, our ruins spread: man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone: his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die. Where now
The *Roman*? *Greek*? they stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Tho' half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O *Death*! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight?
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high

With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air!
 The melanchonly ghosts of dead renown,
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
 The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the *great*.
 But, O LORENZO! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
 And shakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
 I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
 And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames:
 But, like CASSANDRA, prophesies in vain;
 In vain to many; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loath* to know,
 The great decree, the counsel of the skies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
 Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
 Distinct, apart the giant furies roar;
 Apart; or such their horrid rage for ruin,
 In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
 But not for *this* ordain'd their boundless rage:
 When Heav'n's inferiour instruments of wrath,
War, Famine, Pestilence, are found too weak
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
 Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
 With irresistible commission arm'd,
 The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,

And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, LORENZO! what depends *on* man?

The *fate* of Nature; as *for* man, her *birth*.

Earth's actors change *Earth's* transitory scenes,

And make creation groan with human guilt.

How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,

But not of waters! At the destin'd hour,

By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,

See, all the formidable sons of fire,

Eruptions, Earthquakes, Comets, Lightnings, play

Their various engines; all at once disgorge

Their blazing magazines; and take, by storm,

This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height

Out-burns *Vesuvius*; rocks eternal pour

Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;

Stars rush; and final *Ruin* fiercely drives

Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft,

More than astonishment! if more *can* be!

Far other *firmament* than e'er was seen,

Than e'er was thought by man! far other *stars*!

Stars animate, that govern these of fire;

Far other *sun*!—A sun, O how unlike

The babe at *Bethle'm*! how unlike the man

That groan'd on *Calvary*!—Yet *He* it is;

That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!

In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!

And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.

As monarchs grand, on coronation-days,

Omnipotence affects omnipotence,

Wears all his glories, marshals all his pow'rs,

Their state emblazes! Deity exalts!

A swift archangel, with his golden wing,

As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace

The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
 And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
 Full on the confines of our ether, flames :
 While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
 Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
 And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

LORENZO! welcome to this scene; the last
 In Nature's course; the first in Wisdom's thought:
This strikes, if aught can strike thee; *this* awakes
 The most supine; *this* snatches man from death.
 Rouze, rouze, LORENZO! then, and follow me,
 Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
 Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.
 I find my inspiration in my theme;
 The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
 And worldly *Fancy* feeds on golden dreams,
 To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour;
 At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
 From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark
 From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
 The day is broke, which never more shall close!
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
 Our GOD in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
 All Nature struggling in the pangs of death!
 Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
 Where are we *now*? Ah me! the ground is gone
 On which we stood. LORENZO! while thou may'st,
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
 Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the *good man* pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *Earth* rose from *Chaos*; *Man* from *Earth*;
And an Eternity, the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!

Great day of dread, decision, and despair!

At thought of thee, each sublunary wish

Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;

And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.

At *thought* of thee!—And art thou *absent* then?

LORENZO! no; 'tis here;—It is begun;—

Already is begun the grand assize,

In thee, in all; deputed Conscience scales

The dread tribunal, and forestals our doom;

Forestals, and, by forestalling, proves it *sure*.

Why on himself should man *void* judgment pass?

Is idle *Nature* laughing at her sons?

Who *Conscience* sent, her sentence will support,

And GOD above assert that GOD in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court

Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but how rare,

Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!

What hero, like the man who stands himself?

Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?

Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,

Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?

The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.

(Art thou a coward? No:) The coward flies;

Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to *know*;

Asks, "*What is Truth?*" with PILATE; and retires;

Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;

Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heav'n!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,

For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
 O day of Consummation! mark supreme
 (If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
 Or in the sight of angels, or their KING!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
 Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
 As in a theatre, surround this scene,
 Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.

Angels look out for thee; for thee, their LORD,
 To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
 To disinvolve the *moral* world, and give
 To *Nature's* renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
 I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
 All *Nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
 All *deities*, like summer-swarms, on wing!
 All basking in the full meridian blaze!
 I see the JUDGE enthron'd! the flaming guard!
 The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!
 A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!
 No patron! intercessor none! now past
 The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
 For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!
 Inexorable all! and all extreme!

Nor man alone: the foe of GOD and man,
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;
 Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.
 All vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant grace:
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
 His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads;
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis *present* to my thought!—And yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *guess*
The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd
In darkness. But the *process*, and the *place*,
Are less obscure; for these may *man* inquire.
Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! say, where art thou?
Art thou in *Time*, or in *Eternity*?
Nor in *Eternity*, nor *Time*, I find thee.
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabrick for him built, (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his head;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber; from earth's heaving womb,
To second birth; contemporary throng!
Rous'd at one call, upstarting from one bed,
Press'd in one croud, appall'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity*! to thee.
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe; nor falls *alone*;
His greatest foe falls with him; *Time*, and he
Who murder'd all *Time*'s offspring, *Death*, expire.

TIME was! ETERNITY now reigns alone!
Awful Eternity! offended queen!
And her resentment to mankind, how just!
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hospitality,

How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
 Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat!
 A dream! while foulest foes found welcome *there*!
 A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile.
 For, lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
 As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen pole,
 With banners, streaming as the *comet's* blaze,
 And clarions, louder than the *deep* in storms,
 Sonorous, as immortal breath can blow,
 Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
 Of light, of darkness; in a middle field,
 Wide as *Creation*! populous as wide!
 A neutral region! there to mark th' event
 Of that Great Drama, whose preceding scenes
 Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
 Of ages, ripening to this grand result;
 Ages as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
 Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
 The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

ETERNITY, the various sentence pass'd,
 Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
 Sulphureous, or ambrosial. What ensues?
 The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
 Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
 The *goddess*, with determin'd aspect, turns
 Her adamant key's enormous size
 Through Destiny's inextricable wards,
 Deep driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates;
 Then, from the crystal battlements of heav'n,
 Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
 Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
 The deep refounds, and hell, through all her glooms,
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies !
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
 The whole *ethereal* ! how the concave rings !
 Nor strange ! when deities their voice exalt ;
 And louder far, than when *Creation* rose,
 To see *Creation's* godlike aim, and end,
 So well accomplish'd ! so divinely clos'd !
 To see the mighty *Dramatist's* last act
 (As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
 No fancy'd GOD, a GOD *indeed* descends,
 To solve all *knots* ; to strike the moral home ;
 To throw full day on darkest scenes of *Time* ;
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
 Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
 The charm'd spectators thunder their applause ;
 And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

WHAT THEN AM I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,
 And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
 A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
 Which jars in the grand chorus, and *complains* ?
Censure on thee, LORENZO ! I suspend,
 And turn it on *myself* ; how greatly due !
 All, all is *right*, by GOD ordain'd or done ;
 And who but GOD, resum'd the friends *he* gave ?
 And have I been *complaining*, then, so long ?
Complaining of his favours ; *Pain*, and *Death* ?
 Who, without *Pain's* advice, would e'er be good ?
 Who, without *Death*, but would be good in vain ?
 Pain is to save from *pain* ; all punishment,
 To make for *peace* ; and death to save from *death* ;
 And second death, to guard immortal life ;
 To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,

And turn the tide of souls another way;
 By the same tenderneſs divine ordain'd,
 That planted *Eden*, and high-bloom'd for man,
 A fairer *Eden*, endless, in the ſkies.

Heav'n gives us friends to bleſs the *preſent* ſcene;
 Reſumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.

All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;

All diſcipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.

None are unhappy; *all* have cauſe to ſmile,

But ſuch as to themſelves that cauſe deny.

Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains*;

Errour, in *act*, or *judgment*, is the ſource

Of endless ſighs: we *ſin*, or we *miſtake*,

And *Nature* tax, when falſe *Opinion* ſtings.

Let impious grief be baniſh'd, joy indulg'd;

But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim.

Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,

Oft lives in vanity, and dies in wo.

Joy, *amidſt illſ*, corroborates, exalts;

'Tis joy, and conqueſt; joy, and virtue too.

A noble fortitude in *illſ* delights

Heav'n, earth, ourſelves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.

Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene;

Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray;

As *night* to ſtars, *wo* luſtre gives to man.

Heroes in battles, pilots in the ſtorm,

And virtue in calamities admire.

The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;

An ever-green, that ſtands the *northern* blaſt,

And bloſſoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happineſs, to know

How much unhappineſs *muſt* prove our lot;

A part which few poſſeſs! I'll pay life's tax,

Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,

Nor think it misery to be a *man* ;
Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a *god*.
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.
What spoke *proud Passion* ? “ * Wish my being lost ! ”
Presumptuous ! blasphemous ! absurd ! and false !
The triumph of my soul is,—that I *am* ;
And therefore that I *may* be—*What* ? LORENZO !
Look inward, and look deep ; and deeper still ;
Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
In golden veins, through all eternity !
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
New ages, *where* this phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull slumber for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
And fly through infinite, and all unlock ;
And (if deserv'd) by heav'n's redundant love,
Made half-adorable itself, adore ;
And find, in adoration, endless joy !
Where thou, not master of a moment *here*,
Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
Mayst boast a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
Since ADAM fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
How kind is GOD, how great (if good) is MAN.
No man too largely from Heav'n's love can hope,
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure*.

Ills ?—There are none : *All-Gracious* ! none from *thee* ;
From *man* full many ! Num'rous is the race
Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,
Begot by *Madness* on fair *Liberty* ;
Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd ! *her* hand alone

X 2

* Referring to the first night.

Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
 Fast barr'd by *thine* ; high-wall'd with adamant,
 Guarded with terrours reaching to this world,
 And cover'd with the thunders of thy law ;
 Whose threats are *mercies* ; whose injunctions, *guides*,
 Assisting, not restraining, *Reason's* choice ;
 Whose sanctions, *unavoidable results*
 From Nature's course indulgently reveal'd ;
 If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, not less sure.
 Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
 " Do this ; Fly that,"—nor always tells the cause ;
 Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
 And conduct needful to their own repose.

Great God of wonders ! (if, thy *love* survey'd,
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains),
 What *rocks* are *these*, on which to build our trust ?
 Thy ways admit no blemish ; none I find ;
 Or this alone—" *That none is to be found.*"
 Not one, to soften *Censure's* hardy crime ;
 Not one, to palliate peevish *Grief's* COMPLAINT,
 Who, like a *dæmon*, murmuring from the dust,
 Dares into judgment call her Judge.—SUPREME !
 For *all* I bless thee ; most for the *severe* ;
 * Her death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulph,
 That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent !
 It thunders ;—but it thunders to preserve ;
 It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome dread
 Averts the dreaded pain ; its hideous groans
 Join heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in *thy* praise,
 Great Source of good *alone* ! how kind in all !
 In vengeance, kind ! *Pain, Death, Gehenna, SAVE.*
 Thus, in thy world material, *mighty Mind* !

Not that alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,
 The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praise.
 The *winter* is as needful as the *spring*;
 The *thunder*, as the *sun*; a stagnate mass
 Of vapours breed a pestilential air;
 Nor more propitious the *Favonian* breeze
 To Nature's health, than purifying storms;
 The dreadful *Volcano* ministers to good.
 Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
 Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd;
 And, in their use, *eclipses* learn to shine.

Man is responsible for *ills* receiv'd;
 Those we call *wretched* are a chosen band,
 Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
 Amid my list of blessings infinite,
 Stand this the foremost, "*That my heart has bled.*"
 'Tis Heav'n's last effort of good-will to man;
 When *Pain* can't bless, Heav'n quits us in despair.
 Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
 Or grieves too much, deserves not to be bless'd;
 Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reason absolves the grief which *Reason* ends.
 May heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
 Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
 By previous pain; and made it *safe* to *smile*!
Such smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain;
 Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.
 My change of *heart* a change of *style* demands;
 The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT,
 And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
 A panting traveller, some rising ground,

Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
 And measures with his eye the various vale,
 The fields, woods, meads, and rivers he has pass'd;
 And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
 Endear'd by distance; nor affects more toil:
 Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
 The muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod;
 Various, extensive, beaten but by few;
 And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
 Pause; and with pleasure meditate an end,
 Though still remote; so fruitful is my theme.
 Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
 The muse has stray'd; and much of *sorrow* seen,
 In human ways; and much of *false* and *vain*;
 Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss.
 O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily she wept;
 Of *love divine* the wonders she display'd;
 Prov'd man *immortal*; shew'd the *source of joy*;
 The *grand tribunal* rais'd; assign'd the bounds
 Of *human grief*; in *few*, to close the whole,
 The moral muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
 Though not in form, nor with a RAPHAEL stroke,
 Of *most* our weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,
 In this our land of travel, and of hope,
 For peace on *earth*, or prospect of the *skies*.

What then remains?—Much! much! a mighty debt
 To be discharg'd. These thoughts, O *Night*! are thine;
 From thee they came, like lovers secret sighs,
 While others slept. So, CYNTHIA, (poets feign)
 In shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her sphere,
 Her shepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd less,
 Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
 Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
 Immortal Silence!—Where shall I begin?

Where end? or how steal musick from the spheres,
To sooth their goddess?

O majestick NIGHT!

Nature's great ancestor! *Day's* elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven-brow adorns;
An azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and heav'n throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (*Nature's* most august,
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man! so *worthy* to be sung?
What more prepares us for the songs of heav'n!
Creation of archangels is the theme!

What, to be sung, so *needful*? what so well
Celestial joys prepare us to sustain?
The soul of man, HIS face design'd to see,
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has *here* a previous scene of objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
Of thought; to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration; to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that strength,
Which best may qualify for *final* joy.

The more our spirits are enlarg'd on *earth*,
The deeper draught shall they receive of *Heav'n*.

Heav'n's KING! whose face unveil'd consummates
Redundant bliss! which fills that mighty void [bliss;
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!

Thou, who didst touch the lip of JESSE'S Son,
 Wrapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
 And set his harp in concert with the spheres!
 While of thy works *material* the supreme
 I dare attempt, assist my daring song;
 Loose me from *earth's* inclosure, from the *sun's*
Contracted circle set my heart at large;
 Eliminate my spirit, give it range
 Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
 Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
 Creation's golden steps, to climb to THEE.
 Teach me with *Art* great *Nature* to controul,
 And spread a lustre o'er the shades of *Night*.
 Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the *sun*
 Be seen at *midnight*, rising in my song?

LORENZO! come, and warm thee: thou, whose heart,
 Whose *little* heart, is moor'd within a nook
 Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.
 Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port;
 I am thy pilot, I thy prosperous gale.
 Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
 Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
 And whence thou mayst import *eternal* wealth;
 And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
 Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
 Thou *stranger* to the world! thy tour *begin*;
 Thy tour through *Nature's* universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
 On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
 And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole?
 Who circles spacious *earth*, then travels *here*.
 Shall own, he never was from *home* before!
 Come, my * PROMETHEUS, from thy pointed rock

* Night the Eighth.

Of *false* ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, *innocently*, steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the *stars*;
A theft that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voice to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,
Far-travell'd comets calculated blaze,
E lance thy thought, and think of *more than man*.
Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of *earth's* unwholesome air,
Will blossom *here*; spread all her faculties
To those bright ardours; ev'ry power unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.

Stars *teach*, as well as *shine*. At Nature's birth,
Thus their commission ran—"Be kind to *man*."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
The *stars* will light thee; tho' the *moon* should fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more astray!
In ways immoral? the *stars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.
Where art thou, *Virtue-militant*! the *stars*
Are thine allies, all listed on thy side:
By thousands, and ten thousands, they advance
Their bright battalions, in fair Virtue's cause;
And keep strict watch, and nightly light their fires,
Fires of alarm, to warn thee of the foe;
The foe that claims these regions as *his own*;

Usurper bold ! high-styl'd, *The prince of air !*

Beneath *Night's* awful banner, let us draw.

Sidereal *Wisdom's* formidable sword,

And send him headlong to *far other* flames.

MICHAEL's alone, the sword his mighty arm

Pluck'd from the golden column in the mount,

The mount celestial, where the sons of God

Hang up heav'n's vengeance far above the *stars*,

Above the *Sagittary's* humble bow ;

Could give the swarthy *dæmon* deeper wound.

And was there need of ampler field than *this*,

When giant-angels giant-angels met,

In fiery conflict, and outrageous storm,

To controvert the sceptre of the skies ?

This prospect vast, what is it ?—weigh'd aright,

'Tis Nature's system of divinity,

And ev'ry student of the *night* inspires.

'Tis *elder* scripture, writ by God's own hand ;

Scripture authentick ! uncorrupt by man.

LORENZO ! with my *radius* (the rich gift

Of thought nocturnal !) I'll point out to thee

Its various lessons ; some that may surprise

An unadept in mysteries of *Night* ;

Little, perhaps, expected in *her* school,

Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.

Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign ;

Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here

Exists *indeed* ;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we *here* ?—th' existence of a God ?—

Yes ; and of other beings, man above ;

Natives of *ether* ! sons of higher climes !

Immortal light ! that govern these of fire !

And, what may move LORENZO's wonder more,

ETERNITY is written in the skies.

And whose eternity?—LORENZO! *thine*;
Mankind's eternity. Nor *Faith* alone,
Virtue grows here; *here* springs the sov'reign cure
 Of almost ev'ry vice; but chiefly *thine*;
Wrath, Pride, Ambition, and impure desire.
 Dost ask—"Why call I thee at this late hour,
 "Which *all-wise Nature* destin'd to repose?"—
 Yes, and to fit us for repose more sweet
 Than down can yield, or man on earth enjoy:
 Own *all-wise Nature* wiser still in this.

LORENZO! thou canst wake at midnight too,
 Tho' not on *morals* bent: *Ambition, Pleasure!*
 Those tyrants I for thee so * lately fought,
 Afford their harrafs'd slaves but slender rest.
Thou, to whom midnight is *immoral* noon.
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
 Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
 Commencing one of our *antipodes!*
 In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
 'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
 And lift thine eyes (if bold an eye to lift,
 If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heav'n)
 To yonder stars: for other ends they shine,
 Than to light travellers from shame to shame,
 And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
 With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
 Which set the living firmament on fire,
 At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
 Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
 Rushes OMNIPOTENCE?—to curb our *pride*;
 Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that pow'r,
 Whose love lets down these silver chains of light,

* Night the Eighth.

To draw up man's *ambition* to himself,
 And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
 Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
 And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,
 An *humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded* heart,
 Are *here* inspir'd : and canst thou gaze too long ?

Nor stands thy *wrath* depriv'd of its reproof,
 Or unupbraided by this radiant choir.

The planets of each system represent
 Kind neighbours ; mutual amity prevails ;
 Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd ;
 Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd ! all, at once,
 Attracting, and attracted ! patriot-like,
 None sins against the welfare of the whole ;
 But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
 Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.
 Nothing in nature, much less *conscious* being,
 Was e'er created solely for itself :
 Thus man his *sov'reign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,
 Thou most inflammable ! thou wasp of man !
 Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found
 As rightly set, as are the starry spheres ;
 'Tis *Nature's* structure, broke by stubborn *will*,
 Breeds all that uncelestial discord *there*.
 Wilt thou not feel the bias *Nature* gave ?
 Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,
 And seize thy brother's throat ?—for what—a *clod*,
 An inch of *earth* ? the *planets* cry, “ Forbear.”
 They chase our double darkness ; *Nature's* gloom,
 And (kinder still !) our *intellectual* night.

And see, *Day's* amiable sister sends
 Her invitation, in the softest rays

Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain*, and *joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and shades an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps thro' the darkness, like a spy;
And darkness shews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel?
With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck,
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise!)
Then into transport starting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how she glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! this display!
This ostentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation, and adore?
One sun by day, by night *ten thousand* shine;
And light us deep into the DEITY,
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heav'n,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my heart.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.

Who sees it unexalted, and unaw'd?
 Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
 Material offspring of OMNIPOTENCE!
 Inanimate, all-animating birth!
 Work worthy *him* who made it! worthy praise!
 All praise! praise *more* than human! nor deny'd
 Thy praise *divine*!—But tho' man, drown'd in sleep,
 With-holds his homage, not *alone* I wake:
 Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
 By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
 In this his universal temple, hung
 With lustres, with innumerable lights,
 That shed religion on the soul; at once,
 The *temple*, and the *preacher*! O how loud
 It calls devotion! genuine growth of *Night*!
 Devotion? daughter of astronomy!
 An *undevout* astronomer is *mad*.
 True; all things speak a God; but, in the small,
 Men trace out *him*; in great, *he* seizes man;
 Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills
 With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
 Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all
 Ye starr'd and planeted inhabitants! what is it?
 What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud arch!
 (Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
 Built with divine ambition! in disdain
 Of limit built! built in the taste of heav'n!
 Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd
 A meet apartment for the DEITY?—
 Not so: that thought alone thy state impairs,
 Thy *lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *profound*,
 And streightens thy *diffusive*; dwarfs the whole,
 And makes an universe an *orrery*.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,

Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
O *Nature*! wide flies off the expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds;
Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; reinflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *sense*:
For, sure, to *sense*, they truly are divine,
And half absolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into *virtue*. Such it was
In those who put forth all they had of *man*
Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But they how *weak*, who could no higher mount?
And are there, then, LORENZO! those, to whom
Unseen, and unexistent, are the same?
And if incomprehensible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madness, to *believe*?
Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aside
All measure in his work; stretch'd out his line
So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes),
Deep in the bosom of his universe,
Dropt down that *reasoning* mite, that insect, *man*,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—

That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
 For disbelief of wonders in *himself*.
 Shall God be less miraculous, than what
 His hand has form'd? shall *mysteries* descend
 From *unmysterious*? things more elevate,
 Be more familiar? uncreated lie
 More obvious than created, to the grasp
 Of human thought? the *more* of wonderful
 Is heard in *him*, the *more* we should assent.
 Could we conceive *him*, God he could not be;
 Or *he* not God, or *we* could not be *men*.
 A God alone can comprehend a God.
Man's distance how immense? On *such* a theme,
 Know this, LORENZO! (seem it ne'er so strange)
 Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds*;
 Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true*.
 The scene thou seest attests the truth I sing,
 And ev'ry star sheds light upon thy creed.
 These stars, this furniture, this coast of heav'n,
 If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
 But thine *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.
 The grand of Nature is th' Almighty's oath,
 In *Reason's* court, to silence *Unbelief*.
 How my mind, op'ning at the scene, imbibes
 The moral emanations of the skies,
 While nought, perhaps, LORENZO less admires!
 Has the great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds
 To tell us, *He* resides above them all,
 In glory's unapproachable recess?
 And dare *Earth's* bold inhabitants deny
 The sumptuous, the magnifick embassy
 A moment's audience? turn we, nor will hear
 From whom they come, or what they would impart
 For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops

Their grandeur to man's eye? LORENZO! rouse;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the light'ning's wing,
And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces *Reason*, or a GOD adores?
Mankind was sent into the world to *see*:
Sight gives the science needful to their peace;
That obvious science asks *small* learning's aid.
Wouldst thou on metaphysick pinions soar?
Or wound thy patience amid logick thorns?
Or travel history's enormous round?
Nature no such hard task enjoins: she gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
As who should say, "Read thy chief lesson there."
Too late to read this manuscript of heav'n,
When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,
It folds LORENZO's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various! Not the GOD alone,
I see his *ministers*; I see, diffus'd
In radiant orders, essences sublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heav'nly liveries, distinctly, clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
List'ning to catch the Master's least command,
And fly thro' *Nature*, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By *Pagan*, and by *Christian*! o'er each sphere
Presides an angel, to direct its course,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
Other high trust unknown. For who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *mind*,

For which *alone* inanimate was made,
 More sparingly dispens'd? that nobler Son,
 Far liker the great SIRE!——'Tis thus the *skies*
 Inform us of superiours numberless,
 As much, in *excellence*, above mankind,
 As above *earth*, in *magnitude*, the *spheres*.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;
 In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
 Perhaps, a thousand demi-gods descend
 On ev'ry beam we see, to walk with men.
 Awful reflection! strong restraint from ill!

Yet, *here* our virtue finds still stronger aid
 From these ethereal glories *sense* surveys.
 Something, like magick, strikes from this blue vault;
 With just attention is it view'd? we feel
 A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herself does half the work of *man*.
 Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
 The promontory's height, the depth profound
 Of subterranean, excavatad grots,
 Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
 From *Nature's* structure, or the scoop of *Time*;
 If ample of dimension, vast of size,
 Ev'n *these* an aggrandizing impulse give;
 Of solemn thought enthusiastick heights
 Ev'n *these* infuse.—But what of vast in *these*?
 Nothing;—or we must own the *skies* forgot.
 Much less in *art*.—Vain *Art*! thou pigmy pow'r!
 How dost thou swell, and strut, with human pride,
 To shew thy littleness! what childish toys,
 Thy wat'ry columns squirted to the clouds!
 Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas!
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
 Thy hundred gated *capitals*! or those

Where three days travel left as much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
Or nodding *gardens* pendent in mid-air!
Or *temples* proud to meet their gods half-way!
Yet *these* affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of such superiour scenes!
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
What awe from this the DEITY has built!
A good man seen, tho' silent, counsel gives:
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise:
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to say, LORENZO!
To man abandon'd, "*Hast thou seen the skies?*"
And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind design
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celestial Art's intent. The trembling stars
See crimes gigantick, stalking thro' the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night still *darker* by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine, and *murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half beggars him ere morn.
Now *plots*, and foul *conspiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon.
Havock and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What shall I do?—suppress it? or proclaim?—
Why sleeps the thunder? now, LORENZO! now,

His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
 Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men.
 Preposterous madmen, void of fear or shame,
 Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heav'n;
 Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.
 Were moon, and stars, for villains *only* made?
 To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious light?
 No; they were made to fashion the sublime
 Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *wise*.

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals liv'd
 Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent,
 In theory sublime. O how unlike
 Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
 Who crawl on *earth*, and on her venom feed!
 Those ancient sages, *human* stars! they met
 Their brothers of the *skies*, at midnight hour;
 Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*.
 The STAGYRITE, and PLATO, he who drank
 The poison'd bowl, and he of *Tusculum*,
 With him of *Corduba*, (immortal names!)
 In these unbounded, and *Elysian*, walks,
 An area, fit for gods, and godlike men,
 They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths
 By *Seraphs* trod; instructed, chiefly thus,
 To tread in their bright footsteps here below;
 To walk in worth still brighter than the *skies*.
There, they contracted their contempt of *earth*;
 Of hopes eternal kindled, *there*, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
 (Great visitants!) more intimate with God,
 More worth to *men*, more joyous to *themselves*.
 Thro' *various virtues*, they, with ardour, ran
 The *Zodiack* of their learn'd, illustrious lives.
 In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal!

A *needful*, but *opprobrious* pray'r! as much
 Our *ardour* less, as greater is our *light*.
 How monstrous this in *mortals*! scarce more strange
 Would this *phænomenon* in nature strike,
 A *sun* that froze us, or a *star* that warm'd.
 What taught these heroes of the moral world?
 To these thou giv'st thy *praise*, give *credit* too.
 These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee,
 And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
 That narrow views betray to misery:
 That wise it is to comprehend the whole:
 That *Virtue* rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
 The single base of *virtue* built to heav'n:
 That *God*, and *Nature*, our attention claim:
 That *Nature* is the glass reflecting *God*,
 As, by the *sea*, reflected is the *sun*,
 Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere:
 That *mind immortal* loves *immortal* aims:
 That *boundless mind* affects a *boundless space*:
 That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
 The soul assimilate, and make her great:
 That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
 Such are their doctrines; *such* the *night* inspir'd.

And what more true? what truth of greater weight?
 The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
 Delightful outlet of her prison *here*!
 There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
 There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
 In full proportion let loose all her pow'rs;
 And, *undeluded*, grasp at something great.
 Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there;
 But, wonderful herself, thro' wonder strays;

Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own*;
 Dives deep in their œconomy divine,
 Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
 And, like a master, judges not amiss.
 Hence, greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
 Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
 More life, more vigour, in her native air;
 And feels herself at *home* among the stars;
 And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, LORENZO?
 As *earth* the body, since the *skies* sustain
 The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
 Call it, the noble pasture of the mind;
 Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
 And riots through the luxuries of thought.
 Call it, the garden of the DEITY,
 Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
 Of fruit ambrosial, *moral* fruit to man.
 Call it, the breast-plate of the true High-priest,
 Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
 In points of highest moment, right response;
 And ill-neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a *true* astrology;
 Thus, have we found a new, a noble sense,
 In which *alone* stars govern human fates.
 O that the *stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall
 Bloodshed, and havock, on embattl'd realms,
 And rescu'd *monarchs* from so black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wish how gen'rous in a foe!
 Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,
 And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
 For mighty conquests on a needle's point?
 Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
Bastile thy tutor, Grandeur all thy aim?

As yet thou know'st not what it is. How great,
How glorious, *then*, appears the *mind* of man,
When in it all the stars, and planets roll!
And what it *seems*, it *is*: *great* objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Those still more godlike, as *these* more divine.
And *more* divine than *these*, thou canst not see
Dazzl'd, o'erpower'd with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendours, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An *Eden*, this! a *Paradise* unlost!

I meet the DEITY in ev'ry view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him!
O that I could but reach the *tree of life*!
For *here* it grows, unguarded from our taste;
No *flaming sword* denies our entrance *here*:
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever*.

LORENZO! much of *moral* hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? then mark
The *mathematick* glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
LORENZO's boasted builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
Are left to finish his aerial towers;
Wisdom, and *Choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.
Tho' splendid all, no splendour void of use;
Use rivals *Beauty*; *Art* contends with *Power*;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expense;
The great OECONOMIST adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
And *newest* to the man that views it *most*;
For newer still in infinite succeeds.
Then, these aerial racers, O how swift!

How the shaft *loiters* from the strongest string!
Spirit alone can distance the career.
 Orb above orb ascending without end!
 Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
 Wheel within wheel; EZEKIEL! like to thine!
 Like thine, it seems a vision, or a dream;
 Tho' *seen*, we labour to believe it *true*!
 What involution! what extent! what swarms
 Of worlds, that laugh at *earth*! immensely great!
 Immensely distant from each other's spheres!
 What, then, the wondrous *space* thro' which they roll?
 At once it quite ingulphs all human thought;
 'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here:
 Thro' this illustrious chaos to the sight,
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
 Upbraids the lawless fallies of mankind.
 Worlds ever thwarting, never interfere;
 What knots are ty'd! how soon are they dissolv'd,
 And set the seeming marry'd planets free!
 They rove for ever, without error rove;
 Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
 This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
 In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
 What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
 To silence, by the presence of their LORD;
 Or hush'd, by *his* command, in love to man,
 And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
 Restless themselves. On yon cœrulean plain,
 In exultation to *their* GOD, and *thine*,
 They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
 Eternal celebration of *his* praise.
 But, since their *song* arrives not at our ear,

Their *dance* perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair *hieroglyphick* of his peerless power.
Mark, how the *labyrinthian* turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystick maze,
Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence* ;
To *gods*, how great ! how legible to *man* !

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still ?
Where are the pillars that support the skies ?
What more than *Atlantean* shoulder props,
Th' incumbent load ? what magick, what strange art,
In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains ?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains ?
And so they are ; in the high will of Heav'n,
Which fixes all ; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant ; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all ; if *such* the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantick sons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring *Alps*, all tofs'd into the sea ;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time, and measure, exquisite ; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft ;
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing ? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part, with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest *ends* ?

More *obvious* ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestick, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelick delegates of heav'n,
At certain periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,

Discharge high trusts of *vengeance*, or of *love*,
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnize?

Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in such a fight!
A fight so noble! and a fight so kind!
It drops *new* truths at ev'ry *new* survey!
Feels not LORENZO something stir within,
That sweeps away all period? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundless *space*, through which these rovers take
Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought
Of boundless *time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* skill
To man unlabour'd, that important guest,
ETERNITY, finds entrance at the *sight*:
And an *eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or these his destin'd midnight-counsellors,
The *stars*, had never whisper'd it to man.
NATURE *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her sons;
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To *disappoint* it?—That is blasphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a second article,
Momentous as th' existence of a GOD,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought;
And thou mayst read thy *soul immortal*, here.

Here, then, LORENZO! on these glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof,
That calls the wretched *gay* to dark delights.
Assemblées?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the fairest, and the SULTAN scorn.
He, wise as *thou*, no *crescent* holds so fair,

As that which on his turbant awes a world;
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind superiour to the charms of *power*.
Thou muffled in delusions of this life!
Can yonder *Moon* turn Ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb, and flow,
And purify from stench his wat'ry realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? Wants she power
To turn LORENZO's stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on *Earth's* infected shore,
And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heav'n?
Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, *Earth's* joy?
Minds elevate, and panting for *unseen*,
And defecate from *sense*, alone obtain
Full relish of existence undeflower'd,
The *life* of life, the *zest* of worldly bliss.

All else on earth amounts—to what? to *this*:

“BAD to be *suffer'd*; BLESSINGS to be *left*:”

Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.

O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.

O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here*;

In mid-way flight Imagination tires;

Yet soon reprunes her wing to soar anew,

Her point unable to forbear, or gain;

So *great* the pleasure, so *profound* the plan!

A banquet this where men and angels meet,

Eat the same *manna*, mingle earth and heav'n.

How distant some of these nocturnal suns!

So distant (says the sage *) 'twere not absurd

Z 2

* Hugenius.

To doubt, if beams, fet out at *Nature's* birth,
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
 Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
 An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
 And roll *for ever*. Who can satiate sight
 In *such* a scene? In such an ocean wide
 Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,
 Are lost in their extremes; and where to count
 The thick-fown glories in this field of fire,
 Perhaps a *seraph's* computation fails.
 Now, go, *Ambition!* boast thy boundless might
 In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet LORENZO calls for miracle,
 To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.
 Why call for less than is *already* thine?
 Thou art no novice in theology;
 What is a *miracle*?—'Tis a reproach,
 'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind;
 And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.
 To common sense, great *Nature's* course proclaims
 A DEITY: when mankind falls asleep,
 A *miracle* is sent, as an *alarm*,
 To wake the world, and prove *him* o'er again,
 By *recent* argument, but not more *strong*.
 Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
 Or *Nature's* laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?
 To *make* a sun, or *stop* his mid-career?
 To countermand his orders, and send back
 The flaming courier to the frightened *East*,
 Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his ev'ning-ray?
 Or bid the *Moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
 In *Ajalon's* soft, flow'ry vale repose?
 Great things are these; still greater, to *create*.
 From ADAM's bower look down thro' the whole train

Of miracles ;—resistless is their power ?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* unmiraculous survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen,
If seen with *human* eyes. The *brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *spangles* here ; the *fool*, no more.
Say'st thou, “ The course of *Nature* governs all ? ”
The *course* of *Nature* is the *art* of GOD.
The miracles thou call'st for, *this* attest ;
For say, could *Nature* *Nature's* course control ?

But, miracles apart, who sees HIM not,
Nature's CONTROLLER, AUTHOR, GUIDE, and END ?
Who turns his eye on *Nature's* midnight-face,
But must inquire,—“ What hand behind the scene,
“ What arm almighty put these wheeling globes
“ In motion, and wound up the vast machine ?
“ Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs ?
“ Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
“ Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning-dew,
“ Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
“ And set the bosom of *Old Night* on fire ?
“ Peopled her desert, and made horror *smile* ? ”
Or, if the military style delight thee,
(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man),
“ Who marshals this bright host ? inrolls their names ?
“ Appoints their posts, their marches, and returns,
“ Punctual at stated periods ? Who disbands
“ These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
“ If e'er disbanded ? ”—HE, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their pow'rs,
In *Night's* inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness ; arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold ;

And call'd them out of *chaos* to the field,
 Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.
 O let us join this army! joining these,
 Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
 When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night;
 When these strong demonstrations of a GOD
 Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
 And one *eternal* curtain cover all!

Struck at *that* thought, as now awak'd, I lift
 A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
 To man still more propitious; and their aid
 (Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
 O ye *dividers of my time*! ye bright
 Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
 In your fair calender distinctly mark'd!
 Since that authentick, radiant register,
 Though man inspects it not, stands good against him;
 Since *you*, and years roll on, though man stands still;
 Teach me my days to number, and apply
 My trembling heart to *wisdom*; now beyond
 All shadows of excuse for fooling on.
 Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside
 The snares keen *Appetite* and *Passion* spread
 To catch stray souls; and wo to that grey head,
 Whose *Folly* would undo, what *Age* has done!
 Aid, then, aid, all ye stars!—much rather, THOU,
 Great ARTIST! THOU, whose finger set aright
 This exquisite *machine*, with all its *wheels*,
 Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
 Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
 With such an *index* fair, as none can miss,
 Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.
 Open mine eye, dread DEITY! to read

The tacit doctrine of thy works ; to see
Things as they *are*, unalter'd through the glass
Of worldly wishes. *Time, Eternity !*
('Tis these, mismeasur'd, ruin all mankind) ;
Set them before me ; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let *Time* appear a *moment*, as it *is* ;
And let *Eternity*'s full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into heav'n.
When shall I see far more than charms me now ?
Gaze on creation's model in *thy* breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more ?
When this vile, foreign dust, which smothers all
That travel *Earth*'s deep vale, shall I shake off ?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And, readopted to thy blest'd embrace,
Obtain her *apotheosis* in THEE ?

Dost think, LORENZO ! this is wand'ring wide ?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark ;
To wake thy *dead devotion* * was my point ;
And how I bless *Night*'s consecrating shades,
Which to a *temple* turn an *universe* ;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heav'n,
And antidote the pestilential earth !
In ev'ry storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in pray'r !
And what a fane is *this*, in which to pray !
And what a GOD must dwell in such a fane !
O what a genius must inform the skies !
And is LORENZO's salamander-heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires ?
O ye nocturnal sparks, ye glowing embers,

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On heav'ns broad hearth! who burn, or burn no more,
 Who blaze, or die, as great JEHOVAH's breath,
 Or blows you, or forbears; assist my song;
 Pour your whole influence; exercise his heart,
 So long possess'd; and bring him back to *man*.
 And is LORENZO a demurrer *still*?

Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy *parts* to shame.
 Nor shame they more LORENZO's *head*, than *heart*.
 A *faithless* heart, how despicably small!
 Too straight aught great or gen'rous to receive!
 Fill'd with an atom! fill'd and foul'd with *self*!
 And self-mistaken! self that lasts an hour!
Instinct, and *passions* of the nobler kind,
 Lie suffocated there; or *they* alone,
Reason apart, would wake high hope; and open
 To ravish'd thought, that *intellectual* sphere,
 Where *Order*, *Wisdom*, *Goodness*, *Providence*,
 Their endless miracles of love display,
 And promise all the truly great desire.
 The mind that would be *happy*, must be *great*;
 Great in its *wishes*; great, in its *surveys*.
 Extended views a narrow mind extend;
 Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
 Which, ere long, *more* than planets shall embrace.
 A man of *compass* makes a man of *worth*;
Divine contemplate, and become *divine*.

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
 All littleness is in approach to wo;
 Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
 And let in *manhood*; let in *happiness*;
 Admit the boundless theatre of thought
 From nothing, up to GOD; which makes a *man*.
 Take GOD from *Nature*, nothing great is left;

Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees ;
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound ; erect thine eye ;
See thy distress ! how close art thou besieg'd !
Besieg'd by *Nature*, the proud sceptick's foe !
Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds.
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of PROVIDENCE,
How art thou caught, sure captive of belief !
From this thy bless'd captivity, what art,
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free !
This scene is heav'n's indulgent violence :
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory ?
What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But, faith in GOD impos'd, and press'd on man ?
Dar'st thou still litigate thy desp'rate *cause*,
Spite of these num'rous, awful *witnesses*,
And doubt the *deposition* of the skies ?
That bright connection between hearts, and heav'n !
O how laborious is thy way to ruin !

Laborious ? 'tis *impracticable* quite ;
To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,
With all his weight of wisdom, and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they *did* ; but *no* man *disbelieves*.
GOD is a *Spirit* ; *Spirit* cannot strike
These gross, material organs ; GOD by man
As much is seen, as *man* a GOD can see,
In these astonishing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size !
Confection of design, how exquisite !
How complicate, in their divine police !
Apt means ! great ends, consent to gen'ral good !
Each attribute of these *material* gods,

So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
A sep'rate conquest gains o'er rebel-thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

LORENZO! this may seem *harangue* to thee;
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof
Of this great master-moral of the skies,
Unskill'd, or disinclin'd, to read it *there*?
Since, 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
Retire;—the *world* shut out;—thy thoughts call home;
Imagination's airy wind repress;—
Lock up thy *sense*;—let no *passion* stir;—
Wake all to *Reason*;—let *her* reign alone;—
Then, in thy *soul's* deep silence, and the depth
Of *Nature's* silence, midnight, this inquire,
As *I* have done; and shall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.

“ *What* am I?—and from *whence*?—I nothing know,
“ But that I *am*;—and, since I *am*, conclude
“ Something *eternal*. Had there ere been *nought*,
“ *Nought* still had been. *Eternal* there *must* be.—
“ But *what* *eternal*?—Why not *human race*;
“ And ADAM's ancestors without an end?
“ That's hard to be conceiv'd; since ev'ry link
“ Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.
“ Can ev'ry *part depend*, and not the *whole*.
“ Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties rise;
“ I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
“ Whence *earth*, and these bright *orbs*?—*eternal* too!—
“ Grant *matter* was eternal; still these *orbs*

- “ Would want some other father.—Much design
“ Is seen in all their *motions*, all their *makes* :
“ *Design* implies *intelligence*, and *art* :
“ *That* can't be from *themselves*,—or *man* : *that* art
“ Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?
“ And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than *man*.—
“ Who, *motion*, foreign to the smallest grain,
“ Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight ?
“ Who bid brute *matter's* restive lump assume
“ Such various forms, and give it wings to fly ?
“ Has matter *innate* motion ? then each atom,
“ Asserting its indisputable right
“ To dance, would form an universe of dust.
“ Has *matter* none ? then whence these glorious forms.
“ And boundless *flights*, from *shapeless* and *repos'd* ?
“ Has matter *more* than motion ? has it thought,
“ Judgment, and genius ? is it deeply learn'd
“ In *mathematicks* ? has it fram'd *such* laws,
“ Which, but to guess, a NEWTON made immortal ?—
“ If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at *me*,
“ Who think a *clod* inferiour to a *man* !
“ If art, to form, and counsel to conduct ;
“ And that with greater far, than human skill,
“ Resides not in each block ;—a GODHEAD reigns.—
“ Grant, then, invisible, eternal MIND ;
“ *That* granted, all is solv'd.—But, granting that,
“ Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud ;
“ Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive ?
“ A being without origin, or end !—
“ Hail, human liberty ! there is no GOD.—
“ Yet why ? on either scheme that knot subsists ;
“ Subsist it *must*, in GOD, or *human race*.
“ If in the last, how many knots beside,
“ Indissoluble all ? —Why choose it *there*,

“ Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
 “ Reject it, where, *that* chosen, all the rest
 “ Dispers’d, leave *Reason*’s whole horizon clear,
 “ This is not *Reason*’s dictate; *Reason* says,
 “ Close with the side where *one* grain turns the scale.
 “ What vast preponderance is here! can *Reason*
 “ With louder voice exclaim—*Believe a GOD*:
 “ And *Reason* heard, is the sole mark of man.
 “ What things impossible must man think true,
 “ On any other system? and how strange
 “ To *disbelieve*, through mere credulity!”

If, in this chain, LORENZO finds no flaw,
 Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.

And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?——

And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!
 How great that POWER, whose providential care
 Thro’ these bright orbs dark centres darts a ray!
 Of *Nature* universal threads the whole!

And hangs *Creation*, like a precious gem,
 Tho’ little, on the footstool of his throne!

That little gem, how large? a weight let fall
 From a fix’d star, in ages can it reach
 This distant *Earth*? say, then, LORENZO! where,
 Where ends this mighty building? where begin
 The suburbs of creation? where, the wall
 Whose battlements look o’er into the vale
 Of non-existence? NOTHING’S strange abode!
 Dread, bottomless *Amazement*! how it yawns?
 How shuddering *Fancy* sickens, and recoils?
 And it is *there* LORENZO *hopes* to dwell?
 Say, at what point of space JEHOVAH dropp’d
 His slacken’d *line*, and laid his *balance* by:
 Weigh’d *worlds*, and measur’d *infinite*, no more?
 Where rears his *terminating pillar* high

Its extramundane head? and says, to gods,
In characters illustrious as the sun,

I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce

The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd:

Shout, all ye gods! nor shout, ye gods alone;

Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,

That rests, or rolls, ye heights, ye depths, resound!

Resound! resound! ye depths, and heights, resound!

Hard are those questions?—Answer, *harder still.*

Is *this* the sole exploit, the single birth,

The solitary son, of *pow'r divine?*

Or has th' almighty FATHER, with a breath,

Impregnated the womb of distant *space?*

Has *He* not bid, in various provinces,

Brother-creations the dark bowels burst

Of *Night* primæval, barren now no more?

And *he* the central sun, transpiercing all

Those *giant-generations*, which disport,

And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray;

That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,

In that *abyss* of *horrou*r, whence they sprung;

While *Chaos* triumphs repossess'd of all

Rival *Creation* ravish'd from his throne?

CHAOS! of *Nature* both the womb and grave!

Think'st thou my scheme, LORENZO! spreads too

Is this *extravagant?*—no; this is *just*; [wide?

Just in *conjecture*, tho' 'twere false in *fact*.

If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung

From noble root, high thought of the MOST HIGH.

But wherefore error? who can prove it such?

He that can fet OMNIPOTENCE a bound.

Can man *conceive* beyond what GOD can *do?*

Nothing but *quite-impossible* is hard.

He summons into being, with like ease,
 A whole *creation*, and a single *grain*.
 Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!—
 A thousand worlds? there's space for millions more;
 And in what space can his great *fiat* fail?
 Condemn me not, cold critick! but indulge
 The warm *imagination*. Why condemn?
 Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
 With fuller admiration of *that power*,
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to swell?
 Why not indulge in *his* augmented praise?
 Darts not *his* glory a still brighter ray,
 The less is left to *Chaos*, and the realms
 Of hideous *Night*, where *Fancy* strays aghast;
 And, though most *talkative*, makes no report?

Still seems my thought enormous? Think again;—
Experience self shall aid thy lame belief.

Glasses, (that revelation to the sight!)
 Have they not led us in the deep disclose
 Of fine-spun *Nature*, exquisitely *small*;
 And, though *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*?
 If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
 In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,
 To keep the balance, and creation *poise*?
Defect alone can err on such a theme.

What is too great, if we the *cause* survey?
 Stupendous ARCHITECT! THOU, THOU, art all!
 My soul flies up and down in thoughts of THEE,
 And finds herself but at the centre still!

I AM, thy name! *existence*, all *thine own*!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd
 “*The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of GOD.*”

O for the voice—of what? of whom?—What voice
 Can answer to my wants, in *such* ascent,

As dares to deem one universe too small?
Tell me, LORENZO! (for now *Fancy* glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of almighty power),
Is not this home-creation, in the map
Of universal *Nature*, as a speck,
Like fair BRITANNIA in our little ball;
Exceeding fair and glorious for its size,
But elsewhere far out-measur'd, far outshone?
In *Fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)
Canst thou not figure it, an *isle*, almost
Too small for notice, in the *vast* of being;
Sever'd by mighty seas of *unbuilt* space,
From other *realms*; from ample *continents*
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Less *northern*, less remote from DEITY,
Glowing beneath the *line* of the SUPREME;
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of *human* worth, but ripen soon to gods?

Yet why drown *Fancy* in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
The bounds of man; nor blame them as too small.
Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen*?
Full ample the dominions of the sun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faster than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This *Heliopolis*, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the *Nile*, was built;
And *he* alone, who built it, can destroy.
Beyond *this city*, why strays human thought?

One wonderful, enough for man to know !
One infinite, enough for man to range !
One firmament, enough for man to read !
 O what voluminous instruction here !
 What page of wisdom is deny'd him ! None,
 If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
 Nor is *instructions*, here, our only gain ;
 There dwells a noble *pathos* in the skies,
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
 With what authority it gives its charge,
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
 Though silent, loud ! heard earth around ; above
 The planets heard ; and not unheard in hell ;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
 Is *earth*, then, more infernal ? has she those,
 Who neither *praise* (LORENZO !) nor *admire* ?

LORENZO'S admiration, pre-engag'd,
 Ne'er ask'd the *Moon* one question ; never held
 Least correspondence with a single star ;
 Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *Queen of Heav'n*,
 Walking in brightness ; or her train ador'd.
 Their *sublunary* rivals have long since
 Ingross'd his whole devotion ; *stars* malign,
 Which made their fond *astronomers* run mad ;
 Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart* ;
 Cause him sacrifice his fame and peace
 To momentary madness, call'd delight.
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
 The lifted hand to LUNA, or pour'd out
 The blood to JOVE !—O THOU, to whom belongs
 All sacrifice ! O thou great JOVE unfeign'd !
 DIVINE INSTRUCTOR ! thy *first* volume, *this*,
 For *man's* perusal ; all in CAPITALS !

In *moon*, and *stars*, (heav'n's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *understand*. 'Tis unconfin'd
To *Christian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
In language universal, to MANKIND:
A language, lofty to the learn'd; yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from its husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language worthy the GREAT MIND, that speaks!
Preface and *comment*, to the *sacred page*!
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
As presupposing his first lesson *there*,
And scripture-self a *fragment*, that unread.
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!
Stupendous book! and open'd, NIGHT! by thee.

By thee *much* open'd, I confess, O *Night*!
Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail?
Say, gentle *Night*! whose modest, maiden beams
Give us a *new* creation, and present
The world's great picture, soften'd to the sight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
Say thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud and envious star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and shew
The mighty POTENTATE, to whom belong
These rich *regalia*, pompously display'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of *Uz*,
I gaze around; I search on ev'ry side——
O for a glimpse of HIM my soul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream; for HIM who made her,

So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
 Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where?
 Where blazes *his* bright court? where burns his throne?
 Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee, round
His grand pavilion, sacred Fame reports
 The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
 Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
 Who travel far, discover where *he* dwells?
 A *star* his dwelling pointed out *below*.

Ye *Pleiades!* *Arcturus!* *Mazaroth!*

And thou, *Orion!* of still keener eye!

Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
 And bring them out of tempest into port!

On which hand must I bend my course to find *him*?

These courtiers keep the secret of their KING;

I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake; and, waking, climb *Night's* radiant scale,
 From sphere to sphere; the steps by Nature set
 For man's ascent; at once to *tempt*, and *aid*;
 To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his tow'ring thought;
 'Till it arrives at the *great goal* of all.

In ardent *Contemplation's* rapid car,

From *Earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.

How swift I mount! diminish'd *Earth* recedes;

I pass the *Moon*; and, from her farther side,

Pierce heav'n's blue curtain; strike into *remote*;

Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage

His artificial, airy journey takes,

And to *celestial* lengthens *human* sight.

I pause at ev'ry *planet* on my road,

And ask for HIM, who gives their orbs to roll,

Their foreheads fair to shine. From SATURN'S

In which, of *earths* an army might be lost,

With the bold *comet*, take my bolder flight,

Amid those *sov'reign* glories of the skies,
 Of independent, native lustre, proud;
 The souls of systems! and the lords of life,
 Through their wide empires!—What behold I *now*?
 A wilderness of wonders burning round;
 Where *larger* suns inhabit *higher* spheres;
 Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods!
 Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
 'Tis but the threshold of the DEITY;
 Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still;
 Grovelling in elevation few can reach!
 Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
 The grandeur of his works, whence *Folly* fought
 For aid, to *Reason* sets his glory higher;
 Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to *Him*);
 O where, LORENZO! must the BUILDER dwell?

Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire—
 If human thought can keep its station here. [thou,
 Where am I?—Where is *earth*?—Nay, where art
 O *Sun*?—Is the sun turn'd recluse?—and are
 His boasted expeditions short to *mine*?
 To *mine*, how short! On Nature's *Alps* I stand,
 And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
 A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!
 So *much* a stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,
 How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
 What are the natives of this world sublime,
 Of this so foreign, unterrestrial sphere,
 Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd?

“ O ye, as distant from my little home,
 “ As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!
 “ Far from my native element I roam,
 “ In quest of new, and wonderful to man.
 “ What province this, of *his* immense domain,

- “ Whom all obeys ? Or mortals here, or gods ?
 “ Ye bord’ers on the coasts of blifs ! what are you ?
 “ A colony from heav’n ? or, only rais’d,
 “ By frequent visit from heav’n’s neighb’ring realms,
 “ To secondary gods, and half divine ?—
 “ Whate’er your nature, *this* is past dispute,
 “ Far other life you live, far other tongue
 “ You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
 “ Than man. How various are the works of GOD !
 “ But say, *What* thought ? Is *Reason* here inthron’d
 “ And absolute ? or *Sense* in arms against her ?
 “ Have you *two* lights ? or need you no *reveal’d* ?
 “ Enjoy your happy realms their golden age ?
 “ And had your EDEN an abstemious EVE ?
 “ Our EVE’s fair daughters prove their pedigree,
 “ And ask their ADAMS,——*Who would not be wise ?*
 “ Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem’d* ?
 “ And if *redeem’d*,—is your Redeemer *scorn’d* ?
 “ Is this your final residence ? If not,
 “ Change you your scene, *translated* ? or by *death* ?
 “ And if by *death* ; *what* death ?—know you *disease* ?
 “ Or horrid *war* ?——With war, this fatal hour,
 “ EUROPA groans, (so call we a small field, [putes
 “ Where kings run mad). In *our* world, DEATH de-
 “ *Intemperance* to do the work of *Age* ;
 “ And, hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
 “ As flow of execution, for dispatch
 “ Sends forth *Imperial* butchers ; bids them slay
 “ Their sheep, (the silly sheep they fleec’d before),
 “ And tofs him twice ten thousand at a meal.
 “ Sit all *your* executioners on thrones ?
 “ With *you*, can rage for plunder make a GOD ?
 “ And *bloodshed* wash out ev’ry other stain ?——
 “ But you, perhaps, can’t bleed : from matter gross

“ Your *spirits* clean, are delicately clad
“ In fine-spun ether; privileg’d to soar,
“ Unloaded, uninfected. How unlike
“ The lot of man! How few of human race
“ By their own *mud* unmurder’d! how we wage
“ Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
“ Of hardy conflict o’er? Or, are you still
“ Raw candidates at school? And have you those
“ Who disaffect *reversions*, as with *us*?
“ But what are *we*? You never heard of *Man*,
“ Or *Earth*; the *Bedlam* of the universe!
“ Where *Reason* (undiseas’d with you) runs mad,
“ And nurses *Folly*’s children as *her own*;
“ Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
“ Of *Holiness*, where reason is pronounc’d
“ *Infallible*; and *thunders*, like a god;
“ Ev’n *there*, by *saints*, the *dæmons* are outdone:
“ What *these* think wrong, our *saints* refine to right;
“ And kindly teach *dull* hell her own black arts;
“ SATAN, instructed, o’er their *morals* smiles.—
“ But *this*, how strange to you, who know not *Man*!
“ Has the least rumour of our race arriv’d?
“ Call’d *here* ELIJAH, in his flaming car?
“ Pass’d by you the good ENOCH, on his road
“ To those fair fields, whence LUCIFER was hurl’d;
“ Who brush’d, perhaps, your sphere, in his descent,
“ Stain’d your pure crystal ether, or let fall
“ A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
“ O! that the fiend had lodg’d on some broad orb
“ Athwart his way; nor reach’d his present home;
“ Then blacken’d *Earth* with footsteps foul’d in hell,
“ Nor wash’d in *Ocean*, as from ROME he pass’d
“ To BRITAIN’S isle; *too, too* conspicuous *there*!”
But this is all digression.—Where is HE,

That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd
 To groans, and chains, and darknes? Where is HE,
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
 HE, whom, while man is *man*, he can't but seek;
 And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
 O for a telescope his throne to reach!
 Tell me, ye learn'd on *earth*! or blest'd *above*!
 Ye searching, ye *Newtonian* angels! tell,
 Where your great MASTER's orb? his planets, where?
 Those *conscious* satellites, those *morning-stars*,
 First-born of DEITY! from central love,
 By veneration most profound, thrown-off;
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
 Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *serene*;
 Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
 In still *approaching* circles, still *remote*,
 Revolving round the sun's eternal SIRE!
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
 To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
 Terrestrial thought's horizon!—And on what
 High errands sent?—Here *human* effort ends;
 And leaves me still a stranger to *his* throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road,
 Born in an age more curious, than devout;
 More fond to fix the *place* of heav'n or hell,
 Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.
 'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
 That leads me to my point. LORENZO! know,
 Without or *star*, or *angel*, for their guide,
 Who worship GOD, shall *find* him. Humble *Love*,
 And not proud *Reason*, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admission, where proud *Science* fails.
 Man's science is the culture of his heart;
 And not to lose his plummet in the depths

Of *Nature*, or the more profound of GOD.
Either to know, is an attempt that sets
The wisest on a level with the fool.
To fathom *Nature* (ill attempted *here*!)
Past doubt, is deep philosophy *above*:
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still,
For, what a thunder of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak!) is seen in all!
In *Man*! in *Earth*! in more amazing *skies*!
Teaching this lesson, *Pride* is loth to learn—
“Not *deeply* to discern, not *much* to know,
“Mankind was born to WONDER and ADORE.

And is there cause for higher *wonder* still,
Than that which struck us from our past surveys?
Yes; and for deeper *adoration* too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, LORENZO! this;
Each of these stars is a religious house;
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise,
And heard *Hosannas* ring thro' every sphere,
A seminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is consecrated ground,
Teeming with growths immortal, and divine.
The great PROPRIETOR's bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields
With seeds of *reason*, which to *virtues* rise
Beneath *his* genial ray; and, if escap'd
The pestilential blasts of stubborn *will*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the *skies*.
And is *devotion* thought too much on *earth*,
When beings, so superiour, homage boast,
And *triumph* in prostrations TO THE THRONE?
But wherefore more of planets or of stars?

Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,
 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout?
 All *Nature* sending incense to *the throne*,
 Except the bold LORENZOS of our sphere?
 Op'ning the solemn fountains of my soul,
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd ERIDANUS,
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies.
 Nor see, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more
 Invites the muse—here turn we, and review
 Our past nocturnal landscape wide;—then, say,
 Say, then, LORENZO! with what burst of heart,
 The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
 Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast!
 “ O what a root! O what a branch is here!
 “ O what a father! what a family!
 “ Worlds! systems! and creations!—and creations,
 “ In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
 “ * Great VINE! on *Thee*, on *Thee* the cluster hangs;
 “ The filial cluster! infinitely spread
 “ In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
 “ And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
 “ Or, shall I say (for *who* can say enough?)
 “ A constellation of ten thousand gems,
 “ (And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!)
 “ Set in one *signet*, flames on the right hand
 “ Of *Majesty Divine!* the blazing seal,
 “ That deeply stamps, on all created *mind*,
 “ Indelible, *his* sov'reign attributes,
 “ Omnipotence, and Love; that passing bound,
 “ And *this* surpassing that. Nor stop we here,
 “ For want of power in GOD, but *thought* in MAN.
 “ Even *this* acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt;

“ If *greater* aught, that greater all is THINE,
 “ DREAD SIRE !—Accept this miniature of THEE ;
 “ And pardon an *attempt* from mortal thought,
 “ In which archangels might have fail’d, unblam’d.”

How such ideas of th’ ALMIGHTY’s *power*,
 And such ideas of th’ ALMIGHTY’s *plan*,
 (Ideas not absurd) distend the thought
 Of feeble mortals ! Nor of *them* alone !
 The fulness of the DEITY breaks forth
 In *inconceivables* to men, and gods.
 Think, then, O think ; nor ever drop the thought ;
 How *low* must *man* descend, when *gods* adore !—
 Have I not, then, accomplish’d my proud boast ?
 Did I not tell thee, “ * We would mount, LORENZO !
 “ And kindle our devotion at the *stars* ? ”

And have I *fail’d* ? and did I *flatter* thee ?
 And art all adamant ? and dost confute
 All urg’d, with one irrefragable *smile* ?
 LORENZO ! *mirth* how miserable *here* !
 Swear by the *stars*, by HIM who made them, swear,
 Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *they* :
 Then *thou*, like *them*, shalt *shine* ; like *them*, shalt *rise*
 From low to lofty ; from obscure to bright ;
 By due gradation, *Nature*’s sacred law.
 The *stars*, from whence ?—Ask *Chaos*,—*he* can tell.
 These bright temptations to idolatry,
 From *Darkness* and *Confusion* took their birth ;
 Sons of *Deformity* ! from fluid dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude ;
 And then, to spheres opaque ; then dimly shone ;
 Then brighten’d ; then blaz’d out in *perfect day*.
Nature delights in progress ; in advance

B b †

From worse to better : but, when *minds* ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon *themselves*.

Heav'n aids exertion ; greater makes the great ;
The *voluntary* little lessens more.

O be a *man* ! and thou shalt be a *god* !
And *half self-made* !—ambition how divine !

O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone !
Still undevout ? unkindled !—though high-taught,
School'd by the skies ; and pupil of the stars ;
Rank coward to the *fashionable world* !

Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to heav'n ?
Curs'd fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell !
Pride in *religion* is man's highest praise.

Bent on destruction ! and in love with death !
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for Happiness, and meets *Despair*.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *Night*,
Amid her glimm'ring tapers, silent sits !
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens Nature's scene !
A scene more sad *sin* makes the darken'd soul ;
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Tho' blind of heart, still open is thine eye :
Why such magnificence in all thou seest ?
Of *matter's* grandeur, know, one end is this,
To tell the *rational*, who gazes on it,—
“ Tho' *that* immensely great, still greater *he*,
“ Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
“ Unburden'd, Nature's universal scheme ;
“ Can grasp *Creation* with a *single* thought ;
Creation grasp ; and not exclude its SIRE.”—
To tell him farther,—“ It behoves him much
” To guard th' important, yet depending, fate

“ Of being, brighter than a thousand suns ;
 “ One single ray of *thought* outshines them all.”—
 And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
 Superiour heights, and on his purple wing,
 His purple wing bedropp'd with eyes of gold,
 Rising, where *thought* is now deny'd to rise,
 Look down *triumphant* on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist?—No mortal ever liv'd,
 But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when words are true?)
 The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain ;
 Vain, and far worse!—think thou, with dying men ;
 O *condescend* to think as angels think !
 O *tolerate* a chance for happiness !
 Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate ;
 And hell had been, though there had been no God.
 Dost thou not know, my new astronomer !
Earth, turning from the *sun*, brings night to man ?
Man, turning from God, brings *endless* night ;
 Where thou canst read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
 Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
 How *deep* the darkness ! and the groan, how *loud* !
 And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames !
 Such is LORENZO's purchase ! such his praise !
 The proud, the politick LORENZO's praise !
 Though in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
 I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from *me* ;
 My song but echoes what great *Nature* speaks.
 What has she spoken ? Thus the goddess spoke,
 Thus speaks for ever :—“ Place, at Nature's head,
 “ A sov'reign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
 “ Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
 “ But, above all, diffuses endless good ;

“ *To whom*, for sure redress, the wrong’d may fly ;
 “ The vile, for mercy ; and the pain’d, for peace ;
 “ *By whom*, the various tenants of these spheres,
 “ Diversify’d in fortunes, place, and powers,
 “ Rais’d in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
 “ Arrive at length, (if worthy such approach),
 “ At that bless’d fountain-head from which they stream ;
 “ Where conflict past redoubles present joy ;
 “ And present joy looks forward on increase,
 “ And that on more ; no period ! ev’ry step
 “ A double boon ! a *promise*, and a *bliss*.”

How easy fits *this* scheme on human hearts !

It suits their make ; it sooths their vast desires ;

Passion is pleas’d ; and *Reason* asks no more ;

’Tis rational ! ’tis great !—but what is thine ?

It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !

Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,

Sinking from bad to worse ; few years, the sport

Of *Fortune* ; then, the morsel of *Despair*.

Say, then, LORENZO ! (for thou know’st it well),
 What’s *vice* ?—Mere want of compass in our thought.

Religion, what ?—The proof of *common sense*.

How art thou hooted, where the *least* prevails !

Is it *my* fault, if *these truths* call thee *fool* ?

And thou shalt never be *miscall’d* by me.

Can neither *shame*, nor *terroure*, stand thy friend ?

And art thou *still* an insect in the mire ?

How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown ;

Snatch’d thee from earth ; escorted thee thro’ all

Th’ ethereal armies ; walk’d thee, like a god,

Thro’ splendours of first magnitude, arrang’d

On either hand ; clouds thrown beneath thy feet ;

Close-cruis’d on the bright paradise of GOD ;

And almost introduc’d thee to THE THRONE !

And art thou still carousing, for delight,
 Rank poison; first, fermenting to mere *froth*,
 And then subsiding into final *gall*?
 To beings of sublime, *immortal* make,
 How shocking is all joy, whose *end* is sure!
 Such joy *more* shocking still, the more it *charms*!
 And dost thou choose what ends, ere well begun?
 And infamous, as short? and dost thou choose
 (*Thou*, to whose palate *glory* is so sweet)
 To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,
 Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own*?
 For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
 And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;
 For, by strong Guilt's most violent assault,
 Conscience is but *disabled*, not *destroy'd*.

O thou most awful being, and most vain!
 Thy will, how *frail*! how *glorious* is thy power!
 Tho' dread ETERNITY has sown her seeds
 Of bliss, and wo, in thy despotick breast;
 Tho' heav'n, and hell, depend upon thy choice;
 A butterfly comes 'cross, and both are fled.
 Is this the picture of a rational?
 This horrid image, shall it be most just?
 LORENZO! No: it cannot—*shall* not be,
 If there is force in *reason*; or in *sounds*
 Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,
 A magick, at this planetary hour,
 When *Slumber* locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams
 Through senseless mazes hunt souls *uninspir'd*.
 Attend—the sacred mysteries begin—
 My solemn *night-born* adjuration hear;
 Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust;
 While the *stars* gaze on this enchantment *new*;

Inchantment, not infernal, but divine !

- “ BY *silence*, DEATH's peculiar attribute ;
 “ BY *Darkness*, GUILT's inevitable doom ;
 “ BY *Darkness*, and by *Silence*, sisters dread !
 “ That draw the curtain round NIGHT's ebon throne,
 “ And raise ideas, solemn as the scene ;
 “ BY NIGHT, and all of awful, Night presents
 “ To *thought*, or *sense*, (of awful, much to both,
 “ The goddess brings !) By these her trembling *fires*,
 “ Like VESTA's ever burning ; and, like *hers*,
 “ Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure !
 “ By these bright orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,
 “ And press thee to revere the DEITY ;
 “ Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,
 “ To reach *his* throne ; as *stages* of the soul,
 “ Thro' which at diff'rent periods, she shall pass,
 “ Refining gradual, for her final height,
 “ And purging off some dross at ev'ry sphere !
 “ By this dark pall, thrown o'er the silent world !
 “ By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
 “ From short Ambition's *zenith* set for ever ;
 “ Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom !
 “ By the long list of swift mortality,
 “ From *Adam* downward to this ev'ning knell.
 “ Which midnight waves in *Fancy*'s startled eye ;
 “ And shocks her with an hundred centuries [thought !
 “ Round *Death*'s black banner throng'd, in human
 “ By thousands, *now*, resigning their last breath,
 “ And calling thee,—wert thou so wise to hear !
 “ By tombs o'er tombs arising ; human earth,
 “ Ejected, to make room for—human earth ;
 “ The monarch's *terrou*r ! and the sexton's *trade* !
 “ By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,

“ The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
 “ Which makes poor man’s humiliation proud;
 “ Boast of our *ruin*! triumph of our *dust*!
 “ By the damp vault that weeps o’er royal bones;
 “ And the pale lamp, that shews the ghastly dead,
 “ More ghastly through the thick incumbent gloom!
 “ By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
 “ The gliding spectre! and the groaning grove!
 “ By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
 “ For the grave’s shelter! By desponding men,
 “ Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
 “ By Guilt’s last audit! By yon *moon* in blood,
 “ The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
 “ And thunder’s last discharge, great Nature’s knell!
 “ BY SECOND *Chaos*; and ETERNAL *Night*.”—

BE WISE,—nor let PHILANDER blame my *charm*;
 But own not ill-discharg’d my double debt,
Love to the living; *duty* to the dead.

For know, I’m but executor; *he* left
 This moral legacy; *I* make it o’er
 By *his* command; PHILANDER hear in me;
 And heav’n in both.—If deaf to these, Oh! hear
 FLORELLO’s tender voice; *his* weal depends
 On *thy* resolve; it trembles at thy choice;
 For *his* sake—love *thyself*: example strikes
 All human hearts; a *bad* example, more;
 More still, a father’s; that ensures his ruin.
 As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove
 Th’ unnat’ral parent of his miseries,
 And make him curse the being which thou gav’st?
 Is *this* the blessing of so fond a father?
 If careless of LORENZO! spare, Oh! spare,
 FLORELLO’s father, and PHILANDER’s friend;
 FLORELLO’s father ruin’d, ruins him;

And from PHILANDER's friend the world expects
A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.

Let *Passion* do, what nobler motive should;

Let *Love*, and *Emulation*, rise in aid

To *Reason*; and persuade thee to be—blest'd.

This seems not a request to be deny'd;

Yet (such th' infatuation of mankind!)

'Tis the most *hopeless*, man can make to man.

Shall I, then, rise in argument, and warmth?

And urge PHILANDER's posthumous advice,

From topicks yet unbroach'd?—

But Oh! I faint, my spirits fail!—Nor strange;

So long on wing, and in no middle clime;

To which my great CREATOR's glory call'd;

And *calls*,—but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand

Has strok'd my drooping lids, and *promises*

(If my fond wishes are not flatterers)

My long arrear of rest; the *downy god*

Wont to return with our returning *peace*,

Will *pay*, ere long, and blest me with repose.

Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,

The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,

Whence *Sorrow* never chas'd thee: with thee bring,

Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts

Delicious of well-tasted, cordial rest;

Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,

That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play,

The various movements of this nice machine,

Which asks such frequent periods of repair.

When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,

Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;

Fresh we spin on, till *Sickness* clogs our wheels,

Or *Death* quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.

When will it end with me?

——“ THOU only know’st,
 “ THOU, whose broad eye the *future*, and the *past*,
 “ Joins to the *present* ; making one of *three*,
 “ To mortal thought ! THOU know’st, and THOU alone,
 “ All-knowing !—all-unknown !—and yet well-known !
 “ Near, though remote ! and though unfathom’d, felt !
 “ And, though invifible, for ever feen !
 “ And feen in all ! The *great*, and the *minute* ;
 “ Each globe above, with its gigantick race,
 “ Each flow’r, each leaf, with its small people fwarm’d,
 “ (Those puny vouchers of OMNIPOTENCE !) [declare
 “ To the first thought, that asks, “ *From whence ?*”
 “ Their common fource. THOU fountain running o’er
 “ In rivers of communicated joy !
 “ Who gav’st us fpeech for far, far humbler themes !
 “ Say, by what name fhall I prefume to call
 “ HIM I fee burning in thefe countless funs,
 “ As MOSES, in the *bush* ? ILLUSTRIOUS MIND !
 “ The whole creation, lefs, far lefs to thee,
 “ Than *that* to the creation’s ample round.
 “ How fhall I name THEE ?—How my lab’ring foul
 “ Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth !
 “ Great fyftem of perfections ! mighty caufe
 “ Of caufes mighty ! caufe uncaus’d ! fole root
 “ Of *Nature*, that luxuriant growth of GOD !
 “ First Father of *effects* ! that progeny
 “ Of endless ferief ; where the golden chain’s
 “ Laft link admits a period, who can tell ?
 “ Father of all that is or heard, or hears !
 “ Father of all that is or feen, or fees !
 “ Father of all that *is*, or *fhall* arife !
 “ Father of this immeafurable mafs
 “ Of *matter* multiform ; or dense, or rare ;

“ Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
 “ Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme
 “ Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.
 “ Father of these bright millions of the *Night*!
 “ Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim’d,
 “ And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, say,
 “ Is appellation higher still, thy choice?
 “ Father of *matter*’s temporary lords!
 “ Father of *spirits*! nobler offspring! sparks
 “ Of high paternal glory; rich endow’d
 “ With various measures, and with various modes
 “ Of *instinct*, *reason*, *intuition*; beams
 “ More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
 “ The dark of matter *organiz’d*, (the ware
 “ Of all *created* spirit); beams, that rise
 “ Each over other in superiour light,
 “ Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
 “ (In the throne’s full effulgence colour’d high),
 “ Of next approach to GODHEAD. Father fond
 “ (Far fonder than e’er bore that name on earth)
 “ Of *intellectual* beings! beings blest’d
 “ With pow’rs to please THEE; not of passive ply
 “ To laws they know not; beings lodg’d in seats
 “ Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
 “ Of this imperial palace for thy sons;
 “ Of this proud, populous, well-policy’d,
 “ Though boundless habitation, plann’d by THEE;
 “ Whose several clans their several climates suit;
 “ And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
 “ Or, Oh! immortal KING! indulge
 “ A title, less august indeed, but more
 “ Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears!
 “ Sweet in our ears! and triumph in our hearts!
 “ Father of IMMORTALITY to man!

“ A theme that * lately set my soul on fire.—
 “ And THOU the NEXT! yet equal! THOU, by whom
 “ *That* blessing was convey’d; far more! was *bought*;
 “ Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
 “ Were made; and one, redeem’d! illustrious light
 “ From light illustrious! THOU, whose *regal* power,
 “ Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,
 “ On more than adamantine basis fix’d,
 “ O’er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,
 “ Inviolably reigns; the *dread* of gods!
 “ And, Oh! the *friend* of man! beneath whose foot,
 “ And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 “ All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
 “ Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 “ Through the short channels of expiring *Time*,
 “ Or shoreless ocean of Eternity,
 “ Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy* Spirit breathes)
 “ In absolute subjection!—And, Oh! THOU
 “ The glorious THIRD! distinct, not separate!
 “ Beaming from *both*! with both incorporate!
 “ And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!
 “ By condescension, as thy glory, great,
 “ Enshrin’d in man! of human hearts, if pure,
 “ Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
 “ Of heav’n with distant earth! by whom, I trust,
 “ (If not inspir’d) uncensur’d this address [power!
 “ To THEE, to THEM—to whom?—Mysterious
 “ Reveal’d,—yet unreveal’d! Darkness in light!
 “ Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
 “ The *triple* bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
 “ That animates all right, the *triple* sun!
 “ Sun of the soul! her never-setting sun!

* Night the sixth and seventh.

“ Triune, unutterable, unconceiv’d,
 “ Absconding, yet demonstrable, GREAT GOD
 “ Greater than greatest! better than the best!
 “ Kinder than kindest! with soft *Pity’s* eye,
 “ Or (stronger still to speak it) with *thine own*,
 “ From thy bright throne, from that high firmament,
 “ Where THOU, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
 “ Beyond archangels *unassisted* ken;
 “ From far above what mortals highest call;
 “ From elevation’s pinnacle: look down, [all,
 “ Through—What? Confounding interval! Through
 “ And more than lab’ring *Fancy* can conceive;
 “ Through radiant ranks of essences unknown;
 “ Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach’d,
 “ Round various banners of OMNIPOTENCE,
 “ With endless change of rapt’rous duties fir’d;
 “ Through wond’rous beings interposing swarms,
 “ All clust’ring at the call, to dwell in THEE;
 “ Through this wide waste of worlds; this *vista* vast,
 “ All fanded o’er with suns; suns turn’d to *night*
 “ Before *thy* feeblest beam—look down—down—down
 “ On a poor *breathing particle* in dust,
 “ Or, lower,—an *immortal* in his crimes.
 “ His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues too!
 “ Those smaller faults; half converts to the right.
 “ Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
 “ May see the sun, (though Night’s descending scale
 “ Now weighs up morn), unpity’d, and unblest’d!
 “ In *thy* displeasure dwells *eternal* pain:
 “ Pain, our aversion; pain, which strikes me *now*;
 “ And, since all pain is terrible to man,
 “ Though transient, terrible; at *thy* good hour,
 “ Gently, ah gently! lay me in my bed,
 “ My *clay-cold-bed*! by nature, now, so near;

- " By nature, near ; still nearer by disease !
 " Till then be *this* an emblem of my grave :
 " Let it out-preach the preacher ; ev'ry night
 " Let it out-cry the boy at *Philip's* ear ;
 " That tongue of death ! that herald of the tomb !
 " And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
 " My *senses*, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose ;
 " O sink *this* truth still deeper in my soul,
 " Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by *Fate*,
 " First, in *Fate's* volume, at the page of *Man*.—
 " *Man's* sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
 " From side to side, can rest on nought but THEE ;
 " Here, in full trust : hereafter in full joy ;
 " On THEE, the promis'd, sure, eternal down
 " Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale,
 " Nor of *that* pillow shall my soul despond :
 " For—Love almighty ! Love almighty (sing,
 " Exult, Creation !) Love almighty reigns !
 " That death of *Death* ! that cordial of *Despair* !
 " And loud ETERNITY's triumphant song !
 " Of whom, no more :—for, O Thou PATRON-GOD !
 " Thou *God*, and *Mortal* ! thence more GOD to man !
 " Man's theme eternal ! man's eternal theme !
 " THOU canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise,
 " Uninjur'd from our praise can HE escape,
 " Who, disembosom'd from the FATHER, bows
 " The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiss the distant earth !
 " Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul !
 " Against the *cross*, *Death's* iron sceptre breaks !
 " From famish'd *Ruin* plucks her human prey !
 " Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes !
 " Their *gratitude*, for such a boundless debt,
 " Deputes their *suff'ring* brothers to receive !

“ And, if deep human guilt in payment fails ;

“ As deeper guilt prohibits our *despair* !

“ Injoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice* !

“ And, (to close all), omnipotently kind,

“ * *Takes his delights among the sons of men.*”

What words are these ?—And did they come from
And were they spoke to man ? to guilty man ? [heav’n ?
What are all mysteries to love like this ?

The song of angels, all the melodies

Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound ;

Heal and exhilarate the broken heart,

Though plung’d, before, in horrors dark as night :

Rich prelibation of *consummate* joy !

Nor wait we dissolution to be blest’d.

This final effort of the moral muse,

How justly † *titled* ! Nor for me alone ;

For all that read ; what spirit of support,

What heights of CONSOLATION, crown my song !

Then, farewell, NIGHT ! of darkness, now, no more :

Joy breaks, shines, triumphs ; ’tis eternal day.

Shall that which rises out of *nought* complain

Of a few evils, paid with endless joys ?

My soul ! henceforth, in sweetest union join

The two supports of human happiness,

Which some, erroneous, think can never meet ;

True *taste of life*, and constant *thought of death* ;

The *thought of death*, sole victor of its *dread* !

Hope be thy joy ; and *probity* thy skill ;

Thy *patron*, HE, whose diadem has dropp’d

Yon gems of heav’n ; *Eternity*, thy prize ;

And leave the racers of the *world* their own,

Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils :

* Prov. chap. viii.

† The Consolation.

They part with all for that *which is not bread*;
They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power;
And laugh to scorn the *fools* that aim at more.
How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
Suppose PHILANDER's, LUCIA's, or NARCISSA's,
The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
Whose lives whole drifts is to forget their graves!
And when our *present privilege* is past,
To scourge us with due sense of its *abuse*,
The *same* astonishment will seize us all.
What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now*.
LORENZO! 'tis not yet too late: LORENZO!
Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
That is, seize *Wisdom*, ere she seizes *thee*.
For, what, my small philosopher! is *hell*?
'Tis nothing, but full knowledge of *the truth*,
When *Truth*, resisted long, is sworn our foe;
And calls ETERNITY to do her right.

Thus, *Darkness* aiding intellectual light,
And sacred *Silence* whisp'ring truths divine,
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight-raven has outwing'd,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of *Fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes;
'Tis pride, to praise her; penance, to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
LORENZO! rise, at this auspicious hour;
An hour, when heav'n's most intimate with man;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine

Glides swift into the bosom of the *just*;
 And just are all, *determin'd* to reclaim;
 Which sets that high title, within thy reach.
 Awake, then: thy PHILANDER calls. Awake!
 Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;
 When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
 When TIME, like him of *Gaza* in his wrath,
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In NATURE's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
 And MIDNIGHT, *universal* Midnight! reigns.

SOME THOUGHTS,
OCCASIONED BY
THE PRESENT JUNCTURE*.

INSCRIBED TO
THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illustrious in far more than power.
Great things are small, when greater rise to view.
Tho' station'd high, and press'd with publick cares,
Disdain not to peruse my serious song;
Which, peradventure, may push by the world;
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal;
And leave Europa's councils less mature:
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor shall, or Europe, or Britannia, blame
Thine absent ear; but gain by the delay,
Long-vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
State's intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of use to those, so this to thee:
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one,
Let greatness prove its title to be great.

C c 3

* Meaning the late rebellion in 1745.—These thoughts have been omitted in all the late editions of the Night-thoughts; for what reason, the editor cannot conjecture.

'Tis power's supreme prerogative, to stamp
 On others minds, an image of its own.
 Bend the strong influence of high-place, to stem
 The stream, that sweeps away the country's weal;
 The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
 Far, as thou mayst, give life to Virtue's cause;
 Let not the ties of personal regard
 Betray the nation's trusts to feeble hands.
 Let not fomented flames of private pique
 Prey on the vitals of the publick good.
 Let not our streets with blasphemies resound;
 Nor lewdness whisper, where the laws can reach.
 Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sires,
 Turn satires on their sunk, degenerate sons,
 The bastards of their blood! and serve no point,
 But, with more emphasis, to call them fools.
 Let not our rank enormities unhinge
 Britannia's welfare from DIVINE support.

Such deeds the minister, the prince, adorn:
 No power is shewn, but in such deeds as these;
 All, all, is impotence, but acting right;
 And where's the statesman, but would shew his power?
 To prince and people thou of equal zeal!
 Be it, henceforward, but thy second care,
 To grace thy country, and support the throne;
 Though this supported, that adorn'd, so well.
 A throne superiour our first homage claims;
 To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due;
 A tribute which, unpaid, makes spacious wrong,
 And splendid sacrilege, of all beside;
 Illustrious follows; we must, first, be just;
 And what so just, as awe for the SUPREME?
 Less fear we ragged ruffians of the north,
 Than Virtue's well-clad rebels, nearer home;

Less, Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,
 Than traitors lurking in our appetites ;
 Less, all the legions Seine, and Tagus, send,
 Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace :
 Yon savage mountaineers are tame, to these.
 Against these rioters, send forth the laws,
 And break to Reason's yoke their wild careers.

PRUDENCE, for all things, points the proper hour,
 Though some seem more importunate, and great.
 Though Britain's generous views, and interests, spread
 Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
 And their grand entries make on distant lands :
 Though BRITAIN'S genius the wide waves bestrides,
 And, like a vast Colossus, tow'ring stands
 With one foot planted on the continent ;
 Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in publick cares.
 Though such high cares should call, as call'd of late,
 The cause of kings, and emperors, adjourn ;
 And EUROPE'S little balance drop a while ;
 For greater, drop it : ponder, and adjust,
 The rival interests, and contending claims,
 Of Life, and Death ; of now, and of for ever ;
 Sublimest theme ! and needful as sublime.
 Thus great ELIZA'S oracles renown'd, [boasts !]
 Thus WALSINGHAM, and RALEIGH, (BRITAIN'S
 Thus every statesman, thought, that ever—dy'd.
 There's inspiration in a fable hour ;
 And Death's approach makes politicians wise.

When, thunderstruck, that eagle, Woolsey, fell ;
 When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
 Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
 His gasping grandeur ! naked on the strand ;
 Naked of human, doubtful of divine
 Assistance ; no more wallowing in his wealth ;

Spouting proud foams of insolence no more ;
 ON what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,
 And sunk beneath the level of a man ?
 ON the grand article, the sum of things !
 The point of the first magnitude ! That point,
 Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach ?
 Some painted cloud still intercepts their sight.
 First, right to judge ; then choose ; then persevere,
 Stedfast, as if a crown, or mistress, call'd ;—
 These, these are politicks will stand the test,
 When finer politicks their masters sting ;
 And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
 These, these are politicks will answer, now,
 (When common men would fain to statesmen swell),
 Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme.
 All safety rests on honest counsels : these
 Immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
 Make the prince triumph, and the people smile ;
 In peace, rever'd ; or terrible, in arms,
 Close-leagu'd with an invincible ally ;
 Which honest counsels never fail to fix
 In favour of an unabandon'd land ;
 A land—that starts at such a land as this.
 A parliament, so principled, will sink
 All ancient schools of empire in disgrace ;
 And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
 Will fill the world, loud FAME's superiour song.

Britain!—That word pronounc'd, is an alarm :
 It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins ;
 Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field,
 Enamour'd of the glorious face of death.
 Britain!—There's noble magick in the sound.
 O what illustrious images arise ?
 Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war.

By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
 What full-blown laurels, on our fathers brows?
 Ye radiant trophies! and imperial spoils!
 Ye scenes!—Astonishing to modern sight!
 Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.
 Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike strangers! stay.
 Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen. They awake;
 High beats the pulse; the noble pulse of war
 Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march,
 Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,
 And ev'ry battle paid for heroes slain.
 No more our great forefathers stain our cheeks
 With blushes: their renown, our shame, no more.
 In military garb, and sudden arms,
 Up starts Old Britain; crosses are laid by;
 Trade wields the sword; and Agriculture leaves
 Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvests fire
 A nobler avarice, avarice renown!
 And laurels are the growth of every field.
 In distant courts is our communion felt;
 And, less like gods, fit monarchs on their thrones.
 What arm can want, or sinews, or success,
 Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends,
 With all the weight of British wrath, to cleave
 The Papal mitre, or the Gallick chain,
 At every stroke; and save a sinking land?
 Or death or victory must be resolv'd;
 To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
 Where, o'er black deeds, the crucifix display'd,
 Fools think heav'n purchas'd by the blood they shed;
 By giving, not supporting, pains and death!
 Nor simple death! where they the greatest saints,
 Who must subdue all tendernefs of heart;
 Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,

Whose darling title is *The Prince of Peace*,
 The best turn ruthless butchers, for our sakes;
 To save us in a world, they recommend,
 And yet forbear; themselves with earth content;
 What modesty?—Such virtues Rome adorn!
 And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
 Whose name from Jesus, and whose art from hell.
 And shall a Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
 Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting,
 And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scrap'd
 Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
 To cut his passage to the British throne!
 One that has suck'd in malice with his milk,
 Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
 Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse.
 The howling nurse of plundering Romulus
 Ere yet, far worse than Pagan harbour'd there.

Hail to the brave. Be Britain BRITAIN still;
 Britain! high-favour'd of indulgent heaven!
 Nature's anointed empress of the deep!
 The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns!
 Supreme in commerce! that exuberant source
 Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
 The circling current in a nation's veins,
 To set high-bloom on the fair face of Peace!
 This, once, so celebrated seat of power,
 From which escap'd, the mighty Cæsar triumph'd!
 Of Gallick lilies, this eternal blast!
 This terrour of Armadas! this true bolt
 Ethereal temper'd, to repress the vain,
 Salmonean thunders from the Papal chair!
 This small isle, wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe!
 Which says, to their ambition's foaming waves,
 "Thus far, nor farther."—Let her hold in life

Nought dear, disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
 Renown, our ancestors great legacy,
 To be transmitted to their latest sons.
 By thoughts inglorious, and Unbritish deeds,
 Their cancell'd will is impiously profan'd;
 Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.

Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
 By your own valour won. This sacred isle,
 Cut from the continent, that world of slaves:
 This temple, built by heaven's peculiar care,
 In a recess from the contagious world,
 With Ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
 And dedicated, long, to Liberty.
 That health, that strength, that bloom of civil life!
 This temple of still more divine; of faith
 Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
 Like gold, to take anew Truth's heavenly stamp,
 And (rising both in lustre and in weight)
 With her blest'd master's unmain'd image shine;
 Why should she longer droop? why longer act
 As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
 Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword;
 And give him leave, among his dastard troops,
 To muster that strong succour, ALBION'S CRIMES.
 Send his self-impotent Ambition aid,
 And crown the conquests of her fiercest foes?
 Where are her foes most fatal? Blushing Truth!
 "In her friends vices"—with a sigh replies.
 Empire, on Virtue's rock, unshaken stands;
 Flux, as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.
 If heav'n reclaims us by the scourge of war,
 What thanks are due to Paris, and Madrid?
 Would they a Revolution—Aid their aim;
 But be their revolution—in our hearts!

Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the bark,
 The shaken bark of Britain, should out-ride
 The present blast? and ev'ry future storm?
 Give it that balast, which alone has weight
 With HIM, whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
 Persist. Are others subtil? thou be wise;
 Above the Florentine's, court-science raise;
 Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
 The pattern, and the patron, of the just.
 Thus strengthen Britain's military strength;
 Give its own terrour to the sword she draws.
 Ask you, "What mean I?"—The most obvious truth;
 Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
 When our proud arms are once disarm'd; disarm'd
 Of aid from HIM, by whom the mighty fall;
 Of aid from HIM, by whom the feeble stand;
 Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
 Or gives the sword commission to destroy;
 Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom;—
 Emasculated, then, most manly might;
 Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
 Then wither'd weakness foils the finewy arm
 Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:
 Our naval thunders, and our tented fields,
 With travell'd banners fanning southern climes,
 What do they? This; and more, what can it do?
 When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
 The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war;
 By such bold inroads into foreign lands,
 Such elongation of our armaments,
 But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
 While heaven commands her executioner,
 Some less abandon'd nation, to discharge
 Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow;

And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength;
 "And that the proudest empire holds of heav'n."

O BRITAIN! often rescu'd, often crown'd,
 Beyond thy merit, or most sanguine hopes,
 With all that's great in war, or sweet in peace!
 Know from what source thy signal blessings flow.
 Though bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
 Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
 Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
 Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard;
 In HIM, who thee, though naked, could defend;
 Tho' weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could restore.

How oft, to tell what arm defends thine isle,
 To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
 Have the winds snatch'd the victory from war?
 Or, rather, won the day, when war despair'd?
 How oft has providential succour aw'd,
 Aw'd, while it bless'd us, conscious of our guilt?
 Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
 And while we triumph'd, made us tremble too?

Well may we tremble now! what manners reign!
 But wherefore ask we, when a true reply
 Would shock too much? Kind heav'n avert events,
 Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
 Haven's half-barr'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
 In northern skies; and pointed to the south.
 Vengeance delay'd, but gathers, and ferments;
 More formidably blackens in the wind;
 Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
 And higher charges the suspended storm.

"That publick vice portends a publick fall"——
 Is this conjecture of advent'rous thought?
 Or pious coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream?

Far from it. This is certain; that is fate.
 What says Experience, in her awful chair
 Of ages, her authentick annals spread
 Around her? What says Reason eagle-ey'd?
 Nay, what says Common Sense, with common care
 Weighing events, and causes, in her scale?
 All give one verdict; one decision sign;
 And this the sentence, Delphos could not mend:
 "Whatever secondary props may rise
 " From politicks, to build the publick peace,
 " The basis is, *the manners of the land*.
 " When rotten these, the politician's wiles
 " But struggle with destruction; as a child
 " With giants huge; or giants with a Jove.
 " The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
 " Or military phantoms, void of force,
 " But scare away the vultures for an hour;
 " The scent cadaverous (for oh! how rank
 " The stench of profligates?) soon lures them back;
 " On the proud flutter of a Gallick wing
 " Soon they return; soon make their full descent;
 " Soon glut their rage, and riot in their ruin;
 " Their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our spoils;
 " Of universal empire sure presage?
 " Till now repell'd by seas of British blood."

And whence the manners of the multitude?
 The colour of their manners, black, or fair,
 Falls from above; from the complexion falls
 Of state-OTHELLOS, or white-men in power;
 And from the greater height example falls,
 Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
 In ranks inferiour, passive to the stroke
 From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin.
 The pulpit presses, but the pattern drives.

What bonds, then, bonds how manifold, and strong
To duty, double duty, tie the great?
And are there SAMSONS that can burst them all?
Yes; and great minds that stand in need of none;
Whose pulse beats virtue, and whose generous blood
Aids mental motives, to push on renown,
In emulation of their glorious fires,
From whom rolls down the consecrated stream.

Some sow good seed in the glad people's hearts;
Some cursed tares, like Satan in the text;
This makes a foe most fatal to the state;
A foe, who (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes,
Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boasted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by second-sighted Scots,
French Magi, relicks riding post from Rome,
A Gothick hero * rising from the dead,
And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
With succour, suitable, from lower still;)
A foe, who, these concurring to the charm,
Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state;
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought, with sumless wealth,
And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hagues,
Her Cressis, and her Blenheims), in the dust.

How must this strike a horror through the breast,
Through ev'ry gen'rous breast, where honour reigns?
Through ev'ry breast where honour claims a share?
Yes, and through ev'ry breast of honour void?

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

This thought might animate the dregs of men;
 Ferment them into spirit; give them fire
 To fight the cause, the black, opprobrious cause,
 Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
 What wrecks of empire has the stream of Time
 Swept, with their vices, from the mountain's height
 Of grandeur deify'd by half mankind,
 To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
 Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand?
 Those names, at which surrounding nations shook,
 Those names ador'd; a nuisance! or, forgot!
 Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye;
 But Nature's course; no single chance against it.

For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant:
 'Tis fix'd, as is the basis of the world,
 Whose kingdoms stand, or fall, by the decree.
 What saw these eyes, surpris'd?—Yet why surpris'd?—
 For aid divine the crisis seem'd to call;
 And how divine was the monition given?
 As late, I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
 My peace disturb'd by rumours from the north;
 While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd;
 As giving signal of some strange event;
 And Ocean groan'd, beneath, for her he lov'd,
 ALBION the fair! so long his empire's queen,
 Whose reign is, now, contested by her foes;
 On her white cliffs (a tablet broad, and bright,
 Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray;)
 By Fate's own iron pen, I saw it writ,
 And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

“ Ye states! and empires! nor of empires least,
 “ Tho' least in size, hear, BRITAIN! thou whose lot,

“ Whose *final* lot is in the balance laid !
 “ *Irresolutely* play the double scales, [me.
 “ Nor know’st thou which will win.—Know, then, from
 “ As govern’d *well*, or *ill*, states *sink*, or *rise* :
 “ State-ministers, as *upright*, or *corrupt*,
 “ Are *balm*, or *poison*, in a nation’s veins ;
 “ *Health* or *distemper* ; hasten or retard,
 “ The period of her pride, her day of doom :
 “ And though, for reasons obvious to the wise,
 “ Just PROVIDENCE deals otherwise with *men* ;
 “ Yet believe, BRITONS ! nor *too late* believe,
 “ ’Tis fix’d ! by *Fate*, irrevocably, fix’d ! [DEATH.”
 “ VIRTUE, AND VICE, ARE EMPIRE’S LIFE AND

Thus it is written.—Heard you not a groan ?
 Is BRITAIN on her deathbed ?—No ; that groan
 Was utter’d by her foes.—But soon the scale,
 If this divine monition is despis’d,
 May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule !
 With reverence, read ; with steadfastness, believe ;
 With courage, act, as such belief inspires :
 Then shall your glory stand like Fate’s decree ;
 Then shall your names in adamant be writ,
 In records that defy the tooth of Time ;
 By nations fav’d, resounding your applause.

While deep beneath your monument’s proud base,
 In black Oblivion’s kennel, shall be trod,
 Their execrable names, who, high in power,
 And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
 (The meteors of the state !), give Vice her head,
 To licence lewd let loose the publick reign ;
 Quench ev’ry spark of conscience in the land,
 And triumph in the profligate applause :
 Or who to the first bidder sell their souls ;

Their country sell; sell all their fathers bought,
 With funds exhausted, and exhausted veins,
 To dæmons by his Holiness ORDAIN'D
 To propagate the gospel—penn'd at ROME;
 Hawk'd, through the world, by consecrated bulls;
 And how illustrated?—by Smithfield flames:
 Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
 Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf,
 Which gapes, and swallows all they swore to save;
 Hate all, that lifted heroes into gods,
 And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
 Of bodies politick that destin'd hell,
 Inflicted here, since here their beings end;
 That vengeance, soon or late ordain'd to fall,
 And fall from foes detested and despis'd,
 On disbelievers—of the Statesman's creed.

Note here, my Lord! (unnoted yet it lies
 By most, or all), these truths political
 Serve more than publick ends: this creed of states
 Seconds, and, irresistibly, supports,
 The Christian creed. Are you surpris'd?—Attend,
 And on the Statesman's build a nobler name.

This punctual justice exercis'd on states,
 With which authentick chronicle abounds,
 As all men know, and therefore MUST believe;
 This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
 Pour'd on them here, where only they exist;
 What is it, but an argument of sense,
 Or, rather, demonstration, to support
 Our feeble faith—"That they who states compose,
 "That men, who stand not bounded by the grave,
 "Shall meet like measure at their proper hour?"
 For God is equal; similarly deals
 With states, and persons; or he were not God;

Which means, a rectitude immutable,
 A patron sure of universal right.
 What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man?
 Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
 Reply'd by politicians, well as priests:
 Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
 The whole world's annals! these pronounce his doom.

Thus (what might seem a daring paradox)
 Even politicks advance divinity:
 True masters there, are better scholars here,
 Who travel history, in quest of schemes
 To govern nations, or (perhaps) oppress,
 May there start truths that other aims inspire;
 And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
 By providence, turn Christians on their road;
 Digging for silver, they may strike on gold;
 May be surpris'd with better than they fought,
 And entertain an angel unawares.

Nor is divinity ungrateful found.
 As politicks advance divinity;
 Thus, in return, divinity promotes
 True politicks, and crowns the statesman's praise.
 All wisdom are but branches of the chief,
 And statesmen found but shoots of honest men.
 Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded, in excuse
 For deviations from our moral line?
 This, and the next world, view'd with such an eye,
 As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view
 His own exalted science, both conspire
 To recommend, and fix us in, the right.
 If we regard the politicks of heaven,
 The grand administration of the whole,
 What's the next world? A supplement of this.
 Without it, Justice is defective here;

Just as to states, defective as to men :
 If so, what is this world? (As sure as right
 Sits in heaven's throne), a prophet of the next.
 Prize you the prophet? Then believe him too;
 His prophecy more precious, than his smile.
 How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,
 That this should charm us, that should discompose?
 Long as the statesman finds this case his own,
 So long his politicks are incomplete;
 In danger, he; nor is the nation safe;
 But soon must rue his inauspicious power.

What hence results? A truth that should resound
 For ever awful in BRITANNIA'S ear:
 "Religion crowns the statesman, and the man;
 "Sole source of publick, and of private peace."
 This truth all men must own; and therefore will;
 And praise, and preach it too:—and, when that's done,
 Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
 What highland pole-ax half so deep can wound?

But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?
 Assume my seat in the dictator's chair?
 Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inspir'd),
 Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
 Till hoarse, in clamour on enormous crimes?
 Two mighty columns rise in my support;
 In their more awful and authentick voice,
 RECORD profane, and sacred, drown the muse,
 Though loud; and far out-threat her threat'ning song.
 Still farther, HOLLES! suffer me to plead,
 That I speak freely, as I speak to thee.
 Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;
 And Truth, plain Truth, is welcome to the wise.
 Thus, what seem'd my presumption, is thy praise.
 Praise, and immortal praise, is Virtue's claim;

And Virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant
 Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
 Whose clangour kindles cowards into men.
 Nor shall the verse (perhaps) be quite forgot,
 Which talks of immortality, and bids,
 In every British breast, true glory rise,
 As, now, the warbling lark awakes the morn.

To close, my Lord! with that which all should close,
 And all begin, and strike us every hour,
 Though no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd:—
 THE morning rises gay; yet gayest morn
 Less glorious, after night's incumbent shades;
 Less glorious far, bright Nature, rich-array'd
 With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
 Than the first feeble dawn of MORAL day:
 Sole day (let those, whom statesmen serve, attend),
 Though the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns,
 Sole day, worth his regard, whom heav'n ordains,
 Undarken'd, to behold noon dark; and date,
 From the sun's death, and every planet's fall,
 His all-illustrious and eternal year;
 Where statesmen, and their monarchs, (names of awe
 And distance here!), shall rank with common men;
 Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

October, 1745.

A

P A R A P H R A S E

O N

Part of the B O O K of J O B.

THrice happy Job long liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes takes their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhausted wo had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And sev'n long days in solemn silence spent;
A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
Then Job contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, instant death; impatient for the grave,

That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
A pause ensu'd.—When, lo! heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies:
(They saw and trembled!) From the darkness broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
And tells the world's Creator what is just?
Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious Earth?
Who on the surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air;
When the bright morning-stars in concert sung,
When heav'n's high arch with loud hosannas rung;
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?

Earth's num'rous kingdoms, hast thou view'd them all?
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who heav'd the mountain, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hallow'd side,
And did a basin for the floods provide;
I chain them with my word; the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
"Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
"And here, O main, be thy proud billows staid."

Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep;
Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the light? in what refulgent dome?
And where has darkness made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom through long ages brought,
Since Nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!

Are mists begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night, what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning, with the hoary frost?

Whose pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?

A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.

Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? Canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow?

And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?

Who lanch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?

Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?

Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.

To check the show'r, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,

When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains;

But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;

When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heaven are fill'd with rich perfume.

Hast thou e'er scal'd my wint'ry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine?

These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,

When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes through Nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce, from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rain,
That guides the stars along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst thou the skies benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain?
Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the Night, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the sun, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?
Hast thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze!

Who did the soul with her rich pow'rs invest,
And light up reason in the human breast?

To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?

To these my various questions make reply.

Th' Almighty spoke; and speaking, shook the sky.

What then Chaldean fire, was thy surprise!

Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes:

“Once and again, which I in groans deplore,

“My tongue has err'd; but shall presume no more.

“My voice is in eternal silence bound,

“And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground.”

He ceas'd: when, lo! again th' Almighty spoke;

The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine?

And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?

Or in the hollow of thy hand contain

The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,

When, mad with tempests, all the the billows rise

In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;

And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;

Put on omnipotence, and frowning make

The spacious round of the creation shake;

Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow

Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,

And crumble them to dust. When this is done,

I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;

Of thee thou art, and mayst undaunted stand

Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!

Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!

What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,

What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?

When pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Calls upon God, importunate for food,
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

Who in the cruel ostrich has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky;
Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolifick ray.
Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed.
What time she skims along the field with speed,
She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

How rich the peacock! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
The sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Though strong the hawk, though practis'd well to fly,
An eagle drops her in a lower sky;
An eagle, when, deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight.
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and seat her on the clift,

Where far above thy world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?
She feasts her young with blood, and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.

Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd
Roll o'er the mountain-goat, and forest-hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once; forsake the dam's warm side;
Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade;
And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall Reem, which knows no lord but me,
Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the wild ass discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread,
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng;

Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the fervile rein.

Survey the warlike horse ! didst thou invest
With thunder, his robust distended chest ?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays ;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze ;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might ;
High-rais'd he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war ;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance ;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field !
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side ;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death ; and when he groans, he groans his last.

But, fiercer still, the lordly lion stalks,
Grimly majestick in his lonely walks ;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly ;
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand ?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood ;
Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey ?
By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.

Now shrieks, and dying groans, the desert fill ;
They rage, they rend, their rav'nous jaws distil
With crimson foam ; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They stride away, and paint their steps with gore ;
In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my Behemoth, though large his frame ;
Smooth is his temper, and repress'd his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food ;
Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See, with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof, and shut against a wound.
How like a mountain-cedar moves his tail !
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
The bars of steel ; his ribs are ribs of brass ;
His port majestick, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide forest, and the mountain, law.
The mountains feed him ; there the beasts admire
The mighty stranger, and in dread retire :
At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noontide shelter from the burning heat ;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.
His eye drinks Jordan up, when, fir'd with drought,
He trusts to turn its current down his throat ;
In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain :
He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide :

With slender hair Leviathan command,
 And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
 Will he become thy servant? will he own
 Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
 Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
 And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play?

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize?
 And the bowl journey round his ample size?
 Or the debating merchants share the prey,
 And various limbs to various marts convey?
 Through his firm scull what steel its way can win?
 What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
 Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might;
 The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;
 The rashest dare not rouse him up: who then
 Shall turn on me, among the sons of men?

Am I a debtor? Hast thou ever heard
 Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
 My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,
 And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills:
 Earth, sea, and air, all Nature is my own;
 And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne.
 And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,
 Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

At full my large Leviathan shall rise,
 Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size.
 Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold,
 Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
 And, marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crouding rows on rows:
 What hideous fangs on either side arise!
 And what a deep abyss between them lies!

Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet found,
The one how long, the other how profound.

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire,
The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Thy terrour, this thy great superiour please;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When, late-awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terrour spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

Large is his front; and, when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
His naked breast their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow;
His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a caldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
The foam high-wrought, with white, divides the green
And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face:
Alone in Nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around;
Makes ev'ry swoln, disdainful heart, subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breast,
With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.

“Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might!
“And ev'ry thought is naked to thy sight.
“But oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
“Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
“Oft have I heard of thine almighty pow'r;
“But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
“O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
“Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee.
“Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
“Man was not made to question, but adore.”

N O T E S.

IT is disputed among the criticks who was the author of the book of *Job*. Some give it to *Moses*; some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me, which favour the former of those opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

Page 326. *Thrice happy Job, &c.*] The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii. &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop *Patrick* says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of *Job*.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transpos'd. The *mountain*, and *comet*, the *sun*, and other parts, are entirely added: the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged: and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. The speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper style of Majesty incensed. It

differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

Page 327. — *From the darkness broke*

A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.]

The book of *Job* is well known to be dramatick, and, like the tragedies of old *Greece*, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind, (so suitable to the after practice of the *Greek* stage, when there happened *Dignus vindice nodus*), is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which *Job* lived, than to any since. Frequent, before the law, were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* chap. xix. *Ezekiel*, chap. i. &c. Hence is he said to *dwell in thick darkness; and have his way in the whirlwind.*

Page 328. *Thus far thy floating tide, &c.]* There is a very great air in all that precedes; but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of, *Let there be light, &c.* so much only, as the absolute government of Nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that *Moses* is author of the book of *Job*.

Page 332. *When, pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood, &c.]* Another argument that *Moses* was the author is, that most of the creatures here mention-

ed are *Egyptian*. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because, by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *κοραττω α κοραξ*, is to ask earnestly, *Ælian*. l. ii. c. 48. And since there were ravens on the banks of the *Nile* more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in this place.

Page 132. *Who in the cruel ostrich has subdu'd, &c.*] There are many instances of this bird's stupidity; let two suffice.

First, It covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight.

——Stat lumine clauso
Ridendum revoluta caput; creditque latere
Quæ non ipsa videt.—— Claud.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that *Heliogabalus* had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author, just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot *add*, but what is common to another thing; nor *withdraw*, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A *likeness* is lost in too much description, as a *meaning* often in too much illustration.

Ibid. *What time she skims along the field, &c.*] Here is marked another *peculiar* quality of this creature, which neither flies, nor runs distinctly, but has a motion

composed of both, and, using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

*Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat——*

Claud. in Eutr.

Page 132. *She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.]* Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat, and the wild ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

Ibid. *How rich the peacock, &c.]* Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true. *Expandit colores adverse maxime soli, quia sic fulgentius radianti.* Plin. l. x. c. 20.

Ibid. *Though strong the hawk, though practis'd well to fly.]* Thuanus (*de re accip.*) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Page 133. *Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread survey, &c.]* The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in air, that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

Page 133. *Knowest thou how many moons, by me assign'd, &c.*] The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the *time and circumstances* of their bringing forth? for to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. *Pliny* observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *feselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect, *Psal. xxix.* In so early an age to observe these things, may style our author a naturalist.

Page 134. *Survey the warlike horse, &c.*] The description of the horse is the most celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent critick on it in the *Guardians*. I shall therefore only observe, that, in this description, as in other parts of this speech, our *vulgar translation* has much more spirit than the *Septuagint*; it always takes the original in the most poetical and exalted sense, so that most commentators, even on the *Hebrew* itself, fall beneath it.

Ibid. *By the pale moon they take their destin'd round, &c.*] Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion, *Psal. civ. 20.* The *Arabians* have one among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies *the hunter by moonshine*.

Page 135. *He sinks a river, and he thirsts again, &c.*]

Cephisi glaciale caput, quo suetus anhelam

Ferre sitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.

Stat. Theb. v. 349.

Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu

Flumina, &c.

Claud. præf. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

Page 135. *Goto the Nile, and from its fruitful side, &c.*] The taking the crocodile is most difficult. *Diodorus* says they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When *Augustus* conquered *Egypt*, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea relegavit*.

Page 136. *The rashest dare not rouse him up, &c.*] This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when fated with fish, to come ashore, and sleep among the reeds.

Ibid.

—Behold,

Destruction yawns his spacious jaws unfold, &c.] The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says *Pliny*, *fit totum os*. *Martial* says to his old woman,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora

Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta.

So that the expression here is barely just.

Page 337. *Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.*] This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repressed is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvit sub nanibus ignem.

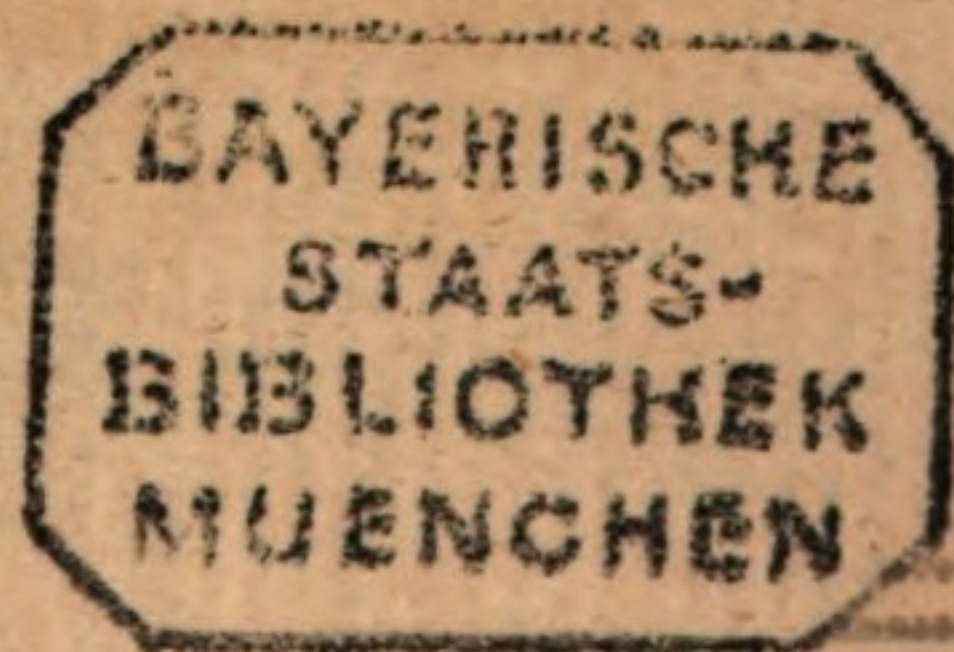
By this and the foregoing note I would caution a-

gainst a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

Page 137. *Large is his front; and, when his burnish'd eyes. &c.] His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable, that the *Egyptians* stole their hieroglyphick for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the *Egyptians* should be both readers and admirers of the writings of *Moses*, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already, that three or four of the creatures here described are *Egyptian*; the two last are notoriously so; they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the *Nile*; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than *Moses*, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale: this is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered *Behemoth* and *Leviathan*, the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it; but *Moses* being (as we may well suppose) under an immediate terrour of the *hippopotamos* and crocodile from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

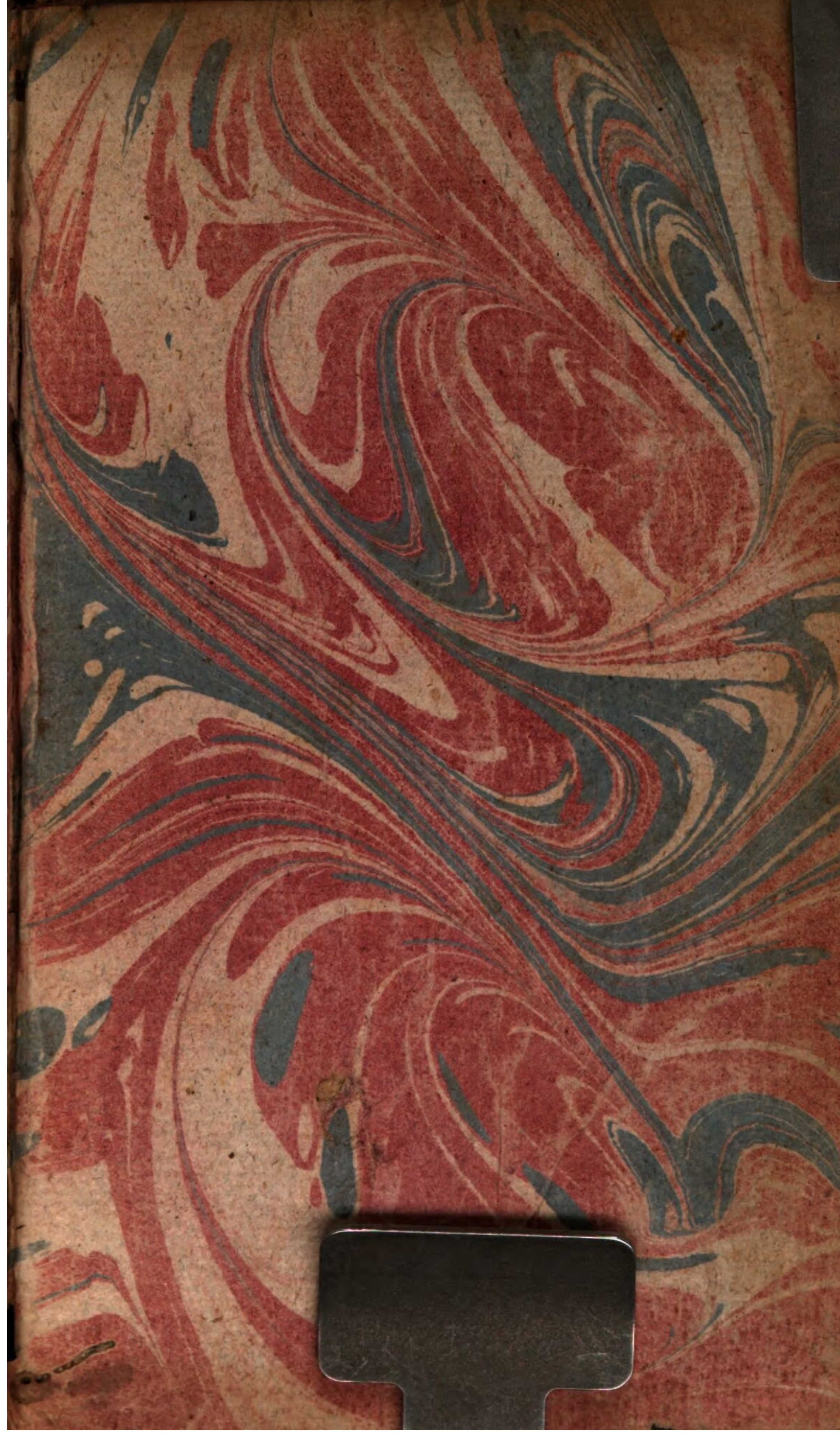
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